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A Gift from the Author
John L. Watson,

to his friend Wm Dunlap Esq
New York.





WILLIAM PENN.

THE
Early Settlement
&
PROGRESS
of

PHILADELPHIA & PENNSYLVANIA



Philadelphia
T. Holden, Engraver & Co.
1852

HISTORIC TALES
OF
OLDEN TIME,

CONCERNING

THE EARLY SETTLEMENT AND PROGRESS

OF

Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

FOR THE USE OF FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATES.

BY JOHN F. WATSON,
AUTHOR OF ANNALS OF PHILADELPHIA, &c. &c.

“ Oh ! dear is a tale of the olden time.”

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY E. LITTELL AND BY THOMAS HOLDEN.

1833.



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TO PARENTS, GUARDIANS, AND PRECEPTORS.

The first contemplations and feelings of youth should be drawn out and fixed upon *country and home*. These strongest natural affections of the heart—soonest and readiest possessed, and longest and most fondly retained—should be sedulously cherished concerning the land of our birth. To this end, whatever can multiply those local associations of idea which bind us to the paternal soil, must benefit the youth, and at the same time win the countenance and support of judicious parents and guardians. “Such topics,” says Washington Irving, “call up scenes and affections which nothing can efface from the heart.”

There is a natural and useful curiosity, in all, to know

the cause and origin of things around them. This passion is peculiarly strong in youthful minds; and what can be more worthy of their inquiry and interest, than the first settlement and progress of their forefathers, through many early difficulties, to civilisation, refinement and happiness? Wherefore, few things can be proposed so pleasingly instructive, and so stirring to the feelings, as to learn those striking incidents of the *olden time*, which seize upon the mind like visions of fancy, or dreams of the imagination. It may, in fine, be said, that it is the duty of patriotism, as well as of parental affection, that “when your children shall ask you *wherefore are these things so?* then shall ye *answer them, &c.*” “It is thus,” says the Association of Teachers in Philadelphia, *upon this subject*, “that the good taste of our youth will be cultivated, as effectually as their curiosity will be gratified, and at the same time the cause of popular instruction will receive a valuable impulse.”

The following illustrations of the proper domestic history of Philadelphia, and of the early rise and progress of Pennsylvania, from its small beginnings to its present greatness—derived in substance from “Watson’s Annals of Philadelphia,”—are cast together in the form of instructive historical tales, with a hope that they may succeed to inform the minds and improve the hearts of the youths of our country. “By the preser-

vation of these *national recollections*," says our eloquent countryman, Everett, "we are to form, animate, and perpetuate, a free people."—"Tis in effect a legacy by which our progenitors say to us, "my sons, forget not your fathers!"

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia County, 1831.



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HISTORIC TALES

OF

OLDEN TIME.

PRIMITIVE STATE OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE youth of the present day, surrounded by numerous tokens of wealth, splendour and civilization, have little or no conception of the former waste and wilderness state of the regions in which we now dwell. They look abroad and see our present luxury and abundance, and with scarcely a second thought infer that things, as they see them now, were always so ;—but this is a conclusion wholly aside from the truth. It is but a short period of time—as nations count time, (say, but 150 years ago,) since the present great *city of Philadelphia*, and all the adjacent inland country of *Pennsylvania*, was “one still and solemn desert in primeval garb.” It was a country clothed with wood, and in allusion to this fact, it was called Penn-Sylvania—a compounded Latin word expressing the woody country of Penn. Those woods, even where we now walk, ride or dwell, were once filled with excellent game, or

numerous beasts of prey, and the land in general was occupied by many Indians.

To help our young readers the better to understand the primitive state of such a country, we shall endeavour to cast together for their contemplation such facts as then existed.

The river Delaware (called Lenape Wihittuck by the Indians,) which fronts our State of Pennsylvania, was first discovered in the year 1609—(only think how short a time since!) by that celebrated navigator, Captain Henry Hudson, the same who also, about the same time, discovered and explored the Hudson or North River at New York. The States General of Holland, for whom he was acting, began to colonize the country along the waters of the Delaware in 1623; and to protect their settlers from Indians or new comers, they built their first fort, called Nassau, and probably their first village, at the place since known as Gloucester Point in New Jersey, two miles below the present Philadelphia. The place was then known to the Indians by the name of Arwanus and sometimes as Takaacho. Our readers will therefore understand, that this our country, now so wholly English in its population, was nevertheless originally of the Holland race: they calling the country Nieu Nederlandt, and our river, the Zuydt Riviere.

Captain Kornelius Jacobus Méy (pronounced May) must be regarded as the first explorer of our bay and river; and it was he who first constructed the fort and village as above mentioned at Gloucester Point, called also Pine Point. From him we have also named our prominent points of port entrance, such as “Cape

May" and "Cape Cornelius." Cape Hinlopen was named after Jelmer Hinlopen, another Dutch navigator of that time.

In the year 1630, the Dutch made peculiar efforts to settle and colonize the country. Several merchants of Amsterdam sent out in that year Captain Devries, with two vessels to effect their object. They designed to raise tobacco and grain, and to catch *whales* and *seals*; for then, let my young readers observe, our salt waters abounded with those sea animals, now no longer known near our shores. The little colony, consisting of only *three dozen persons*, (mark this, to *then* begin our present great nation!) with their cattle and implements of husbandry, (for these had to be brought with them to this then wilderness land,) made their settlement up a creek two leagues from Cape Cornelius, which they named Swaendael or Swandale, because of its then numerous swans—birds now no longer visiting our regions. This little colony thus begun, near the present Lewistown in Delaware, was soon after destroyed by the Indians, whom they incited to such violence on themselves, through the ill-natured misconduct of one of their inferior officers.

In the next year, 1631, a great attempt at colonization was commenced by the Swedes and Fins, under the sanction and support of Queen Christianna. They arrived in such numbers as to begin the present New Castle, then called Stockholm, and also to build their first fort for another settlement at Christiana, now the present Wilmington. At the island of Tenecum, they built a fort called New Gottenburgh, and constructed a village, calling their governor's house Printz's Hall.

All these, on the site now occupied as the Lazaretto grounds. These Swedes, in time, became sufficiently numerous to occupy the most of the favourable positions along the margin of the river Delaware, and extending themselves up as high as the present Penny-pack creek at Holmsburgh, calling the creek after its Indian name of Pennapect, and the country "Upland," in contradistinction to the present "lower counties" then called Low-lands. Our entire country they called Nya Sverige, or New Swedeland.

These Swedes, whilst they inhabited our country as a distinct nation; talking their own language, and governing according to the laws and usages of their mother country,—had for their security numerous log forts or block houses in country localities; such as Chincissing, Korsholm, Finlandt, Lapananel &c. One was at or near the present Swedes church,—another was in Passaiunk near the Schuylkill river. The name of Schuylkill is supposed to have been given by the Dutch, and to mean in their language hidden river, in reference to its covered appearance at its mouth. The Indians called it Nittabaconck and Manaiunk.

It might well surprise the present generation, seeing such profusion of comforts and refinement around us now, to know the rough and rude manner in which their Swedish forefathers once dwelt in this land. Their log houses consisted of but one room, to which the door of entrance was so low as to require one to stoop. Instead of window-panes of glass, they had little holes before which a sliding board was put; or on other occasions, they had isinglass; the cracks between the logs were filled with clay. The chimnies in a corner were

either of stone, or sometimes of mere clay and coarse grass mixt. They wore vests and breeches of skins ; and even the women wore jackets and petticoats of the same ; their beds, too, were generally of such skins as bears', wolves', &c.

In time, the Dutch, who had grown into power in New York, determined to dislodge and conquer the Swedes, and therefore in 1655, they sent round to the Delaware a fleet with 700 men, which for ever put down the nationality of the Swedes, as a separate people. But the New York Dutchmen, had scarcely got through their self-gratulations at their success over the Swedes, before they themselves were subdued and laid aside from all rule over our domains, by their surrender in 1664, to the fleet of the Duke of York. His officers forthwith seized upon, and put under the rule of the British government, all the lands and people laying within the bounds of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

In this eventful measure, lays the cause of our being at this day *an English people* ; that is, a people speaking the English language, observing English manners and laws, profitably cultivating English taste and literature, and *anglicizing* our New World, by our success and example. But for this event, our language and habits might now have been Dutch or Swedish, or both intermixed. Let then our present youth consider what a difference this fact would have made *to them*, had not circumstances been so altered.

THE ORIGIN OF THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WILLIAM PENN, son of Admiral Penn, having become, by conviction, a Friend, and wishing to provide a place of peace and safety for the people of his fellowship—far from “woful Europe,” where his society was much persecuted, availed himself of his father’s claim upon the crown, to procure thereby a title to the land now called Pennsylvania.

This memorable event in history; this momentous concern to us—the founding of Pennsylvania, was confirmed to William Penn under the Great Seal, on the 5th of January, 1681. Being thus in possession of his title, he proceeded forthwith to allure the good people of Europe to its settlement and improvement. He published his terms at 40 shillings per 100 acres. He did not sell such small parcels himself, but in “shares” of 5,000 acres each, for £100. How very little this seems for land, now bringing occasionally from 100 to 300 dollars an acre, and yet how great is the consideration that *he* possessed 26 millions of such acres!

The first colony—the venturous pioneers to this new state, left England in August, 1681, in three ships; and *the first* arrival was in the ship John and Sarah, from London, Captain Smith. The name of this vessel, and of this captain, and of those who were passengers therein, became memorable in the future city,—as they came in later years to be designated as “the first landers,” &c. by the succeeding generations. When they

had lived to see the rising importance of the growing city, they must have felt themselves enobled by their identity with its primitive existence. Among those primitive names were Nathaniel Allen, John Otter, Edmund Lovett, Joseph Kirkbride, &c.

The other ship, the *Amity*, Captain Dimon, from London, got blown off to the West Indies, and did not land her disappointed passengers in Pennsylvania until the next spring; the third ship, the *Factor*, Captain Drew, from Bristol, having made as high as the present Chester, on the 11th of December, was frozen up the same night, and so made their winter there. What a cheerless winter it must have been! How different too from their former comforts and homes!—There several of them had to crowd into little earthy caves and huts, constructed for the emergency.

William Penn—the founder, could not get ready to get off with the first colonists, but sent his cousin, Captain William Markham, along with them as his deputy. Penn sailed from England in August, 1682, on board the ship *Welcome*, Captain Greenway. The passage was good, and the ship well filled with additional passengers, mostly Friends of good estate. But having had the misfortune to get the smallpox on board, it proved fatal to nearly one third of the original hundred! What a calamity in the outset! Poor adventurers!—How those evils must have depressed their spirits and embittered their voyage! What a spectacle to see such numbers of their endeared relatives and companions in peril, cast daily into the deep! 'The recitals of this voyage were dwelt upon by the aged, and listened to by the young, in many succeeding years—

“They told their marvelling childhood
Legends store, of their strange ventures!”

They landed first at New Castle, on the 27th of October, 1682,—a day since to be devoted to commemorative festivals, by those who venerate the founder and his primitive associates. Here the founder was hailed with acclamations by the Swedes and Dutch, then inhabiting that town. The ship with the passengers proceeded further up the river to the general rendezvous or settlement.

Soon afterwards, the 4th of December, William Penn convened his first assembly at Upland town, the present Chester, in which, in three days, they passed with much unanimity all the laws previously constructed in England, consisting of sixty-one subjects, called “the Great Law of Pennsylvania.”

By the close of the year 1682, such had been the tide of emigration, induced by the popularity of Penn’s character, as an upright, mild, generous, and wise governor, that as many as twenty-three ships had arrived with passengers. None of them miscarried, and all of them had short passages.

In those times, the Indians and Swedes were kind and active, to bring in and vend at moderate prices, proper articles of subsistence. Provisions (says Penn) were good and in vast quantities. Wild fowl was in abundance. Wild pigeons (says another) were like clouds, and often flew so low as to be knocked down with sticks. Wild turkeys were sometimes so immoderately fat and large as to have weighed 46 lbs.;—Some of 30 lbs. sold for 1 shilling—Deer sold at 2s. a piece. The waters abounded with fish;—six alloes, or

rocks, were sold for 1s., and salt fish at three farthings a lb.—Oysters were then abundant and excellent,—six inches long.—Peaches could be had by cart-loads.

In the year 1683-4, the emigration was still greater. They came from England, Ireland, Wales, Holland and Germany.—The Germans came from Cresheim, near Worms, mostly of the society of Friends, and made their settlement at Germantown. The Welsh bought up 40,000 acres of land in 1682, and formed their settlements after the names of their native homes,—in Merion, Haverfield, Radnor, Newtown, Goshen, and Uwchland—others went to Gwynned.

The whole of Pennsylvania—such as it was for the first half century of the settlement,—was comprised within the three counties of *Philadelphia*, *Bucks*, and *Chester*; of these, therefore, we are chiefly to speak in the following pages. All beyond these—westward and northward, until of later years, consisted of unseated lands, or Indian hunting grounds;—so very modern is every thing of improvement and civilization in Pennsylvania, which we now behold. Such a country, so rapid in its progress—so lately rising from comparative nothingness, to be “a praise in the earth,” may well demand our admiration and regard.

Penn’s letter of the 9th of 12th month, 1683, to the Marquis of Halifax, says with much truth, “I must without vanity say, I have led the greatest colony into America, that ever any man did upon a private credit; and *the most prosperous beginnings that ever were in it, are to be found among us*. Since last summer, (he adds) we have had about sixty sail of great and small

shipping.”—Such self-gratulation was honest and well merited: Indeed we cannot forbear to confess the superior tact and talent which he manifested for a founder, by comparing his rapid success with the slow progress of those who preceded him. For, when we consider how long the Swedes were in possession before Penn came—say half a century,—we cannot but feel astonished at the very little ability they manifested, for producing any thing great or important, commensurate with their opportunities. Surely *we* now would not swap our country and condition for all Sweden itself!

Penn’s noble feelings for our country were always generous and strong. He came, he said, into the charge of the province, “for the Lord’s sake”—“He hoped, under the Divine aid, to have raised a people who should have been a praise in the earth for conduct, as well as for civil and religious liberty.”—“I wanted (says he) to afford an asylum to the good and oppressed of every nation. I aimed to frame a government which might be an example. I desired to show men *as free and happy as they could be.*” Such was our *Pater Patriæ*. Can we, the descendants of such settlers, do less than love and revere the name of such a benefactor?

“Go call thy sons,—instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors, and make them vow
To *pay it*,—by transmitting down entire
Those *sacred rights* to which themselves *were born!*”

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF PHILADELPHIA.

It should be grateful to a contemplative and feeling mind ; especially to a descendant of the pilgrim settlers of Philadelphia, to revive in the imagination such picturesque and scenic pictures, as may give to the mind's eye the striking incidents of that eventful period. In doing this we need not resort to fiction "to adorn our moral, or to point our tale ;" for facts, scattered throughout the following pages, will fully sustain the primeval scene, herein attempted to be laid before our young readers.

Let us then transport the mind back to the original site of *Quequenaku*, popularly called *Coaquanock*, so called by the Indians from its border line, along the margin of the river bank, of lofty spruce-pines, rivalling in majesty and evergreen verdure, all the adjacent forest foliage ; thus giving to the place selected for a city, a peculiarity and rarity, even in the eyes of the untutored savage, which lovers of the marvellous might now regard as something propitious ; even as Taylor the astrologer expressed it,—

" A city built with such propitious rays
Will stand to see old walls and happy days."

At such a place, we must see the busy landing of families from the anchored barks, and witness their chastened joy at once more feeling their conscious tread on *terra firma* ; then a gravelly strand basing the front of the precipitous river banks. There their pious minds

felt emotions of gratitude and praise to Him, beneath whose eye their voyage had sped ; their hearts tendered, they knelt, and praised and prayed. Thus the wife of the governor, Thomas Lloyd, as soon as she landed, in the fulness of her heart knelt down, and earnestly prayed the blessing of heaven on the future city—the city of “ brotherly love.”

The beholder might then innocently smile to see the unskilled efforts of men, women and children, scrambling up the acclivity to attain the level of the elevated platform. It was a place then greatly like the present woody banks at the site up the Delaware, called “ the Bake house, ” by the Poquessink creek,—

“ ——— all shagg'd with wood,
Where twisted roots, in many a fold
Through moss, disputed room for hold.”

Such impediments overcome, they gathered beneath the dark ever-greens ;—there they meet the welcome salutations of the red natives,—both in mutual wonder stand, and ruminate, and gaze. Then the exploring eye, ranging on objects all around, beholds behind them interminable woods and hanging grape vines, &c.—“ a boundless contiguity of shade,”—and below them, on the limpid stream, their own ships amid the paddling canoes of the Indians. All has the air of novelty and surprise. Their spirits feel many stirring emotions :—joy for safe arrival,—a lively sense of inhaling a new and genial air, so necessary after the restrictions and sickness of sea life ;—even a momentary sadness might agitate the bosom from the sense that they were devoid of all the wonted accommodations and comforts of

former home and civilization ; but the prevalent sense of escape from "woful Europe," was an antidote, always at hand, to repress any murmurings.

Sustained by a predetermined courage to subdue all difficulties, and animated by future hopes of domestic comforts and of social prosperity and happiness, all join in a ready resolution to give mutual aid to every enterprise for individual or general benefit. Huts and caves are promptly resolved on as of paramount consideration. To this object trees and underwood must be levelled. At the moment of such a beginning, we can readily imagine that some pious leader, like Christian David at the first settlement of his Christian community, strikes his axe into the first tree, exclaiming, "Here hath the sparrow found an house and the swallow a nest for himself, even thine altars, O Lord God of Hosts!" Here in the "sweet quiet," freed from the hurries and perplexities of "woful Europe," as feelingly expressed by the founder, they could not but consider themselves escaped from persecution ; no longer like their fathers,

"—————Vex'd from age to age
By blatant bigotry's insensate rage."

Preliminaries thus settled, the men and boys choose out their several grounds for their temporary hut or cabin, called a cave. While some dig into the earth about three feet near the verge of the river bank, others apply the axe to clear away the underwood or to fall trees, whose limbs and foliage may supply sides and roofs to their humble dwellings. In other cases, some dug sods, and of them formed the sides of their huts. To these, chimnies of grass and kneaded clay were set

up,—and, lo! their rude house was finished! Meanwhile, the women, equally busy in their sphere, had lighted their fire on the bare earth, and having “their kettle slung between two poles upon a stick transverse,” thus prepared the meal of homely and frugal fare for the repast of the diligent builders. With good cheer and kindly feelings, all partake of the sylvan feast. Thus refreshed, they speedily bear off their unsheltered furniture and goods to their several cabins, and feel themselves housed and settled for a season,

“Where homes of humble form and structure rude
Raise sweet society in solitude!”*

In due time, the mind, devoted to better accommodation, seeks for its permanent settlement. Then the busy, bustling era begins! First, the surveyor, with much labour by falling of trees and drawing off brush-wood, forms a way through which to draw his “lengthening chain,” whereby the city plot is made. Lots are then to be covered with houses; and much of their material is to be found on the spot. Soon therefore the echoing woods resound with the labouring axe and the crash of falling trees. The wondering population of the forest are amazed at this first break of their long—long silence,—and starting here and flying there,—beasts and birds,—excellent for diet and a luxury to Europeans living under the prohibition of “game laws,”—are shot down at frequent occasions,—even while the main de-

* Some of those huts were so well constructed as to last for several years afterwards; not only serving the wants of succeeding emigrants, but in several cases used by some of base sort, in after time, as homes good enough for low minds.

sign was to clear away the de epembarrassments of the soil.* Even the reptiles, deadly and venomous, here first felt the assault of the primeval curse,—and “the serpent’s head is crushed!” But although the astonished tenants of the forest thus feel and fear the busy stir of man throughout the day, and find in him an enemy before unknown, we may suppose they were not immediately to be driven from their favourite haunts, but long and frequent would they linger round their wonted securities in the darkness and silence of night. It was therefore no strange thing with the primitive population to hear occasionally at safe distances,—“the fox’s bark, or wolf’s lugubrious howl.”

When buildings had thus been generally started, and the “clearings” and the “burnings” of the “brush-wood” and “undergrowth,” had begun to mark, in rude lines, the originals of the present paved and stately streets, we may well imagine the cheerful greetings which passed among the settlers as they met, or surveyed each other’s progress. Often they must have reciprocally lent each other aid in “raisings,” and other heavy operations requiring many hands. How busy then the brick makers,—what perpetual burnings of their smoking kilns,—what frequent arrivals and departures of small craft from the Jersies, previously settled,—of boards and slabs from their saw-mills, ere the Pennsylvania mills began.

We know there were many inequalities in the surface of the city plot then which we do not perceive now.

* Pastorius’ MS. in my possession, expressly says, he was often lost in the woods and brush, in going from his cave to Bom’s house, south-east corner of Chesnut and Third streets, where he procured his bread.

Some hills were to reduce, and several low or wet and miry places to fill up or drain off. In many places the most delightful rural beauties, formed by aborescent charms, were utterly effaced by "clearings and burnings." Even solitary trees of sublime grandeur were not spared, from the then prevalent opinion, that dense foliage and shades would conduce to fevers. So general was the havoc in process of time, that none remained of all the crowded forest, save a cluster of black walnut trees, which, till of late years, stood opposite the State-house on Chesnut street, and guided the stranger to that venerable edifice.*

We may readily conceive that the young people of both sexes often formed exploring parties. Wishing to see the scenes which environed them, they plunged into the deep woods beyond the Dock creek ; thence making a great circuit, they have seen the then wild Schuylkill shadowed by towering sycamores and oaks, and all the intermediate woods crowded with grape vines and whortleberries. Being protected from surprise by their needful guns, they start or shoot the rabbit, the raccoon, perhaps the fox, or the heavy wild turkey. Perhaps they have met with a colony of friendly Indians, and, bent on novelty and sport, they have bargained for the use of their canoes. Into these slender vessels they have huddled, and thus have made a voyage of discovery up and down the Manaiunk, endangered all the way by the frequent leapings of the reckless sturgeons.†

* The last of these, which stood in front of J. Ridgway's office, was cut down in 1818. I have preserved a relic of it.

† These were then so numerous, says Penn, that many of them could be seen vaulting into the air at once, and often they fell into and upset the canoes.

Even the boys of that day had their rural exploits quite close to their own doors. There they could set snares and gins for game, and there they were sure of trapping rabbits, quails, &c. What a tramp it must have been for the urchins then to get over the great Dock creek, and to lose themselves in the mysterious wanderings of the opposite woods; there starting and pursuing the wild game; sometimes chasing the fleet footed wild turkeys, which disdained to fly while their legs could serve their escape. If not so occupied, they found employment in gathering shellbarks, walnuts, filberts, or chesnuts; or eat of whortleberries, or blackberries, as the season and the fruit might serve.

“But times are alter’d,—trade has chang’d the scene,”
“—————where scatter’d hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumbrous pomp repose—
And rural mirth and manners are no more!”

FURTHER FACTS CONCERNING THE FIRST SETTLEMENT OF PHILADELPHIA.

The following facts, drawn together in this place, will serve still further to illustrate the rude and small beginnings of the city, which we now, in a lapse of only 150 years, behold in such completion and grandeur.

Mrs. Lyle, an original settler, used to relate to the Hon. Charles Thompson, the manner of their falling upon the choice of a location,—saying that after they had come to Chester, the whole collection of vessels went on up to Burlington. The vessel she sailed in, being the dullest sailer, was left behind the others, so that at eventide they had reached the present Philadel-

phia ; and not being willing to proceed farther by night, in an unknown channel, and finding there a bold shore, they made their vessel fast to a large limb of a tree, to pass the night. The next morning their captain went ashore to make his observations, and being pleased with the situation, pursued his walk and investigations until he reached the river Schuylkill. When he came back, he spoke of the place with raptures, as a fine location for a town. This being reported to the colonists when they arrived at Burlington,—(settled five years before Philadelphia,) several of the leading men, joined by William Penn, made a visit to the place ; and eventually it became Philadelphia.

The above story is given as we had it from Mr. Thompson, and seems to have many points of agreement or coincidence, with the one recorded in Smith's History of New Jersey; saying therein, that the first ship that ever visited Burlington was the *Shield of Stockton* with settlers from Hull, in 1678. That she, in passing the site of the present Philadelphia, while in the act of veering, chanced to strike the trees with her sails and spars,—and then it was, that the passengers were induced to exclaim, of its high and bold shore,—“ What a fine place for a town ! ”

Penn's instructions to his commissioners on the choice of a site, given before he sailed from England, said, “ be sure to make your choice where it is most navigable, high, dry and healthy.” At one time, the commissioners had in view to form Philadelphia at the mouth of the Poquessink creek in Byberry, along the pleasant bank adjoining to “ the Bake-house,” now Morgan's country seat.

Pastorius, the founder of Germantown, who arrived in 1683, describes Philadelphia then as consisting of three or four little cottages (such as Edward Drinker's, Sven Sener's, &c.) and all the residue being only woods, underwood, timber and trees, among which he several times lost himself in travelling from *his cave*, by the water side, to the hut of one Bom a Dutch baker, who made them their bread.

When James Harrison and Phineas Pemberton arrived in November, 1682, by way of Maryland, they could not find entertainment for their horses—"they therefore spancelled them (by leathern hobbles), and turned them into the woods; but when they sought them next morning, and for two days afterwards, they could not be found; and one of the horses was not found till the succeeding January!" Only think what a wide range of woody country they must have enjoyed!

In constructing some of the first houses, some of the best families had to do the most of the labour themselves. Thus Deborah Morris, who died some years ago, has left in writing, concerning her progenitors, "that her good aunt Hard willingly volunteered to help her husband at one end of the saw, and to fetch all such water to make mortar, as was then needful to build their chimney." The small house too, formerly occupying the site of the present bookstore of the Careys, south-east corner of Fourth and Chesnut streets, originally built for Carter, had his wife as the carrier of the mortar, &c.

Mrs. Chandler came to Philadelphia at the first landing; having lost her husband on the shipboard, (probably from the small-pox,) she was left with eight or nine

children. Her companions prepared her the usual settlement in a cave on the river bank. She was a subject of general compassion. The pity was felt towards herself and children, even by the Indians, who brought them frequent supplies as gifts. Afterwards a Friend who had built himself a house, gave them a share in it. In future years, when the children grew up, they always remembered the kind Indians, and took many opportunities of befriending them and their families in return. Among these was "old Indian Hannah," the last survivor of the race, who lived in Chester county, near West Chester; under which head some account of her may be seen in these pages.

An ancient lady, Rebecca Coleman, arrived at Philadelphia at the first settlement as a young child. At the door of her cave, when one day sitting there eating milk porridge, she was overheard to say again and again; "Now thee shan't again!" "Keep to thy part!" &c. Upon her friends looking to her for the cause, they found she was permitting a snake to participate with her out of the vessel resting on the ground! Happy simplicity and peacefulness!—reminding one strongly of the Bible promise, when "the weaned child should put its hand upon the cockatrice's den!" &c. The said Rebecca Coleman died in 1770, aged 92 years; of course I have even now opportunities of conversing with several who were in her company and conversation! If she had been asked to chronicle all the changes and incidents she had witnessed, what a mass of curious facts she might have left for my present elucidation and use.

The original inequality of the surface of Philadelphia was once much greater than any present observer could

imagine, and must have been regarded, even at the time of the location, as an objection to the site. But we can believe that its fine elevation, combined with its proximity to the then important water of Schuylkill river, must have determined its choice where we now have it. The Delaware front must have been a bluff of 25 feet elevation, beginning at the Navy yard and extending up to Poole's bridge. If that was desirable, as it doubtless was, "to have it high and dry," besides the supposed conveniency of natural docks for vessels to be wintered from the ice at Dock swamp, Pegg's swamp, and Cohocsinc mouth or swamp, we cannot but perceive that no place like it was to be found below it to the mouth of Schuylkill, and none above it, after passing Kensington, until you approach the Bake-house, near Poquessink creek; and there the water was too shallow. Therefore Philadelphia was chosen on the very best spot for a city, notwithstanding it had so irregular a surface then; evidences of which I have shown elsewhere. The probable debates of that day, which must have occupied the minds of those who determined the location, might now make a curious fancy work! The Penn ideas, (which we know) as compressed into few words, are strongly expressed, viz. "It seemed appointed for a town, because of its coves, docks, springs, and lofty land!"

When astrological science was much countenanced, Jacob Taylor, the Surveyor General, who had been before a school-master at Abington, "cast the nativity" of Philadelphia, by calculating the alleged aspect of the planets when the city was founded,—and expressed the

the result in the following lines, written in the year 1723, to wit:

“ Full forty years have now their changes made,
Since the foundation of this town was laid ;—
When Jove and Saturn were in Leo join’d,
They saw the survey of the place designed.
Swift were these planets, and the world will own,
Swift was the progress of the rising town.
The Lion is an active regal sign ;
And Sol beheld the two superiors join.
A city built with such propitious rays
Will stand to see old walls and happy days.
But kingdoms, cities, men in every state,
Are subject to vicissitudes of fate.
An envious cloud may shade the smiling morn,
Though fates ordain the beaming Sun’s return !”

FIRST INLAND SETTLEMENTS.

COTEMPORARY with the first settlement of Philadelphia, the colonists proceeded into the country, and laid the foundation of sundry towns and neighbourhoods ; and as this was done while the country was in a wilderness state, and in the midst of the Indian natives, it may justly interest our young readers to learn the earliest known facts concerning several of such settlements ; to this end, we shall relate sundry incidents concerning Pennsbury, Bucks county, Chester and Chester county, Byberry, Gwynned, Germantown, Frankford, Lancaster, &c.

SETTLEMENT OF CHESTER COUNTY.

This county originally contained within its limits the present county of Delaware, and they together formed one of the first settled counties in the state. The first settlers were generally of the society of Friends, and now their descendants mostly occupy the south eastern and middle townships. The Welsh settled along the "Great Valley," a fine region of land, of from one to three miles wide, traversing the whole county from east to west;—the Irish Presbyterians settled in the south west; and the English intermixed generally throughout the whole county. Many of the townships are of Welsh origin, as is indicated by their names,—such as Tredyffin, Uwchland, the Calns, Nantmels, &c. Other names indicate lands formerly belonging to the London company, such as London Grove, New London, London Britain, Birmingham, &c.

The appearance of the fruitful and picturesque country of the "Great Valley," is well worth a visit from the youth of our city. It comprises nearly 50,000 acres of choicest lands, and is bordered on either side, by long continuous ranges of high ridges, called North and South Hills. From their summits, there are sometimes very extensive and beautiful views—such as might lead out the young mind to conceive of those much greater elevations, "the Blue Mountains," and the great Allegheny "Backbone of the State."

The Brandywine, running through this county, is a fine stream, affording much profitable "water power," and some very picturesque scenery. Brantewein (Brandy) is a word of Teutonic origin, which might have been used equally by the Swedes and Dutch to express

its brandy-coloured stream. Certain it is, that at all early periods, after the river lost its Indian names of *Minquas* and *Suspecough*, it was written *Brandywine*.

Since the county sustained the separation of Delaware county, the county town has been located at West-Chester, a very growing place, and possessing a genteel and intelligent population. At this place are the original records of Delaware county, and of course affording to the curious inquirer the means of exploring the antiquarian lore of the primitive days.

As our business is to show to the present rising generation the great difference between the present and the remote past, when all was coarse and rustic, we shall subjoin some scraps of information illustrative of such change—to wit :

Mr. William Worrell, who died but a few years since,—an inhabitant of Marple township, at the advanced age of nearly 100 years—says, that in the country there were no carts, much less carriages ; but that they hauled their grain on sleds to the stacks, where a temporary threshing-floor was made. He remembered to have assisted his father to carry *on horse-back* 100 bushels of wheat to mill in Haverford, which was sold there for but 2*s.* a bushel. The natural meadows and woods were the only pasture for their cattle ; and the butchers of Philadelphia would go out and buy one, two, or three head of cattle, from such as could spare them, as all their little surplus.

He recollected when there were great quantities of wild turkies ; and a flight of pigeons which lasted two days ! Only think of such a spectacle ! They flew in such immense flocks, that they obscured the rays of

the sun! One night they settled in such numbers at Martin's bottom, that persons who visited them, could not hear one another speak, by reason of their strong whirring noise. Their weight on the branches of the trees was so great, as to break off numerous large limbs!

He never saw coffee or tea until he was twenty years of age; then his father brought some tea from Philadelphia, and his aunt did not know how to use it, till she got information first from a more refined neighbour. On another occasion a neighbour boiled the leaves and buttered them!

In going to be married, the bride rode to meeting behind her father or next friend, seated on a pillion;—but after the marriage, the pillion was placed with her behind the saddle of her husband. The dead were carried in coffins on the shoulders of four men, who swung the coffin on poles, so that they might proceed along narrow paths with most ease.

Another ancient inhabitant, William Mode, who died on the west branch of the Brandywine in 1829, at the age of 87 years, said, he well remembered the Indians—men, women and children,—coming to his father's house to sell baskets, &c., and that they used to cut and carry off bushes from their meadow, probably for mats to sleep on. The deer, in his boyhood, were so plenty, that their tracks in the wheat field, in time of snow, were as if marked by a flock of sheep: at one time his father brought home two of them on his sled. Wild turkies in the winter were often seen in flocks, feeding in the corn and buckwheat fields. Foxes often carried off their poultry; once their man,

knocked one down near the barn. Squirrels, rabbits, racoons, pheasants and partridges abounded.

Samuel Jefferis, too, a man of 87 years, who died at West-Chester in 1828, said he could well remember when deer were plenty in the woods of Chester county, and when a hunter could occasionally kill a bear. He also had seen several families of Indians still inhabiting their native fields.

This county still contains some of the oldest inns, known in the annals of our country.—Thus, Powell's Journal of 1754, speaks of his stopping on the way to Lancaster, at "the Buck," by Ann Miller—at "the Vernon," by Ashton, (now "the Warren")—"the White horse," by Hambright—"The Ship," by Thomas Park—"the Red Lion," by Joseph Steer—and "the Waggon," by James Way, &c.

Chester county is also distinguished as being the theatre of some important events in the revolution,—such as "the battle of Brandywine," the "massacre of Paoli," and the winter quarters of our army at "the Valley Forge." The battle ground of the Brandywine, near where Lafayette was wounded, may be still visited at the Birmingham meeting-house of Friends. There, if you see the grave-digger turning up the grave ground, you may possibly see the bones of some British soldier at only two feet under ground, with fragments of his red coat, his stock-buckle, buttons, &c.! You may be even shown some old gold coin found concealed once in the great cue of a buried Hessian! If you ramble down to "Chads-ford," not far distant, you may still see remains of the little redoubt which disputed the ford; and there, as a relic of silenced war

and bloodshed, pick up an occasional bullet or grape-shot. The county was at one time much disturbed, and made withal remarkable, for a predatory hero in the time of the revolution. He was usually called "Captain Fitz," but his real name was James Fitz Patrick. He roamed the country in stealth as a "British refugee," making his attacks upon the chattels of the "staunch whigs," and seemingly delighting in his perils and escapes. His whole character, made him a real Rob Roy of his time. At last he was seized and executed.

The state of the American army at the Valley Forge, in the drear winter of 1777-8, was an extremely perilous and suffering one. They were kept in necessary fear from so superior a force as Howe's well-appointed army; whereas, our's was suffering the need of almost every thing. An officer, an eye-witness, has told me, that a sufficiency of food or clothing could not be had; that so many men were without whole shoes, that several actually marked the snowy ground with their bloody footsteps; some while on duty as sentinels, have doffed their hats to stand in, to save their feet from freezing; of salt beef or pork, they could not get a supply, and fresh beef was wholly impracticable to get at all; vegetables they got none. *One* wooden or pewter dish answered for a whole mess; and *one* horn tumbler, in which whiskey rarely entered, served for several. Much of their diet was salted herrings, too much decayed to bear separation; but were dug out of the cask *en masse*. Sugar and coffee were luxuries not seen; and paper money, with which they were paid for such severities, was almost nothing!

If *such* were the calamities of war, and such *the price* they paid for our *self-government*, oh ! how greatly should we, their descendants, prize the precious boon ! Maddened be the head, and palsied be the hand, that should attempt to despoil *us* of a treasure so dearly purchased !

Some further particulars of this county will be found connected with "Penn's Landing at Chester," and with the article "Indians," about Indian Hannah, a native of this county, "Last of the Lenape !"

SETTLEMENT OF BUCKS COUNTY.

THIS county had its first settlers located nearest to the neighbourhood of Bristol and Pennsbury. They were nearly all of them of the Society of Friends ; among these, James Harrison and Phineas Pemberton, were most influential and conspicuous. Strong expectations were entertained by these first settlers, that the city of Philadelphia might have been located at either of those chief places ; but it was deemed that the river channel was too shallow for ship navigation.

All the first settlers who arrived were obliged to bring certificates of acceptable character, and to be enrolled in a record-book—which I have seen—kept by P. Pemberton, as clerk of the court, giving therein the names of the parents, number of children, names and number of servants, and the vessels by which, and at what time, arrived. This, it must be granted, forms a curious record of consultation now, and may show some families their "ancestorial bearings" then.

The Indians were round about in small settlements in almost every direction. Some, long after, dwelt on

the "Indian Field," near Penn's estate at Pennsbury, and some at Ingham's Spring; others were on the Pownall tract, the Streiper tract, and Fell tract. The last of the Indian race went off from Buckingham in a body, in the year 1775. The general state of Woody-wastes, was much the same as has been already described in the county of Chester. The Indian practice of burning the underbrush in the woods, made the woods in general easy of traversing and exploring.

The people of Bucks county have been, from the earliest settlement, trained and disciplined to a kindly spirit of good neighbourhood and frank hospitality. It arose at first from their universal brotherhood and mutual dependence; and it was long kept alive by the unreserved welcome, forever cherished, under their eyes, by the Indians settled about them. A true Indian never deems any thing too good for his friend or visitor.

The greater part of the centre grounds of Bucks county were located as early as 1700. Such was Buckingham and Solesbury. Among the first of those settlers there, were Thomas and John Byle, William Cooper, George Pownall, Roger Hartley, and other Friends, from the neighbourhood of "Falls Meeting." Thomas Watson arrived and settled among them in 1704. For the first few years, considerable of their supplies of grain for any new comers had to be drawn from the Falls, or Middletown; and until 1707, they had to take all their grain on horseback, for grinding, to Gwin's Mill, on the Pennepack, near to the Billet. In the mean time, many persons had to be content to pound their grain at home in wooden mortars. Several of the

houses of the original settlers are still standing. Such a house, built for Thomas Canby, now belongs to Joshua Anderson. The great portion of the houses were constructed of logs, and called log-houses, a rude but very comfortable kind of building.

Improved land was generally sold by the acre, at the nominal price or value of twenty bushels of wheat ; so that when wheat was at 2*s.* 6*d.* a bushel, the land was actually sold at 50*s.*

The women were always industrious, clothing their families in general by their own hands—spinning and weaving for all their inmates, all the necessary linen and woollen clothing. For common diet, milk and bread and pie formed the breakfast meal ; and good pork or bacon, and a wheat-flour pudding or dumplings, with butter and molasses, were given for dinner. Mush, or hominy, with milk and butter and honey, formed the supper. Chocolate was only occasionally procured, and used with maple sugar ; and deer-meat and turkeys, when the season answered.

Only a few of the wealthiest farmers had any wagons before the year 1745 ; about the year 1750 was the time of their more common use. Carts were the most in use for going to market. John Wells, Esq. was the only person who then had a riding-chair. Taverns were scarcely known any where ; the one at Coryell's Ferry was the first.

After the year 1750, a new era seemed to commence, by the influx of more wealth among the people. Bohea tea and coffee were introduced, and sundry articles of foreign fabric for the farmers' wives, brought among them by the pedlers,—such as silk and linen neckhks.,

some silk or figured linen gowns. The men, too, began to wear vests and breeches of Bengal, nankeen, fustian, or black everlasting, and cotton velvet. Coats also were made of the latter. But no man or woman, in any condition of life, ever held themselves above the wear—for common purposes—of homemade “linsey-woolsey,” of linen or woollen fabric.

Bucks county has the honour of having had located, at the forks of the Neshamina, the once celebrated “Log College,” so called, of the Rev. William Tennant, commenced there in 1721; and from it issued some of our best men of earliest renown. It was then “the day of small things.”

Bucks county, in the period of the revolution, was made conspicuous, by a daring “refugee family,” called the *Doans*. Their numerous perilous adventures, in scouring the country for “whig families,” and to make their plunder on such, brought them into great renown as bold desperadoes. There were five brothers of them, severally fine looking men, and expert horsemen. Great rewards were offered for them; and finally, two were shot in combat, and two were apprehended and executed. They were far above ordinary robbers, being very generous and humane to all moderate people. The whigs had injured them, and they sought revenge at the hazard of their lives.

PENNSBURY.

This was the name of Penn’s country place and mansion—sometimes called his “palace”—in Bucks county, situated on the margin of the Delaware river, below Bordentown. There William Penn and his family

lived, during part of his stay among us in the years 1700 and 1701. There, he often entertained Indians, and held treaty-covenants, religious meetings, &c. The place was constructed in 1682-3, at great expense for that day, having cost £7000, and having considerable of the most finished or ornamental materials brought out from England. The mansion was 60 feet in front, by 40 feet in depth; the garden, an ornamental and sloping one, lay along the river-side in front of it; and numerous offices were in a front line with the dwelling. All that now remains, is the house now occupied by Robert Crozier—the same building of wood which was originally formed for Penn's family "brew-house."

After Penn had gone back to England, his place was retained some time in hopes of his return. His furniture was long preserved there; and finally got sold and spread about in Bucks county. His clock, and his writing-desk and secretary, I have seen. For many years the people of Burlington used to make visits to the place, because of its associations with so distinguished a man—"a hallowed haunt, though but in ruins seen." Beneath a great grove of walnut-trees, they used to regale, and take their refreshments. A leaden reservoir on the top of the house, kept there for retaining water as a security against fire, got to leaking, and caused the building to fall into premature decay, so that at the era of the revolution, it was torn down, with an intention to rebuild another; but the war prevented that design. While it rested in a state of decay, it had a furnished chamber, hung with fine tapestry, and in which the family descendants were intended to be lodged in case of visits. This, from its being so seldom

opened, and when seen, presenting so many tokens of musty and cob-web interior, got the reputation of "the spirit-room," and was deemed to be a haunted chamber! All who used to visit the premises in years long since, were accustomed to take away some relics of the place. Some such I have preserved,—such as the carved side of the door, and a piece of the bed-cover, curiously worked by Lætitia Penn. In the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, is a memoir by J. F. Watson, containing sundry facts concerning this memorable place. In the Pennsylvania Hospital, is Penn's chair, taken from this mansion.

The country immediately around—through Penn's manor—presents a generally level and rich soil; but its aspect from the river side, is quite low and tame. Formerly a creek—now dry—run round behind the mansion, at some distance, forming the farm into an island, and being crossed at places by bridges. At those places Penn once had his pleasure-barge, and some small vessels.

SETTLEMENT OF BYBERRY.

This township was settled as early as Philadelphia itself. The first Englishmen who explored it were four brothers of the name of *Walton*, who had landed at New Castle, and set out on foot to make their discoveries and choice of location. When they came to Byberry, they were much pleased with a spot of open grass-land, and determined to make it their permanent home. They soon got a few acres into wheat, although they had to go back as far as Chester to procure their seed.

These were soon after joined by other settlers, among whom were Comly, Carter, Rush, and others,—the latter named was the ancestor of the distinguished Dr. Rush. The greater part of the first settlers were Friends, which for numerous years afterwards gave to the country the ascendancy of Friends' principles and manners. It was, therefore, for many years the preferred spot of visitation for the remaining Indians, numbers of whom used to gather annually from Edge Pillock and other places in New Jersey, forming little colonies, which would sit down at favourite places in the woods, and subsist a while on the land-turtles they could catch, and the game they could kill. In these woods they gathered their supply of materials for making baskets, spoons, and ladles, bows and arrows, &c., and saying as their apology, that their forefathers had reserved such rights in their disposal of the territory. The people were too kind to them to dispute their privilege, and they continued to visit unmolested until the period of the revolution.

The frank and generous hospitality of the Indians to the original settlers, deserved a kind and generous return. The descendants of the original settler, Carver, have told me of a striking case of kindness. When his family was greatly pinched for bread-stuff, and knew of none nearer than Chester or New Castle, they sent out their children to some neighbouring Indians, intending to leave them there, until they could have food for them at home ; but the Indians took off the boys' trowsers, tied the legs full of corn, and sent them back thus seasonably loaded.

Byberry is remarkable for having been once destined

as the location of Philadelphia city! At the lower or southern side of the mouth of the Poquessink creek, is a pretty elevation of table-land, conforming to the line of the river Delaware, covered with a range of pine trees and others, intermixed, and showing now a primitive state and character, such as we understand Philadelphia itself originally had. Our youth who pass it in the steam boats should observe it. This site had once been surveyed and plotted as Philadelphia; and this circumstance, for numerous years afterwards, caused it to be called, popularly, "Old Philadelphia." It is now a part of the country-seat of Mr. Morgan;—and his present mansion, altered and repaired, was once celebrated as "the Bake-house," at which, on a large scale, biscuit were baked for sea service, and for the continental army.

So many of the descendants of the primitive inhabitants still occupy in prosperity the places of their forefathers, and give perpetuity to the names of so many original settlers, that it is gratifying now, to ride through their township, and to witness the comforts enjoyed by them.

This love of visiting and contemplating places filled with local impressions, generated by the events and doings of our forefathers, is one of the strongest and purest feelings of our nature, and one which we wish to foster, with warm-hearted interest, in these pages. It flings over the imagination a delightful spell, where fancy draws those pictures of the past, more home-bred, social and endearing, when viewed glimmering through the mist of years. With thoughts like these, we are prompted to add in conclusion, some extracts

from a letter written with pathos and feeling by the celebrated Doctor Rush, to the honorable John Adams—his warm and social friend, on the occasion of his visit to Byberry, in 1812, to see the old *Homestead*, and to revive the images of his childhood and departed kindred ;—even its length, in this place, will be excused by those who know how to appreciate such pure emotions, so prompted by country and home. Such feelings are full of poetry and sensibility, and may some day present to some future Byberry poet, the theme of a touching poem !

When silent time with lightly foot,
Had trod o'er fifty years,
He sought again his native spot
With grateful thoughts and tears ;—
When he drew nigh his ancient home
His heart beat all the way,—
Each place he pass'd, seem'd still to speak,
Of some dear former day.

“I was called,” says he, “lately to visit a patient in that neighborhood, and having with me my youngest son, I thought I would avail myself of the occasion to visit *the farm* on which I was born, and where my ancestors for several generations had lived and died. In approaching it, I was agitated in a manner I did not expect. The access was altered, but every thing around, was nearly the same as in the days of my boyhood, *at which time I left it*. The family there, though strangers to me, received me kindly, and discovered a disposition to satisfy my curiosity and gratify my feelings. I soon asked permission to conduct my son up stairs to see the room in which I drew my first breath and made my first *unwelcome* noise in the world, and where first

began the affection and cares of my beloved and excellent mother. I next asked for a large cedar tree which once stood before the door,—planted by my father's hand. It had been converted into the pillars of the piazza before the house. Filled with emotion, I embraced the one nearest me. I next inquired for the orchard planted by the same hand, and was conducted to an eminence behind the house, where I saw a number of apple trees which still bore fruit, to each of which I felt something like the affection of a brother. The building, which is of stone, bears marks of age and decay. On one of the stones near the front door, I discovered the letters J. R. Before the house flows a small but deep creek, abounding in pan-fish. The farm consists of ninety acres, in a highly cultivated state. The owner did not want to sell; but I begged, if he ever should incline to dispose of it, to make me or one of my surviving sons the first offer. While I sat in its common room, I looked at its walls, and thought how often they had been made vocal by my ancestors—to conversations about wolves, bears and snakes, in the first settlement; afterwards, about cows and calves, and colts, and lambs, &c. and at all times, with prayers and praises, and chapters read audibly from the Bible; for all who inhabited it of my family, were pious people—chiefly of the sect of Quakers and Baptists. On my way home, I stopped to view a family graveyard, in which were buried three and part of four successive generations, all of whom were the descendants of Captain John Rush, who with six sons and three daughters, followed William Penn to Pennsylvania, in 1683. He had been a captain of a troop

of horse under Oliver Cromwell ; and when I first settled in Philadelphia, I was sometimes visited by one of his grandsons, a man of 85 years of age, who had, when a boy, often seen and conversed with the former, and especially concerning his services under the Protector. I retain as his relics, his sword, watch and bible-leaf, on which is inscribed in his own hand,—his marriage, and children's birth and names. My grandfather, James Rush, after whom my son, the physician, is named, has his gravestone and inscription in the aforesaid grave-ground—as “departed this life, March 16, 1727, aged 48 years, &c.” He was a farmer and gunsmith, of much ingenuity in his business. While standing and considering this repository of the dead, there holding my kindred dust, my thoughts ran wild, and my ancestors seemed to stand before me in their homespun dresses, and to say, what means *this gentleman*, by thus intruding upon our repose ; and I seemed to say—Dear and venerable friends, be not disturbed. I am one who inherits your blood and name, and come here to do homage to your Christian and moral virtues ; and truly, I have acquired nothing from the world (though raised in fame,) which I so highly prize as the religious principles which I inherited from you ;—and I possess nothing that I value so much as the innocence and purity of your characters. After my return from such a visit, I recounted in the evening to my family, the incidents of the day, to which they listened with great pleasure ; and heartily they partook of some cherries, from the limb of my father's tree, which my little son brought home with him as a treat to them.”

Such a letter, from such an eminent man, conse-

crates to kindly remembrance, such hallowed localities;—It gives to me, if I needed it, a sufficient apology for thus enlarging this chapter on recollections and incidents of Byberry. They will come home to the bosoms of many.

There is not a spot in this wide-peopled earth,
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth;
'Tis the home of our childhood, the soul-touching spot,
Which mem'ry retains when all else is forgot!

A letter written under such circumstances, does more to illustrate the character and the *heart* of the writer, than a volume of common biography. The visit of such a man to the graves of his ancestors, creates a stirring at the heart of the sensitive reader. There is piety in it—an enthusiasm and holiness of feeling devoted to the dead, which give character and immortality to him who cherished them. His feelings were far better and more pure than to be borne aloft *by his renown*, amidst the hosannas of the people. In such a place for thought—for mental abstraction, how withdrawn from the tempests which sweep over the world's affairs! What a rest to the heart!—The fancy only is busy, when it there cons over the former employments, business, joys, sorrows, hopes and fears, of those now beneath his tread. The world's glory—its highest ambition, quickly fades and dies before the tranquil pleasures of such an hour as this. Such a *home* is consecrated by such a letter, and should be perpetuated and visited as the *solum natale* of a man both good and great. One cannot forbear the wish that the sons of such a father, should long possess the home and there preserve the simple and touching nar-

rative of such a parent! I would inscribe such a letter upon *its walls* for ever—*Esto tu perpetua*.

SETTLEMENT OF GERMANTOWN.

The lands of this township of 5,700 acres, were originally taken up in 1683, by Francis D. Pastorius, Esq. a Friend, from Germany, acting as an agent for the Frankfort Company.

The proper town of Germantown, was constituted into a borough, under a patent from William Penn, of the year 1689;—of this borough, Pastorius was made first Bailiff; but in the year 1706, the town was suffered voluntarily to lose its charter, from the unwillingness of the principal men to serve in courts of justice, wherein oaths might be required. Strange to tell, this town, now so populous and so ancient—even as Philadelphia itself, has never since chosen to become again a borough corporation!

Almost all of the first settlers were of the society of Friends, from Germany—from Crefelt, Cresheim, and Frankfort. For some time they held their meetings at the house of Tunis Kunderts; afterwards, in 1705, they built their first meeting-house, of stone, on the site now their grave-ground. This society was the first to agitate the question of the injustice of holding slaves. One of the first settlers—Wishert Levering, lived to the age of 109 years, and died in 1744. Arents Klincken came from Holland in 1682, and built the first *two* story house in the place—his friend William Penn was present, and partook of the “raising dinner.” It is still standing,—built of stone. The house of stone and wood—marked 1682, is still stand-

ing in Gouge's meadow, where the first family of Shoemaker lived, and where William Penn, standing on a rock in the lot, near the door, preached to the people. Several of the oldest houses are still standing, of one story, built of logs, and the interstices filled with river-rushes and clay, intermixed. In a house of 90 years of age, taken down, the grass intermixed in the clay, was as green as when cut! The windows generally were small and set in leaden frames.

As early as the year 1700, there were four hermits living in the neighbourhood—say, John Seelig, John Kelpius, Conrad Mathias, and one Bony. In later years, Benjamin Lay also settled near by, in a cave, as a hermit. All these were such from religious purposes; Kelpius and Seelig were scholars, who came out with forty others from the colleges in Germany, to seek a wilderness life, and to rest for the “coming of the bride,” mentioned in the Revelations! Several of the MS. books of Kelpius are still in existence, and are preserved as curiosities; his journal and diary I have seen in Latin. He lived a holy and blameless life, and died young, while sitting in his garden, now the premises of Phebe Riter, in Roxborough, where he had his cave, near to the spring now there.

The Mnenonists built their first meeting house of logs, in 1708, near where now stands their house of stone. They were at first more numerous than now.

The Tunkers came out from Germany in 1709, and held their first gathering as a meeting at the log-house now in front of their present stone church. Alexander Mack, a rich miller from Germany, was their first leader and preacher. Many years ago, when the 'Tun-

kers were numerous at Ephrata, they used to make visits of love, to those in Germantown, walking one after the other in Indian file, to the number of forty to fifty persons ; all bare headed, and all habited with long coats, hooded like the Dominican friars.

It was not till after the revolution, that English was spoken in the place, except occasionally. German preaching was retained in the churches till within a few years. The Academy, called the "Public School," built in 1760, had full one half of it occupied by German scholars. There were even some Indian boys as scholars there. A German Newspaper was printed as early as 1739, by C. Sower.

The first Grist Mill set up in Philadelphia county was that latterly called Luken's or Roberts's Mill, in Church lane, just one mile north east from the Market Square. It was erected as early as 1683, by Richard Townsend, a public Friend : he has left this relation of facts, to wit : that the people brought their grist on their back, save one man, who brought it on a tame bull. On one occasion, while he was mowing in his meadow, a young deer came so near that he struck it down and secured it for diet in a time of great need.

It was at Germantown, they first used the invention of "Jamb stoves," the same, essentially, which have been since known as "Ten-plate Stoves." They were made for C. Sower. The same Sower cast his printing types, and printed the first *quarto* Bible in the colonies.

Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, was born near Germantown, and also Rittenhouse, the philosopher. James Logan was long a resident at Stenton farm close by. His mansion was built like a palace, in 1728, and

the country was then so new, that a bear about the same time, came and leaped over the garden fence.

Anthony Johnson, who died in 1823, aged 78 years, had seen a large bear near Chew's house in his youth ; and his father had shown him, near the present R. Haines' house, where he had seen six wolves in one gathering ! In 1721, a bear was killed *in* Germantown, and was so published in the City Gazette ; and two more still nearer the city, were mentioned at the same time. Forty years ago a flock of six wild turkies were killed at the Wissahicon mills.

Germantown was once a place in which two distinguished conjurors, or "diviners for money," flourished: say Dr. Witt, and old Shrunk. The superstition then, was very great about witchcraft and ghosts ; and many people came from a distance to inquire for stolen goods, and to ask cures for strange or bewitched diseases. One of the conjurors had for his sign some German verses, saying, "What God has given me, let no man despise," &c.

Some of the finest scenery, for rocky and woody wildness, is to be seen along the banks of the Wissahicon ; well worth the ride and the inspection of all the inquiring youths of Philadelphia. The grounds of Germantown, too, are all rendered interesting by the events of the war of the Revolution. The inhabitants can still show where sundry British officers dwelt, and where their sections of command were stationed : and above all, point out all the grounds where the memorable battle of Germantown was begun and sustained at Chew's house, &c. Bullets and balls from the fields are still turned out by the plough, where they had been scattered

among the combatants. For many years after that strife, the boys could supply themselves with leaden balls for their chuckers and pencils; and often they could gather iron balls to sell to the blacksmiths for a few spending pennies.

SETTLEMENT OF NORRISTOWN.

This place, now so beautiful and numerous in houses, is a town wholly built up since the war of independence. At that time, it was the farm of John Bull; and his original farm house is now standing in the town, as the inn of Richard Richardson.

As early as the year 1704, the whole *manor*, as it was then called, which included the present township of Norrington, was sold out by William Penn, jr. for £850. From Isaac Norris, one of the purchasers, the place has since taken its name.

The original settlers about the neighbourhood of Norristown, Swedes Ford, &c., were Swedes, who much inclined to settle along the banks of the Schuylkill, and like the Indians, to make free use of their canoes for travelling conveyances. The Swedes church not far off, was much visited by worshippers going there in their boats; and in still later times, when horses became a means of conveyance, it was common for a man and woman to ride together on one horse, the women wearing for economy "safe-guard petticoats," which they took off after arrival, and hung along the fence until again required.

There are still remains below Norristown, nearly fronting the Ford, of a long line of redoubts, made by the Americans under the direction of Gen. Du Porteuil,

to defend the passage of the Ford against the British approaching from the battle of Brandywine, and which had the effect to compel them to pass six miles higher up the river at "Fatland Ford." Some of the cannon in an angle of the redoubt have since washed into the river bank, and may at some future day surprise a discoverer!

It was on the river bank at Norristown, that the *first spade* was set to excavate *the first public canal* attempted in the United States! This should be remembered! It was indeed abortive for want of adequate funds, as well as economy; but it tested the early spirit of enterprise of *our* leading citizens,—acting a few years in advance of the age in which they dwelt. This fact in connection with the MS. account of Mr. John Thomson of Delaware county, of his early adventure in a boat, the White Fish, by a navigation from Niagara to Philadelphia, by the water courses in New York state; showing *beforehand*, the practicability of the Grand Canal of New York, are so many evidences of *our* early efforts in the "Canal system!" The boat, after so singular a voyage, was laid up in the Statehouse yard in the year 1795, and visited as a curiosity. A sight of that boat, and a knowledge of the facts connected with it, is supposed to have prompted president Washington, at that early period, to write of his conviction of the practicability of *a union* of the waters of the lakes with the ocean. A subject, happily for all, now no longer a problem.

FRANKFORD.

The site of Frankford was originally held as *the saw-mill* seat of a *Swede*, before Penn's arrival. That mill

seat is the same now Duffield's Mill power and establishment. It was first deeded to Yeaman Gillingham, by Penn's Commissioners in 1695 ; and afterwards was constructed into a Grist Mill, Saw Mill, &c.

The aged Giles Gillingham, who died at Frankford in 1825, at the age of 93 years, said that when he was a boy there, it was quite common for him to play with Indian lads in the neighbourhood. Frankford then had but very few houses, and was often called Oxford, after the name of its township. About the time of Braddock's defeat, there came an Indian from a distance, blowing a horn as he entered the Indians' place; they soon went off with him, and were no more seen near there.

There has been an opinion prevalent about Frankford village, that it derived its name from *Frank*, a black fellow, and *his ford*, where he kept a ferry for passengers on foot ; but besides its looking too artificial to be true, there are obvious reasons against that cause of its name. I see it as early as 1701 referred to in a public petition concerning a road under the name of "Frankford:" besides, it lies on the creek, the Indian Wingohocking, which comes from the "Frankford Company's land" in Germantown. It was their proper water passage to the river.

Jonathan Dickinson, in 1715, when writing respecting "Fairman's land at Frankford creek," says, "*a ford* there will be very needful and very expensive, as the winds drive the waters from the Delaware *over* much marshy land there. For 200 acres he offers £400. He says it cannot be surveyed on the *marsh* (since all converted into productive meadows, &c.) until the winter is so advanced as to make the survey on the ice !

He speaks, even then, of its losing 100 loads of timber cut off, because it was untenanted, and borne off in moonlight nights—probably for ship timber use, and for staves.

It appears by the minutes of council, 1726, that “the inhabitants *then* of Frankford,” petition that the road may be so *altered*, as to have but one bridge in use, instead of the two then existing.

In the year 1814, C. Kuhn, in digging near the water-side, for a foundation for a small store, on the tan-yard premises, now of Kinsay & Hilles, discovered an interred earthen pot of silver coin, of about 100 pieces, of very old dates. Several were divided coins, cut into sections of dollars and quarters. Some dates were as old as 300 years. One was an old Massachusetts coin of 1652. He sold them all for old silver.

SETTLEMENT OF GWYNEDD.

This township, originally settled by the Welsh, was taken up in 1698; the original purchasers being William, John, and Thomas Evans, who distributed portions among their associates,—to wit: William, John, Thomas, Robert, Owen, and Cadwallader Evans; Hugh Griffiths, Edward Foulke, Robert Jones, John Hughes, and John Humphrey. Only the two last named were Friends; all the others were churchmen. These latter were accustomed to meet at Robert Evans's; and there Cadwallader Evans was in the practice to read from the Bible to the people assembled. But one time, as Cadwallader Evans was accustomed to relate to the late venerable Jesse Foulke, he was going as usual to his brother Robert's, when passing near the

road leading to Friends meeting, held at John Hughe's and John Humphrey's, it seemed as if he was impressed "to go down and see how the Quakers did." This he mentioned to his friend at the close of his *own* meeting, and they all agreed to go to the Friends meeting the next time,—where they were all so well satisfied that they never met again in their own worship. In 1700, the Friends built their log meeting house, on the site where now stands their present stone house, built in 1823. An intermediate stone house was built there in 1712.

Mrs. S. Nancarro, the kinswoman of the above mentioned Jesse Foulke, who lived to be 80 years of age, used to tell the story a little variant, saying that the brothers Evans used to read the public services of their church, in a summer house, constructed of boughs of trees ; and that when one of the brothers was proceeding to his meeting, having to pass by where William Penn was speaking, he became so convinced, that he succeeded in bringing over all his brethren to the same profession.

The same Mrs. N. had often seen and conversed with her grandfather, Hugh Evans, who lived to be ninety years of age. When he was a boy of twelve years of age, he remembered that William Penn, with his daughter Lætitia and a servant, (in the year 1699 or 1700,) came out on horseback to visit his father, Thomas Evans. Their house was then *superior*, in that it was of *barked and hewn* logs, a refinement surpassing the common rank. At that house, William Penn ascended steps *on the outside* to go to his bed-chamber ; and the lad of twelve, curious to see so distinguished a guest,

went up afterwards to peep through the apertures, and saw him on his knees at prayer, giving audible “thanks to God for such a peaceful and excellent shelter in the wilderness!” The same facts I heard also from another ancient person.

The same Hugh Evans told, that Lætitia, then a lively young girl, was very desirous to go to an Indian festival which was near; but her father would not give his consent, though she entreated him much: she then went out as if chagrined, and seeming to wish for some novelty to dissipate her grief, she took up a flail near some grain, at which she began to labour playfully,—when she inadvertently brought the unwieldy instrument so severely about her head and shoulders, as to have induced quite a new concern upon her mind, and caused her quickly to retreat into the house. The impression this fact made upon H. Evans, was never lost, and was often told.

SETTLEMENT OF CHESTER.

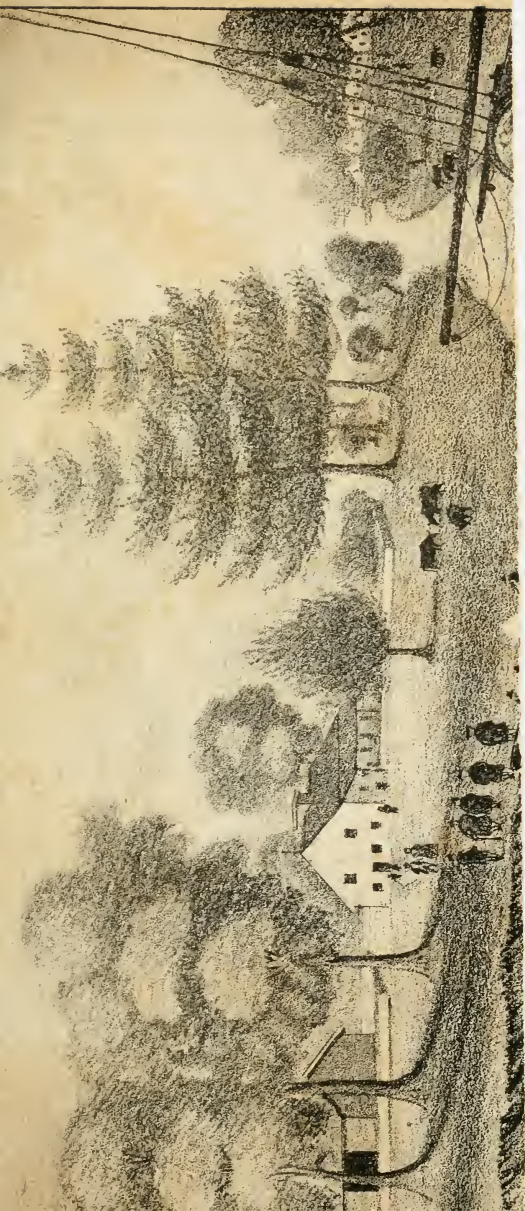
This ancient town was several years in being before the arrival of Penn’s colonists. It was the proper county town of what had been usually called Upland county by the Swedes and Dutch, and as such, it was itself usually called Upland also. The original name of the place, by the Indians, was Mocoponacka.

Some of the Friends who had designed for a settlement in Jersey, had preferred this little village as their residence as early as 1677,—wherefore, when Penn’s first colonists arrived by the ship Factor, in the winter, in December 1681, they were there met and welcomed

by those Friends. Robert Wade was the chief person among them ; and his house, called " the Essex house," was often made the head quarters of the emigrants. It was at this hospitable mansion, that William Penn, when he arrived, made *his landing* and his home. The house is no more ; but facts sufficient still exist, to make *the scene of the landing*, the theme of an historical painting. The house stood on the lower side of Chester creek, not far from the river side ; was a large one and a half story wooden building, with a piazza. Near it by the river side, stood several lofty pines, and a long range of lofty walnut trees. Wade's premises on that side of the creek, extended some distance inland as a large farm. The upper side of the creek, where now stands the town of Chester, was originally the land of James Sanderland, a Swede, whose remains are noticed on a stone inscription of fine character, in the present ancient St. Paul's church in that town. It represents him as dying in the year 1692 in the 56th year of his age.

The brick house is still standing, now a cooper's shop, owned by John Hart, in which it is said, was held *the first Assembly* of Pennsylvania ! It is a one and a half story structure of middle size, close by the creek. The oaken chair, in which William Penn there sat as chief of that assembly, is said to be still preserved in the possession of the aged and respectable widow of Colonel Frazier,—a chair to be prized by us, with a regard as venerative as that felt by Englishmen for their celebrated chair in Westminster Abbey, brought from Scone to help in the investiture of royal power.

At the mill-seat up the Chester creek, now belonging



to Richard Flowers, was originally located, near thereto, the *first mill* in the county; the same noticed in Proud's history as erected by Richard Townsend. The original mill is all gone; but the log platform under water still remains. The iron vane of that mill, curiously wrought in cut letters, is still on the premises, containing the letters "W P. S C. C P. 1699."—which express the original partners, William Penn, Samuel Carpenter and Caleb Pusey.

Close by the race, stands the original dwelling house in which it is understood that Richard Townsend once dwelt, and where he was often visited by his partners; it is a lowly stone building of rude finish inside. 'There let the visiter enter, and having seated himself, as I have done, let him try to consider that within those humble walls was often seated the Great Founder of Pennsylvania!

Not far from this place, at the mills at Ridley creek, is a curious relic, an engraving upon a rock of "I. S. 1682." which marks the spot where the first settler, John Sharpless, then affixed his temporary hut. His descendants since enjoy the same site and neighbourhood in affluence.

The original expectations of Chester were once much greater than since; they once thought it would grow into a shipping port. They had large trade with the rich lands of Lancaster county, and had some celebrity for their granary, and a great bakery establishment for the use of vessels. In an original petition of the inhabitants of Chester of the year 1700, in my possession, they pray, that—"Whereas Chester is daily improving, and in time may be a good place, that the

queen's road may be laid out as direct as possible, from Darby to the bridge on Chester creek." This paper was signed by ninety inhabitants, all writing good hands.

There was many years ago considerable indications and promise of a valuable copper mine up the Chester creek. There are still visible remains of the two shafts, now filled with water. They were said to contain about 50 pounds of copper, and about 50 ounces of silver in the 100 pounds. At some future day, they will probably be re-worked with more success and profit.

At this late day, it is grateful to look back with "recollected tenderness" on the state of society once possessing Chester. Most of the old inhabitants, being descendants of the English, spoke, as colonists, with the broad dialect of the north. They were a simple hearted, affectionate people. Little distinction of rank was known among them; but all were honest and kind, and all entitled to, and received, the friendly attentions and kindness of their neighbours in cases of sickness and distress. Scandal and detraction, sometimes village pests, were to them unknown. Their era was a "Silver Age."

FRONTIER TOWNS.

LANCASTER, READING, &c.

THESE now conspicuous and large inland towns, were long regarded in the early days of the province,

as far remote in the Indian ranges and hunting grounds. The first inhabitants, who made "clearings and settlements" in those regions, were generally tolerated squatters, living rent free, for the purpose of forming a cordon, or defensive barrier, against any Indian surprise.

The earliest settlement in Lancaster, as a town, was induced by the expected advantages of the iron works near by. The first establishment of them commenced in 1726, under the enterprise of Mr. Kurtz. In 1728, the family of the Grubbs, as iron-masters, began their career; but the most extensive and successful of all, was the late Robert Coleman, who amassed a great fortune thereby.

Where Lancaster now stands, was once an Indian wigwam town; a hickory tree stood in its centre, not far from a spring; under this tree the councils met; and from one of these councils a deputation was once sent to confer with William Penn at Shackamaxon. The Indian nation was called *Hickory*, as well as their town. When the whites began to build there, they still called it by the same name; and Gibson, at his inn, about the year 1722, had a hickory tree painted upon his sign. It was situated near where Slaymaker's hotel is now built, and the spring was nearly opposite. The town under the name of Lancaster, was not laid out until 1730; and the courts were not taken to it from Postlewaite, until the year 1734.

An Indian town once stood on a flat of land northeast of Hardwiche, the seat of William Coleman, Esq. A poplar tree was the emblem of the tribe, from whence their name was derived. Its location, and that of the

town, was near the bank of the Conestoga. The Conestoga Indians were once numerous and influential. As early as 1701, we read of an embassy from Philadelphia "round about through the woods," to "the palace of the king," "where they were cordially received and well entertained at a considerable town." In the year 1721, Sir W. Keith and his council and thirty gentlemen went to Conestoga, to hold there a treaty with the heads of the Five Nations. An original deed from Wiggoneeheenah, of 1725, to Edmund Cartlidge, grants "in behalf of the Delaware Indians concerned," the tract of land formerly his plantation, "laying in a turn of Conestoga creek, called Indian Point." Those Indians, under the general name of Conestogoes, continued to dwell along the Conestoga creek, until the year 1764, when fourteen of their number having been maliciously killed by the Irish settlers, the rest took shelter in Lancaster, and for their better security were placed under the bolts and bars of the prison; where, however, they were afterwards assailed and massacred—men, women, and children—at mid-day, by an armed band of lawless ruffians, calling themselves the "Paxtang boys!" The Roman Catholics, under the Jesuits, were the first who opened religious worship among the people.

In the year 1754, Lancaster had so much increased as to have then contained 500 houses and 2000 inhabitants. A great proportion of them, then, were of German origin. The best lands of Lancaster county, and deemed, in general, the finest farms in the state, are those possessed by the German families.

Reading is of much later origin, and had, when it

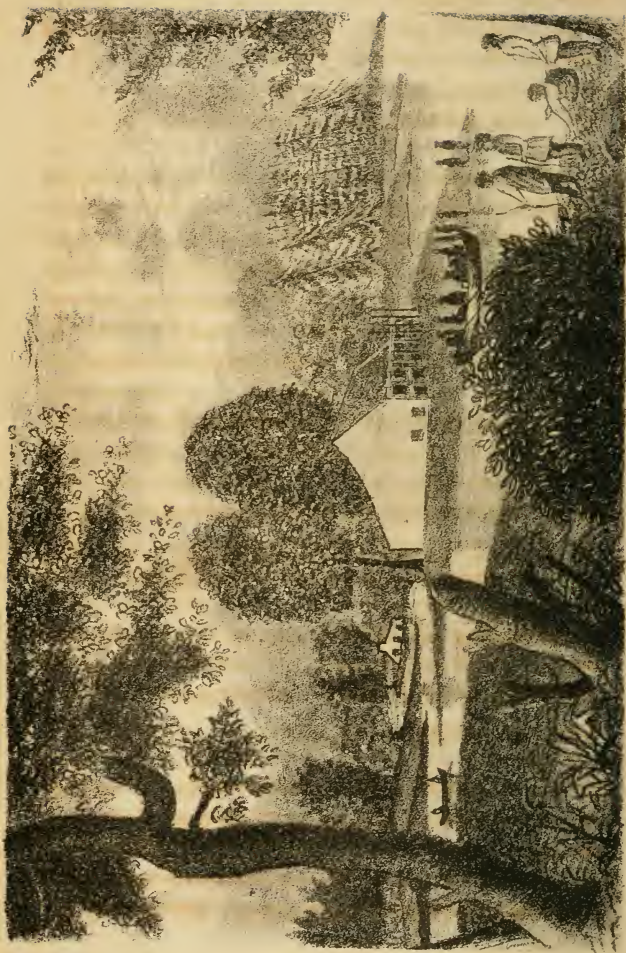
began, a very rapid progress—having, for instance, but one house there in 1749, and in 1752 it contained 130 dwellings! It was raised into alluring repute by the agents of the Penn family, calling for settlers in it, as “a new town of great natural advantages of location, and destined to be a prosperous place.”

Bethlehem and Easton formed the frontier towns on the north. The former was begun in 1743, under Count Zinzendorf, by forming there his Moravian town. As late as the year 1755, the inhabitants of the neighbouring country were driven in from their farms to the towns of Bethlehem and Easton, filled with panic and dread from marauding Indians! It was not until the year 1761 that the present Allentown, then a fort, had its garrison dismissed. As late as the year 1755, the year of Braddock's defeat and alarm, there was a block house at Harris's ferry, the present Harrisburg, and hostile Indians prowled about Shearman's valley, not far off, committing sundry depredations. Since the war of the revolution, such is the march of improvement, that Harrisburg is made the seat of government, other towns are erected in every direction, and distant places are made nigh to us in effect, by numerous turnpikes, rail roads, and canals!

It strongly marks the rapid progress of inland improvement, to say, that several members of a family of the name of *Gilbert* are now living, who dwelt near the Lehigh, on this side of the present celebrated Mauch Chunk coal mines, who were captured in open day by a band of hostile Indians, in the year 1778, and borne off unmolested to the Niagara frontier. One of the females so captured, I have seen and conversed with

only a few months before the present writing. She is a Friend, dwelling in Byberry. They then travelled through a wilderness country, unperceived by any white inhabitants, 500 miles in 26 days. Now splendid stage-coaches roll over graded turnpikes, and pass through numerous prosperous towns and villages, through all the intermediate space !

A MS. journal, which I have seen, of C. F. Post's, an Indian interpreter and agent, who died at Germantown in 1785, and who made an excursion from that place, in 1758, to the Susquehannah river with sundry Indians, shows incidentally how very wild and Indian-like the intermediate country must then have been. His first stage of one day from Bethlehem was to *Hays'*; the next day to *Fort Allen*, where he met Indians from *Wyoming*; thence he went to *Fort Augusta*, on the Susquehannah, where he met sundry Indians from *Diehogo*, now called *Tioga*, at the head of the same river, and saw also some Indians from *Shamokin*. Coursing along the river, he came to *Wekepeonall*, and at night rested at *Queenashawakee*. The next day they crossed the river *at the Big Island*—the same now so celebrated for its expensive canal works—called *Duncan's Island*, a little above Harrisburg. In the region on the opposite side, westward, they came to several places where they saw two poles, painted red, set up as pillars, to which the Indians tied their prisoners for the night. Now how different are all those regions, brought about in a term of fifty years ! Persons were lately alive in *Tulpehocken*, near Womelsdorf, who saw in that country the dreadful Indian massacre in 1755. I saw myself some that had been captured then.



THE LANDING OF PENN AT THE BLUE ANCHOR
TAVERN.

Here memory's spell wakes up the throng
Of past affection—here our fathers trod!

THE general voice of mankind has ever favoured the consecration of places hallowed by the presence of personages originating great epochs in history, or by events giving renown to nations. The landing place of Columbus in our western world is consecrated and honoured in Havana; and the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth is commemorated by festivals. We should not be less disposed to emblazon with its just renown the place where Penn, our honoured founder, first set his foot on the soil of our beloved city. The site and all its environs were abundantly picturesque, and facts enough of the primitive scene have descended to us,

“—————e'en to replace agen
The features as they knew them then.”

Facts still live, to revive numerous local impressions, and to connect the heart and the imagination with the past,—to lead out the mind in vivid conceptions of

“How the place look'd when 'twas fresh and young.”

Penn and his immediate friends came up in an open boat or barge from Chester; and because of the then peculiar fitness, as “a landing place,” of the “low and sandy beach,” at the *debouche* of the once beautiful and rural Dock creek, they there came to the shore by the

side of Guest's new house, then in a state of building, the same known in the primitive annals as "the Blue Anchor tavern."

The whole scene was active, animating and cheering. On the shore were gathered, to cheer his arrival, most of the few inhabitants who had preceded him. The busy builders who had been occupied at the construction of Guest's house, and at the connecting line of "Budd's long row," all forsook their labours to join in the general greetings. The Indians too, aware by previous signals of his approach, were seen in the throng, or some, more reservedly apart, waited the salutation of the guest, while others, hastening to the scene, could be seen paddling their canoes down the smooth waters of the creek.

Where the houses were erecting, on the line of Front street, was the low sandy beach ; directly south of it, on the opposite side of the creek, was the grassy and wet soil, fruitful in whortleberries ; beyond it was the "Society Hill," having its summit on Pine Street, and rising in graceful grandeur from the precincts of Spruce street,—all then robed in the vesture with which nature most charms. Turning our eyes and looking northward, we see similar rising ground, presenting its summit above Walnut street. Looking across the Dock creek westward, we see all the margin of the creek adorned with every grace of shrubbery and foliage, and beyond it, a gently sloping descent from the line of Second street, whereon were huddled a few of the native wigwams intermixed among the shadowy trees. A bower near there, and a line of deeper verdure on the ground, marked "the spring," where "the Naiad weeps

her emptying urn." Up the stream meandering through "prolixity of shade," where "willows dipt their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink," we perceive, where it traverses Second street, the lowly shelter of Drinker, the anterior lord of Dock creek; and beyond him, the creek disappears in intervening trees, or in mysterious windings.

Penn was so pleased with the site of "the low sandy beach," as a landing place, (the rest of the river side being high precipitous banks) that he made it a public landing place for ever in his original city charter; and the little haven at the creek's mouth so pleased him, as a fit place for a harbour for vessels in the winter, and a security from the driving ice, that he also appropriated so much of it as lay eastward of the Little Dock creek to be a great dock for ever, to be deepened by digging when needful. The waters there were much deeper at first than after years, as the place got filled up by the negligence of the citizens. Charles Thomson, Esq. told me of his often seeing such vessels as sloops and schooners lading their flour for the West Indies on the sides of the Dock creek near to Second street; and a very aged informant (Mrs. Powell) had seen a schooner once as high as Girard's bank. Charles Thomson also told me of one family of the first settlers whose vessel wintered at the mouth of the creek.

This original tavern, from its location, was at first of first rate consequence as a place of business. It was the proper key of the city, to which all new-comers resorted, and where all small vessels, coming with building timber from Jersey, &c., or with traffic from New England, made their ready landing. The house was

also used as a public ferry, whence people were to cross over Dock creek to Society Hill, before the causeway and bridge over Front street were formed, and also to convey persons over to Windmill island, where was a windmill for grinding their grain, or to cross persons and horses over to Jersey. It was, in short, the busy mart for a few years of almost all the business the little town required.

“The spring,” in a line due west from this house, on the opposite bank of the creek, was long after a great resort for taking in water for vessels going to sea, and had been seen in actual use by some aged persons still alive in my time, who described it as a place of great rural beauty, shaded with shrubbery and surrounded with rude sylvan seats.

Little Dock creek, diverging to the southeast, had an open passage for canoes and batteaux as high as St. Peter’s church, through a region long laying in commons, natural shrubbery, and occasional forest trees, left so standing, long after the city, northward of Dock creek, was in a state of improvement.

The cottage of the Drinker family, seen up the main or northwestern Dock creek, located near the southwest corner of Walnut and Second street, was the real primitive house of Philadelphia. The father of the celebrated aged Edward Drinker had settled there some years before Penn’s colonists came, and Edward himself was born there two years before that time ; he lived till after the war of Independence, and used to delight himself often in referring to localities where Swedes and Indians occasionally hutted, and also where Penn and his friends remained at their first landing.

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 process of change and development.
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 process of change and development.
 The sixth is the fact that the
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THE TREATY TREE, AND FAIRMAN'S MANSION.

[ILLUSTRATED BY A PLATE.]

“ But thou, broad Elm ! Canst thou tell us nought
 Of forest chieftains, and their vanish'd tribes ?
 ————— Hast thou no record left
 Of perish'd generations, o'er whose head
 Thy foliage droop'd ?—thou who shadowed once
 The rever'd Founders of our honour'd State.”

THE site of this venerable tree is filled with local impressions. The tree itself, of great magnitude and great age, was of most impressive grandeur. Other cities of our Union have had their consecrated trees ; and history abounds with those, which spread in arborescent glory, and claimed their renown both from the pencil and the historic muse. Such have been “ the royal oak,” Shakspeare’s “ mulberry tree,” &c.

“ From his touch-wood trunk the mulberry tree
 Supplied such relics, as devotion holds
 Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.”

In their state of lofty and silent grandeur they impress a soothing influence on the soul, and lead out the meditative mind to enlargement of conception and thought. On such a spot, Penn, with appropriate acumen, selected his treaty ground. There long stood the stately witness of the solemn covenant—a lasting emblem of the unbroken faith, “ pledged without an oath, and never broken !”

Nothing could surpass the amenity of the whole scene as it once stood, before "improvement," that effactive name of every thing rural or picturesque, destroyed its former charms, cut down its sloping verdant bank, razed the tasteful Fairman mansion, and turned all into the levelled uniformity of a city street. Once remote from city bustle, and blest in its own silent shades amid many lofty trees, it looked out upon the distant city, "saw the stir of the great Babel, nor felt the crowd;" long therefore it was the favourite walk of the citizen. There he sought his seat and rest. Beneath the wide spread branches of the impending Elm, gathered in summer whole congregations to hymn their anthems and to hearken to the preacher, beseeching them "in Christ's stead to be reconciled unto God." Those days are gone, "but sweet 's their memory still!"

Not to further dilate on the picture which the imagination fondly draws of scenes no longer there, we shall proceed to state such facts as the former history of the place affords, to wit :

The fact of the treaty being held under the Elm, depends more upon the general tenor of tradition, than upon any direct facts now in our possession. When all men knew it to be so, they felt little occasion to lay up evidences for posterity. Lest any should hereafter doubt it, the following corroborative facts are furnished, to wit :

Proud says, "the proprietary being now returned from Maryland to Coaquannock, the place so called by the Indians, where Philadelphia now stands, began to purchase lands of the natives. It was at this time

(says he,) when William Penn first entered personally into that lasting friendship with the Indians, (meaning the treaty, it is presumed,) which ever after continued between them."

Clarkson, who had access to all the Penn papers in England, and who had possession of the blue sash of silk with which Penn was girt at the aforesaid famous treaty, gives the following facts, strongly coincident with the fact of the locality of the treaty tree,—saying, "It appears (meaning, I presume, it was in evidence, as he was too remote to be led to the inference by our traditions,) that though the parties were to assemble at Coaquannock, the treaty was made a little higher up at Shackamaxon." We can readily assign a good reason for the change of place; the latter had a kind of village near there of Friends, and it had been besides the residence of Indians, and probably had some remains of their families still there.

Sir Benjamin West, who lived here sufficiently early to have heard the direct traditions in favour of the treaty, has left us his deep sense of that historical fact by giving it the best efforts of his pencil, and has therein drawn the portrait of his grandfather as one of the group of Friends attendant on Penn in that early national act. His picture, indeed, has given no appearance of that tree, but this is of no weight; as painters, like poets, are indulged to make their own drapery and effect. Nothing can be said against the absence of the tree, which may not be equally urged against the character and position of the range of houses in his back ground, which were certainly never exactly found either at Shackamaxon, Coaquannock, or Upland. But we may rest assured

that Sir Benjamin, although he did not use the image of the treaty tree as any part of his picture,* he nevertheless regarded it as the true locality ; because he has left a fact from his own pen to countenance it. This he did in relating what he learnt from Colonel Simcoe respecting his protection of that tree, during the time of the stay of the British army at and near Philadelphia. It shows so much generous and good feeling from all the parties concerned, that Sir Benjamin's words may be worthy of preservation in this connexion, to wit : " This tree which was held in the highest veneration by the original inhabitants of my native country, by the first settlers, and by their descendants, and to which I well remember, about the year 1755, when a boy, often resorting with my school-fellows, was in some danger during the American war, when the British possessed the country, from parties sent out in search of wood for firing ; but the late General Simcoe, who had the command of the district where it grew, (from a regard for the character of William Penn, and the interest he took in the history connected with the tree,) ordered a guard of British soldiers to protect it from the axe. This circumstance the general related to me, in answer to my inquiries, after his return to England." If we consider the lively interest thus manifested by Sir Benjamin in the tree, connected with the facts that he could have known from his grandfather, who was present and must have left a correct tradition in the family, (thus inducing Sir Benjamin to become the painter of the subject,) we

* Possibly because he could have no picture of it in England, where he painted.

cannot but be convinced how amply he corroborates the locality above stated.

We have been thus particular, because the archives at Harrisburg, which have been searched, in illustration and confirmation of the said treaty, have hitherto been to little effect ; one paper found barely mentions that “after the treaty was held, William Penn and the Friends went into the house of Lacey Cock.”* And Mr. Gordon, the author of the late History of Pennsylvania, informed me that he could only find at Harrisburg the original envelope relating to the treaty papers ; on which was endorsed “ Papers relative to the Indian treaty under the great Elm.”

In regard to the form and manner of the treaty as held, we think William Penn has given us ideas, in addition to West's painting, which we think must one day provide material for a new painting of this interesting national subject. Penn's letters of 1683, to the Free Society of traders, and to the Earl of Sunderland, both describe an Indian treaty to this effect, to wit : To the Society he says, “ I have had occasion to be in council with them upon treaties for land, and to adjust the terms of trade. Their order is thus, the king sits in the middle of an half moon and hath his council, the old and wise on each hand. Behind them or at a little distance sit the younger fry in the same figure. Having consulted and resolved their business, the king ordered one of them to speak to me ; he stood up, came to me,

* There is a deed from Governor Henoyon of New York, of the year 1664, granting unto Peter Cock his tract, then called Shackamaxon.

and in the name of his king saluted me ; then took me by the hand, and told me “ he was ordered by his king to speak to me, and that what he should say was the king’s mind,” &c. While he spoke, not a man of them was observed to whisper or smile. When the purchase was made, great promises passed between us of kindness and good neighbourhood, and that we must live in love so long as the sun gave light. This done, another made a speech to the Indians in the name of all the Sachamachers or kings,—first, to tell what was done ; next, to charge and command them to love the Christians, and particularly to live in peace with me and my people. At every sentence they shouted, and, in their way, said, amen.”

To the Earl of Sunderland, Penn says : “ In selling me their land they thus ordered themselves ; the old in a half moon upon the ground ; the middle-aged in a like figure at a little distance behind them ; and the young fry in the same manner behind them. None speak but the aged,—they having consulted the rest before hand.”

We have thus, it may be perceived, a graphic picture of Penn’s treaty, as painted by himself ; and, to my mind, the sloping green bank presented a ready amphitheatre for the display of the successive semi-circles of Indians.

Fishbourne’s MS. Narrative of 1739, says Penn established a friendly correspondence by way of treaty with the Indians at least twice a year.

The only mark of distinction used by Penn at the treaty, was that of a blue silk net-work sash, girt around his waist. This sash is still in existence in England ; it was once in possession of Thomas Clarkson, Esq.

who bestowed it to his friend as a valuable relic. John Cook, Esq. our townsman, was told this by Clarkson himself in the year 1801:—such a relic should be owned by the Penn Society.

The tree thus memorable was blown over on the 3d of March, 1810; the blow was not deemed generally prevalent, nor strong. In its case, the root was wrenched and the trunk broken off; it fell on Saturday night, and on Sunday many hundreds of people visited it. In its form it was remarkably wide spread, but not lofty; its main branch inclining towards the river measured 150 feet in length; its girth around the trunk was 24 feet, and its age as it was counted by the inspection of its circles of annual growth, was 283 years. The tree, such as it was in 1800, was very accurately drawn on the spot by Thomas Birch, and the large engraving, executed from it by Seymour, gives the true appearance of every visible limb, &c. While it stood, the Methodists and Baptists often held their summer meetings under its shade. When it had fallen, several took their measures to secure some of the wood as relics. An arm-chair was made from it, and presented to Doctor Rush; a part of it is constructed into something memorable and enduring at Penn's park in England. I have some remains of it myself.

But the fallen tree is finely revived, and a sucker from it is now flourishing in the amplitude of an actual tree on the premises of the City Hospital, in the centre of the western vacant lot. Messrs. Coates and Brown, managers, placed it there some 15 or 16 years ago. I had myself seen another sucker growing on the original spot, some two or three years ago, amid the lumber of

the ship yard. It was then about 15 feet high, and might have been still larger but for neglect and abuse. I was aiding to have it boxed-in for protection ; but, whether from previous barking of the trunk, or from injuring the roots by settling the box, it did not long survive the intended kindness. Had it lived, it would have been an appropriate shade to the marble monument, since erected near the site of the original tree to perpetuate its memory, with the following four inscriptions on its four sides, to wit :

Treaty ground of William Penn, and the Indian Nations, 1682, Unbroken faith.	William Penn, born 1644, died 1718.	Placed by the Penn Society, A. D. 1827, to mark the site of the Great Elm tree.	Pennsylvania, founded 1681, by deeds of peace.
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As it is possible, with nourishing earth and due watering, to raise small cuttings from the present tree, I recommend that a successor may yet be placed over the monument.

We come now next in order to speak of the

FAIRMAN MANSION.

This respectable and venerable looking brick edifice was constructed in 1702 for the use of Thomas Fairman, the deputy of Thomas Holme, the Surveyor General, and was taken down in April, 1825, chiefly because it encroached on the range of the present street. A brick was found in the wall, on which was marked "Thomas Fairman, September, 1702."

It had been the abode of many respectable inmates, and was once desired as the country-seat of William

Penn himself,—a place highly appropriate for him who made his treaty there. Governor Evans, after leaving his office as governor, dwelt there some time. It was afterwards the residence of Governor Palmer; and these two names were sufficient to give it the character of the “Governor’s house,”—a name which it long retained after the cause had been forgotten. After them the aged and respectable Mr. Thomas Hopkins occupied it for fifty years.

Penn’s conception of this beautiful place is well expressed in his letter of 1708 to James Logan, saying, “If John Evans (the late governor) leaves your place, then try to secure his plantation; for I think, from above Shackamaxon to the town, is one of the pleasantest situations upon the river for a governor; where one sees and hears what one will and when one will, and yet have a good deal of the sweetness and quiet of the country. And I do assure thee, if the country would settle upon me six hundred pounds per annum, I would hasten over the following summer.* Cultivate this amongst the best Friends.” The next year, (1709) his mind being intent on the same thing, he says: “Pray get Daniel Pegg’s, or such a remote place, (then on Front near to Green street) in good order for me and family.”

* We may here see how absolutely determined, and pledged too, Penn once was to return and settle his family for ever among us, by his request in next year to engage Pegg’s house. I presume, Evans’s house could not then be had, and that he was actually encouraged to come over at the £600. a year; but after-circumstances in England prevented his return here.

THE SWEDES' CHURCH, AND HOUSE OF SVEN SENER.

[ILLUSTRATED BY A PLATE.]

“The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep!”

THE Swedes of the hamlet at Wiccaco, at the present Swedes' church in Southwark, having been the primitive occupants, near the present site of Philadelphia, (before the location of our city was determined,) will make it interesting to glean such facts as we can concerning that place and people. There they once saw the region of our present city scenes—

“—————one still
And solemn desert in primeval garb!”

Mr. Kalm, the Swedish traveller, when here in 1748, saw Nils Gustafson, an old Swede then 91 years of age, who told him he well remembered to have seen a great forest on the spot where Philadelphia now stands; that he himself had brought a great deal of timber to Philadelphia at the time it was built. Mr. Kalm also met with an old Indian, who had often killed stags on the spot where Philadelphia now stands!

It appears from manuscripts and records that the southern part of our city, including present Swedes' church, navy yard, &c, was originally possessed by the Swedish family of Sven, the chief of which was Sven Schute,—a title equivalent to the Commandant; in which capacity he once held Nieu Amstel under charge from Risingh. As the Schute of Korsholm fort,

standing in the domain of Passaiung, he probably had its site some where in the sub-district of Wiccaco,—an Indian name traditionally said to imply *pleasant place*,* a name highly indicative of what Swedes' church place originally was. We take for granted that the village and church would, as a matter of course, get as near the block-house fort as circumstances would admit.

The lands of the Sven family we however know from actual title, which I have seen to this effect, to wit : “ I, Frances Lovelace, Esq. one of the gentlemen of his Majesty's Honourable Privy Council, and Governor General under his Royal Highness, James, Duke of York and Albany, to all whom these presents may come, &c. Whereas, there was a Patent or Ground Brief granted by the Dutch Governor at Delaware to Swen Gonder-son, Swen Swenson,† Oele Swenson, and Andrew Swenson, for a certain piece of ground lying up above *in* the river, beginning at Moyamensing kill, and so stretching upwards in breadth 400 rod, [about $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide] and in length into the woods 600 rod, [nearly 2 miles] in all about 800 acres, dated 5th of May, 1664, KNOW YE, &c. that I have ratified the same, they paying an annual quit rent of eight bushels of winter wheat to his Majesty.” This patent was found recorded at Upland the 31st of August, 1741.

The Moyamensing kill above mentioned was probably the same creek now called Hay creek, above Gloucester

* So old Mr. Marsh told me he had heard from the oldest settlers there.

† This Swen Swenson appears to have been in the first jury named at Chester, called by Governor Markham.

Point, and the 600 rods, or 2 miles of length, probably extended along the river.

We know that Penn deemed their lines so far within the bounds of his plan of Philadelphia and Southwark, that he actually extinguished their title by giving them lands on the Schuylkill, above Lemon hill, &c.

The Rev. Dr. Collin has ascertained from the Swedish MS. records in his possession, that the first Swedes' church at Wiccaco was built on the present site in 1677, five years before Penn's colony came. It was of logs, and had loop-holes in lieu of window lights, which might serve for fire-arms in case of need. The congregation also was accustomed to bring fire-arms with them to prevent surprise, but ostensibly to use for any wild game which might present in their way in coming from various places.

In 1700, the present brick church was erected, and it was then deemed a great edifice, and so generally spoken of; for certainly nothing was then equal to it, as a public building, in the city. The parsonage house, now standing, was built in 1737. The former parsonage house was in the Neck. There were originally 27 acres of land attached to the Wiccaco church. These facts were told me by Dr. Collin. At my request he made several extracts from the Swedish church books to illustrate those early times; which he has since bestowed to the historical department of the Philosophical Society.

The original log-house of the sons of Sven was standing till the time the British occupied Philadelphia; when it was taken down and converted into fuel. It stood on a knoll or hill on the N. W. corner of Swan-

son street and Beck's alley. Professor Kalm visited it in 1748 as a curiosity, and his description of it then is striking, to wit: "The wretched old wooden building (on a hill a little north of the Swedes' church) belonging to one of the sons of Sven, (Sven Sæner,) is still preserved as a memorial of the once poor state of that place. Its antiquity gives it a kind of superiority over all the other buildings in the town, although in itself it is the worst of all. But with these advantages it is ready to fall down, and in a few years to come it will be as difficult to find the place where it stood,* as it was unlikely, when built, that it should in a short time become the place of one of the greatest towns in America. Such as it was, it showed how they dwelt, when stags, elk, deer, and beavers ranged in broad day-light in the future streets and public places of Philadelphia. In that house was heard the sound of the spinning-wheel before the city was ever thought of!" He describes the site as having on the river side in front of it a great number of very large sized water-beech or buttonwood trees; one of them, as a solitary way-mark to the spot, is still remaining there. He mentions also some great ones as standing on the river shore by the Swedes' chnrch—the whole then a rural scene.

It was deemed so attractive, as a "pleasant place," that Thomas Penn, when in Philadelphia, made it his favourite ramble; so much so, that Secretary Peters, in writing to him in 1743, thus complains of its changes, saying, "Southwark is getting greatly disfigured by

* I could tell an amusing tale to prove how difficult I found it was to meet with those who remembered it as the "Swedes' house."

erecting irregular and mean houses ; thereby so marring its beauty that when he shall return he will lose his usual pretty walk to Wiccaco."

The Sven family, although once sole lords of the southern domain, have now dwindled away, and I know of no male member of that name, or rather of their anglified name of Swanson. The name was successively altered. At the earliest time it was occasionally written Suan, which sometimes gave occasion to the sound of Swan ; and in their patent confirmed by Governor Lovelace, they are named Swen. By Professor Kalm, himself a Swede, and most competent to the true name, they are called Sven-Sæner, i. e. sons of Sven. Hence in time they were called sons of Suan or Swan, and afterwards, for euphony sake, Swanson.

The extinction of these names of the primitive lords of the soil, reminds one of the equally lost names of the primitive lords at the other end of the city, to wit : the Hartsfelders and Peggs—all sunk in the abyss of time ! "By whom begotten or by whom forgot," equally is all their lot !

One street has preserved their Swanson name ; and the City Directory did once show the names of one or two in lowly circumstances ; if indeed their name was any proof of their connexion with Sven Schute.

The present Anthony Cuthbert of Penn street, aged 77, tells me he remembers an aged Mr. Swanson in his youth, who was a large landholder of property near this Sven house ; that he gave all his deeds or leases "with the privilege of using his wharf or landing, near the buttonwoods." The single great tree still standing there, as a pointer to the spot, is nearly as thick at its base as the treaty Elm, and like it diverges into two

great branches near the ground. Long may it remain the last relict of the home of Sven Sæner!

They who see the region of Swedes' church now, can have little conception of the hills and undulations primarily there. The first story of the Swedes' church, now on Swanson street, made of stone, was originally so much under ground. The site there was on a small hill now cut down eight feet. At the east end of Christian street where it is crossed by Swanson street, the river Delaware used to flow in, so that Swanson street in that place, say from the north side of Swedes' church lot up to near Queen street, was originally a raised causeway.

On the whole, there are signs of great changes in that neighbourhood,—of depressing hills or of filling vales; which, if my conjectures be just, would have made the Swedes' church, in times of water invasions from high tides, a kind of peninsula, and itself and parsonage on the extreme point of projection.

The primitive Swedes generally located all their residences "near the freshes of the river," always choosing places of a ready water communication, preferring thus their conveyances in canoes to the labour of opening roads and inland improvements. From this cause their churches, like this at Wiccaco, were visited from considerable distances along the river, and making, when assembled on Lord's day, quite a squadron of boats along the river side there.

There are some facts existing, which seem to indicate that the first Swedish settlement was destroyed by fire. Mrs. Preston, the grandmother of Samuel Preston, an aged gentleman still alive, often told him of their being driven from thence, by being burnt out, and then going

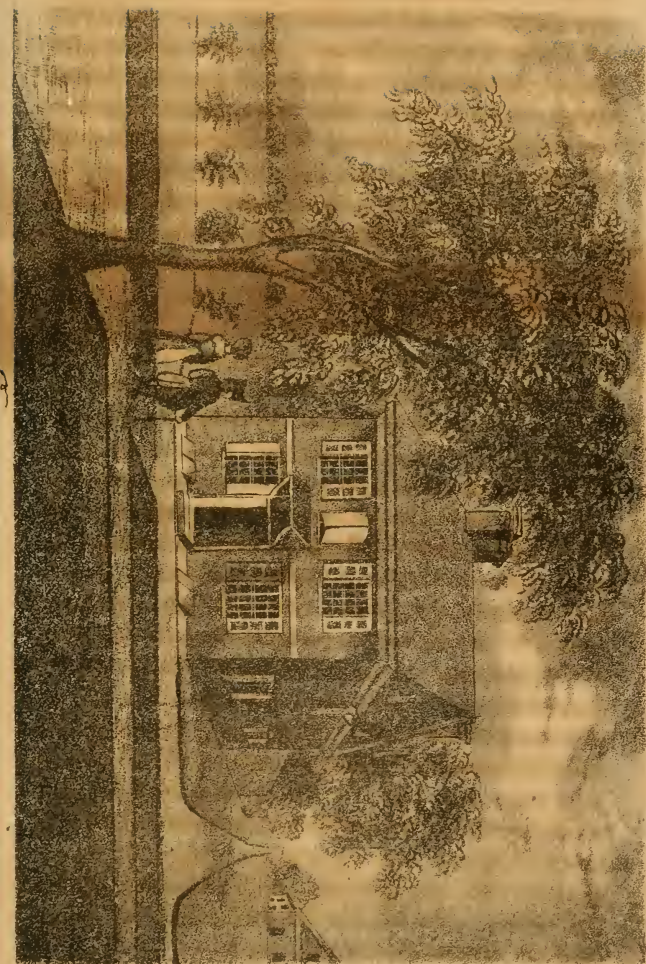
off by invitation to an Indian settlement in Bucks county. In Campanius's work he speaks of Korsholm fort, (supposed to be the same place,) as being abandoned after Governor Printz returned to Sweden, and afterwards burned by the Indians; very probably as a measure of policy, to diminish the strength of their new masters, the Dutch. There seems at least some coincidence in the two stories.

The road through Wiccaco to Gloucester Point was petitioned for, and granted by the Council in the year 1720, and called—the road through the marsh.

PENN'S COTTAGE, IN LÆTITIA COURT.

[ILLUSTRATED BY A PLATE.]

IT is a matter of inquiry and doubt at this day (1828), which has been the house in Lætitia court, wherein William Penn, the founder, and Colonel Markham, the lieutenant governor, dwelt. The popular opinion now is, that the inn at the head of the court, occupied as the Leopard Inn, and since Penn Hall, is the identical house alluded to. The cause of this modern confidence is ascribable (even if there were no better ground of assurance) to the fact, that this building, since they built the additional end to the westward, of about 18 to 20 feet, presents such an imposing front towards High street, and so entirely closes the court at that end, (formerly open as a cart passage,) that from that cause alone, to those not well informed, it looks as the principal house, and may have therefore been regarded by transient passengers as Penn's house.



But persons of more weight in due knowledge of the subject, have told me they had been always satisfied it was the old Rising Sun inn on the western side of the court. Timothy Matlack, aged 92, who was very inquisitive, and knew it from fourteen years of age, said it was then the chief house in that court as to character ; it was a very popular inn for many years ; (whereas Doyle's house was not an inn till many years afterwards ;) that it then had an alley on its northern side, for a cart way, running out to Second street, and thus agreeing with "Penn's gate over against Friends' Meeting," &c. at which place his Council, 1685, required King James's proclamation to be read.

If what is now Doyle's inn (Penn's Hall) had a south front, and a "dead wall" towards High street, it seems very difficult to conceive how its great gate could be *vis a vis* Friends' great meeting, on the southeast corner of High and Second streets. But the Lætitia house, i. e. Old Rising Sun, would correspond ; besides, Penn, in his instructions to his commissioners, says, "Pitch my house in the middle of the towne, and facing the harbour," &c.

Timothy Matlack also told me, that he used to be told that on the southern side of that Rising Sun inn was Penn's stable, and that they used to say he could lay in his bed or on his settee and hear his horses in the next building munching their food. Colonel Anthony Morris, aged 84, told me expressly, he always understood the same house was Penn's residence ; that it was so talked of, when a boy, and that it is only of later years that he ever heard a hint of the house at the head of the court as being the residence. Thomas Bradford, now

80 years of age, who was born close by there, and has always dwelt there, has told me he always heard the Rising Sun inn, western side, was "Lætitia's house," and that what is now Doyle's inn was never stated as Penn's till of modern times, and in its primitive state it presented a dead wall to High street, and had its only front upon Black-horse alley.

I infer from all the facts, that Penn had "his cottage" built there before his landing, by Colonel Markham;* that some of the finer work was imported for it with the first vessels; that he used it as often as not at his "palace" at Pennsbury. After him, it was used by Colonel Markham, his deputy governor; and afterwards for public offices. That in 1700, when he used the "slate-house," corner of Second street and Norris' alley, having a mind to confer something upon his daughter, then with him, he gave her a deed, 1 mo. 29th, 1701, for all that half square laying on High street, and including said house. Several years after this event, the people, as was their custom, when the court began to be built up on each side of a "36 feet alley," having no name for it, they, in reference to the last conspicuous owner, called it Lætitia court, in reference to the then most conspicuous house; the same house so given by Penn to his daughter. A letter, which I have, from William Penn, dated 1687,† says, "Your improvements (in Philadelphia) now require

* Gabriel Thomas, who said "he went out in the first ship," said he then saw "the first cellar digging for the use of our governor."

† See the original in my MS. Annals in the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

some conveniency above what my cottage has afforded you in times past." He means this "for the offices of state." In 1684-5, his letter to James Harrison, which I have seen and copied, allows "his cousin, Markham, to live in his house in Philadelphia, and that Thomas Lloyd, the deputy governor, should have the use of his periwigs, and any wines and beer he may have there left, for the use of strangers."

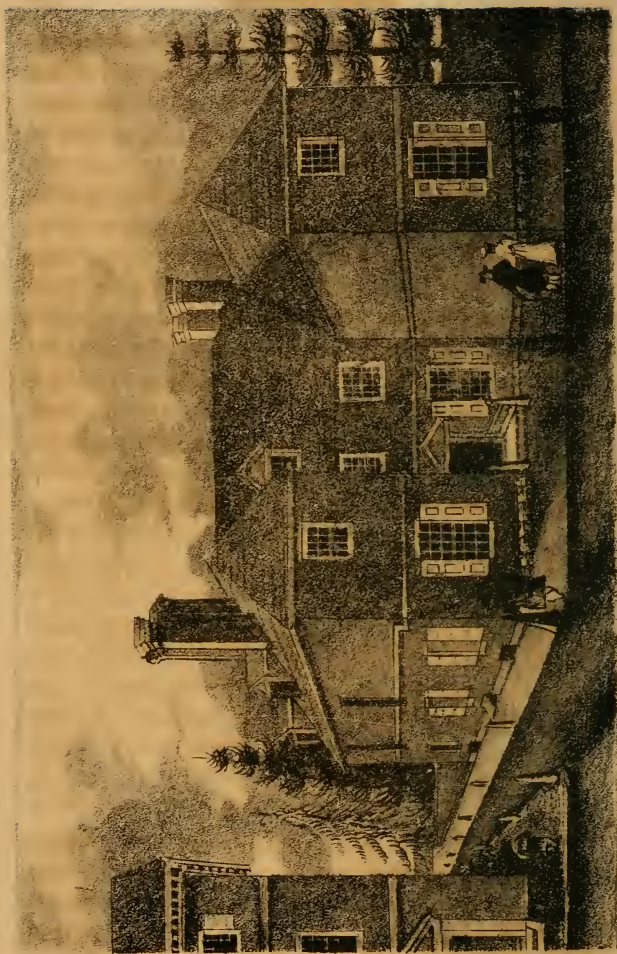
It may possibly be deemed over fanciful in me to express a wish to have this primitive house purchased by our Penn Association, and consecrated to future renown. I hope, indeed, the idea will yet generate in the breasts of some of my fellow members the real poetry of the subject. It is all intellectual; and has had its warrant (if required) in numerous precedents abroad. We may now see written upon Melancthon's house in Wirtenburg, "Here lived and died Melancthon!" In the same city are still preserved "Luther's room," his chair, table, and stove; and at Eisleben is seen a small house, bought and preserved by the King of Prussia, inscribed, "This is the house in which Luther was born."* Petrarch's house is not suffered to be altered. Such things, in every country, every intelligent traveller seeks out with avidity. Why, therefore, should we not retain for public exhibition the primitive house of Penn? Yea, whose foundation constituted "the first cellar dug in Philadelphia!" To proper

* This house, so kept to the memory of Luther, has its rooms hung with pictures, ancient and grotesque, and the rooms contain chairs, tables, and other relics of their former possessor. An Album is there, in which the visiter inscribes his name from Luther's inkstand. Vide Dwight's Travels.

minds, the going into the alley and narrow court to find the hallowed spot (now so humble) should constitute its chiefest interest. It would be the actual contrast between the beginning and the progress of our city.

Its exterior walls I would preserve with inviolate faithfulness ; and within those walls (wherein space is ample, if partitions were removed) might be an appropriate and highly characteristic place of meeting for the ordinary business of the Penn Association and the Historical Society, and also for the exhibition of such paintings and relics as could now be obtained,—such as Penn's clock, his escritoire, writing table, &c. besides several articles to be had of some families, of curiously constructed furniture of the primitive days. The hint is thus given—will any now support the idea ?

If we would contemplate this Lætitia house in its first relations, we should consider it as having an open area to the river the whole width of the half square, with here and there retained an ornamental clump of forest trees and shrubbery on either side of an avenue leading out to the Front street ; having a garden and fruit trees on the Second street side, and on Second street “the Governor's gate,” so called, “opposite to the lot of the Friends' great meeting.” By this gate the carriages entered and rode along the avenue, by the north side of the house, to the east front of the premises. This avenue remained an alley way long after, even to within the early memory of Timothy Matlack, who told me that he had seen it open as a common passage into Second street. The same was confirmed by Mr. Harris, a former owner, to Mr. Heberton. Indeed, it is even now open and paved up to the rear of the house on Second street.



This general rural appearance was all in accordance with Penn's known taste, and was doubtless so continued until the ground was apportioned out into thirty city lots, as expressed by James Logan in a letter to Lætitia Aubrey, in the year 1737, saying, "There was about twenty-six shillings per annum reserved upon the large city lot, divided into thirty smaller parts—seven on the Front street, seven on Second street, and eight on the High street,—all of these at one shilling Pennsylvania money per annum, and those in Lætitia court at six pence each" for the remaining eight lots there.

The plate given to illustrate the present subject shows the primitive house as it stood in earliest times, with an open front to the river, and with a coach passage on its northern side extending to "the gate" on Second street, "over against the great meeting."

SLATE-ROOF HOUSE—PENN'S RESIDENCE.

[ILLUSTRATED BY A PLATE.]

" ————— Now thou standest
In faded majesty, as if to mourn
The dissolution of an ancient race !"

THIS house, still standing at the southeast corner of Norris's alley and Second street, and now reduced to a lowly appearance, derives its chief interest from having been the residence of William Penn. The peculiarity of its original construction, and the character of several of its successive inmates, will enhance its interest to

the modern reader. The facts concerning the premises, so far as may now be known, are generally these, to wit :

The house was originally built, in the early origin of the city, for Samuel Carpenter—certainly one of the earliest and greatest improvers of the primitive city.* It was probably designed for his own residence, although he had other houses on the same square, nearer to the river.

It was occupied as the city residence of William Penn and family, while in Philadelphia on his second visit in 1700 ; in which house was born, one month after their arrival, John Penn, “the American,”—the only one of the race ever born in the country. To that house therefore, humble, degenerated, and altered in aspect as it now is, we are to appropriate all our conceptions of Penn’s employments, meditations, hopes, fears, &c. while acting as governor and proprietary among us. In those doors he went in and out—up and down those stairs he passed—in those chambers he reposed—in those parlours he dined or regaled his friends—through those garden grounds they sauntered. His wife, his daughter Lætitia, his family, and his servants, were there. In short, to those who can think and feel, the place “is filled with local impressions.” Such a house should be rescued from its present forlorn neglect ; it ought to be bought and consecrated to some lasting memorial of its former character, by restoring its bastions and salient angles, &c. It would be to the character of such societies as the Historical and Penn

* His portrait I have seen in possession of Isaac C. Jones.

Association, &c. to club their means to preserve it for their chambers, &c. as long as themselves and the city may endure! There is a moral influence in these measures that implies and effects much more in its influence on national action and feeling, than can reach the apprehension of superficial thinkers; who can only estimate its value by their conception of so much brick and mortar! It was feelings such as I wish to see appreciated here, that aroused the ardor of Petrarch's townsmen, jealous of every thing consecrated by his name, whereby they ran together *en masse*, to prevent the proprietor of his house from altering it! Foreigners, we know, have honoured England by their eagerness to go to Bread street, and there visit the house and chambers once Milton's! 'Tis in vain to deride the passion as futile; the charm is in the ideal presence which the association has power to create in the imagination; and they who can command the grateful visions will be sure to indulge them. It is poetry of feeling—scoffs cannot repress it. It equally possessed the mind of Tully when he visited Athens; he could not forbear to visit the walks and houses which the old philosophers had frequented or inhabited. In this matter, says Dr. Johnson, "I am afraid to declare against the general voice of mankind." "The heart is stone that feels not at it; or, it feels at none!" Sheer insensibility, absorbed in its own selfishness, alone escapes the spell-like influence! Every nation, when sufficiently intellectual, has its golden and heroic ages; and the due contemplation of these relics of our antiquities, presents the proper occasion for forming ours. These thoughts, elicited by the occasion, form the proper

apology for whatever else we may offer to public notice in this way. There is a generation to come who will be grateful for all such notices.

At this house, Lord Cornbury, then governor of New York and New Jersey, (son of Lord Clarendon, cousin of Queen Anne, &c.) was banqueted in great style in 1702, on the occasion of his being invited by James Logan, from Burlington, where he had gone to proclaim the queen. Logan's letter, speaking of the event, says he was dined "equal, as he said, to any thing he had seen in America." At night he was invited to Edward Shippen's, (great house in South Second street) where he was lodged, and dined with all his company, making a retinue of nearly thirty persons. He went back well pleased with his reception, via Burlington, in the governor's barge, and was again banqueted at Pennsbury by James Logan, who had preceded him for that purpose. Lord Cornbury there had a retinue of about fifty persons, which accompanied him thither in four boats. His wife was once with him in Philadelphia, in 1703. Penn, on one occasion, calls him a man of luxury and poverty. He was at first very popular; and having made many fine promises to Penn, it was probably deemed good policy to cheer his vanity by striking public entertainments. In time, however, his extravagant living, and consequent extortion, divested him of all respect among the people. Only one legendary tale respecting this personage has reached us: An old woman at Chester had told the Parker family she remembered to have seen him at that place, and having heard he was a lord, and a queen's cousin, she had eyed him with great exactness, and had seen

no difference in him, from other men, but that he wore leather stockings!*

In 1709, "the slated-roof house of William Trent" is thus commended by James Logan, as a suitable residence for Penn as governor, saying, "William Trent, designing for England, is about selling his house, (that he bought of Samuel Carpenter,) which thou lived in, with the improvement of a beautiful garden,"—then extending half way to Front street and on Second street nearly down to Walnut street. "I wish it could be made thine, as nothing in this town is so well fitting a governor. His price is £900 of our money, which it is hard thou canst not spare. I would give 20 to 30*l*. out of my own pocket that it were thine—nobody's but thine."

The house was, however, sold to Isaac Norris, who devised it to his son Isaac, through whom it has descended down to the present proprietor, Sarah Norris Dickinson, his grand-daughter.

It was occupied at one period, it is said, by Governor Hamilton, and, for many years preceding the war of independence, it was deemed a superior boarding house. While it held its rank as such, it was honoured with the company, and, finally, with the funeral honours of General Forbes, successor to General Braddock, who died in that house in 1759. The pomp of his funeral from that house surpassed all the simple inhabitants had before seen in their city. His horse was led before the procession, richly caparisoned,—the whole conducted

* William Penn, in one of his notes, says, "Pray send me my leather stockings."

in all "the pomp of war," with funeral dirges, and a military array, with arms reversed, &c.

In 1764, it was rented to be occupied as a distinguished boarding house by the widow Graydon, mother of Captain Graydon of Carlisle, who has left us his amusing "Memoirs of sixty years' life in Pennsylvania." There his mother, as he informs us, had a great many gentry as lodgers. He describes the old house as very much of a castle in its construction, although built originally for a Friend. "It was a singular oldfashioned structure, laid out in the style of a fortification, with abundance of angles both salient and re-entering. Its two wings projected to the street in the manner of bastions, to which the main building, retreating from 16 to 18 feet, served for a curtain."* "It had a spacious yard, half way to Front street, and ornamented with a double row of venerable lofty pines, which afforded a very agreeable *rus in urbe*." She continued there till 1768-9, when she removed to Drinker's big house, up Front street near to Race street. Graydon's anecdotes of distinguished persons, especially of British officers and gentry who were inmates, are interesting. John Adams, and other members of the first congress, had their lodgings in "the Slate-house."

* We may say of this house:—"Trade has changed the scene;" for the recess is since filled out to the front with store windows, and the idea of the bastions, though still there, is lost.

THE CAVES.

MOST Philadelphians have had some vague conceptions of the caves and cabins in which the primitive settlers made their temporary residence. The caves were generally formed by digging into the ground, near the verge of the river-front bank, about three feet in depth ; thus making half their chamber under ground, and the remaining half above ground was formed of sods of earth, or earth and brush combined. The roofs were formed of layers of limbs, or split pieces of trees, overlaid with sod or bark, river-rushes, &c. The chimneys were of stones and river-pebbles, mortared together with clay and grass, or river-reeds. The following facts may illustrate this subject, to wit :

An original paper is in John Johnson's family, of the year 1683, which is an instrument concerning a division of certain lands, and "executed and witnessed in the cave of Francis Daniel Pastorius, Esq."

On the 17th of 9th mo. 1685, it was ordered by the provincial executive council, that all families living in caves should appear before the council. What a group they must have made ! This order was occasioned by the representations of the magistrates of Philadelphia, and enforced by a letter they had received from Governor Penn, in England. No one, however, thought proper to obey the order. The council gave "further notice" that the governor's orders relating to the caves will be put in execution in one month's time.

In 1685, the grand jury present Joseph Knight, for

suffering drunkenness and evil orders in his cave ; and several drinking houses to debauch persons are also presented. They also present all the empty caves that do stand in the Front street, "which is to be 60 feet wide," wherefore, the court orders that they forthwith "be pulled down" by the constables, and "demolished;" [terms intimating they were in part above ground,] and upon request of John Barnes and Patrick Robinson, [the clerk of council,] who asked one month to pull down their respective caves, it was granted, on condition that they fill up the hole in the street. On another occasion, they are called caves "or cabins" on the king's highway.

Mrs. Hannah Speakman, now aged 75, has told me that she well remembered having seen and often played at an original cave, called "Owen's cave." It was in "Townsend's court," on the south side of Spruce street, west of Second street, on a shelving bank. It was dug into the hill, had grass growing upon the roof part, which was itself formed of close laid timber. The same man who had once inhabited it was still alive, and dwelt in a small frame house near it. Near the cave stood a large apple tree, and close by, on "Barclay's place," so called, she often gathered filberts and hickory nuts. The whole was an unimproved place only seventy years ago ; it being, from some cause, suffered to lay waste by the Barclay heirs.

John Brown, and others, told me that the original cave of the Coates' family, in the Northern Liberties, was preserved in some form in the cellar of the family mansion, which remained till this year at the southwest corner of Green and Front streets.

HABITS AND STATE OF SOCIETY.

“Not to know what has been transacted in former times, is always to remain a child.”—CICERO.

It is our intention (so far as facts will enable us) to raise some conceptions of the men and things as they existed in former years, chiefly such as they were when every thing partook of colonial submission and simplicity—when we had not learnt to aspire to great things. To this end we shall here dispose our collections from “narrative old age,” and show the state of the past, “glimmering through the dream of things that were.”

Gabriel Thomas, in his account, of 1698, of the primitive state of society, speaks of great encouragements and ready pay given to all conditions of tradesmen and working men. None need stand idle. Of lawyers and physicians, he remarks, he will say little, save that their services were little required, as all were peaceable and healthy. Women's wages he speaks of as peculiarly high, for two reasons; the sex was not numerous, which tended to make them in demand, and therefore to raise the price. Besides, as these married by the time they were twenty years of age, they sought to procure a maid-servant for themselves in turn. Old maids were not to be met with, neither jealousy of husbands. The children were generally well favoured and beautiful to behold. He says he never knew any with the least blemish. William Penn also made the remark,

on his arrival, that all the houses of the Dutch and Swedes he found every where filled with a lusty and fine looking race of children.

Numerous traditionary accounts attest the fact, that there was always among the early settlers a frank and generous hospitality. Their entertainments were devoid of glare and show, but always abundant and good. Mr. Calm, when here in 1748, expressed his great surprise at the universal freedom with which travellers were every where accustomed to leap over the hedges and take the fruit from the orchards, even while the owners were looking on, without refusal. Fine peaches, he says, were thus taken from the orchards of the poorest peasants, such as could only be enjoyed, as he said, by the nobility in his own country. What a golden age it must have appeared to him and others!

The old people all testify, that the young of their youth were much more reserved, and held under much more restraint in the presence of their elders and parents, than now. Bashfulness and modesty in the young were then regarded as virtues; and the present freedom before the aged was not then countenanced. Young lovers then listened and took side-long glances, when before their parents or elders.

Mrs. S—— N——, who lived to be eighty years of age, told me it was the custom of her early days for the young part of the family, and especially of the female part, to dress up neatly towards the close of the day and set in the street porch. It was customary to go from porch to porch in neighbourhoods and sit and converse. Young gentlemen in passing used to affect to say that while they admired the charms of the fair

who thus occupied them, they found it a severe ordeal, as they thought they might become the subject of remark. This, however, was a mere banter. Those days were really very agreeable and sociable. To be so easily gratified with a sight of the whole city population, must have been peculiarly grateful to every travelling stranger. In truth, we have never seen a citizen who remembered the former easy exhibition of families, who did not regret its present exclusive and reserved substitute.

The same lady told me it was a common occurrence to see genteel men after a fall of snow shovelling it away from their several doors. She has told me the names of several who would not now suffer their children to do the same.

The late aged John Warder, Esq., told me that in his younger days he never knew of more than five or six persons at most, in the whole city, who did not live on the same spot where they pursued their business,—a convenience and benefit now so generally departed from by the general class of traders. Then wives and daughters very often served in the stores of their family, and the retail dry goods business was mostly in the hands of widows or maiden ladies.

Mrs. S. N. also informed me, that she remembers having been at houses when tea was a rarity, and has seen the quantity measured out for the tea pot in small hand scales. This was to apportion the strength with accuracy.

In her early days, if a citizen failed in business it was a cause of general and deep regret. Every man who met his neighbour spoke of his chagrin. It was a rare

occurrence, because honesty and temperance in trade was then universal; and none embarked then without a previous means adapted to their business.

I have often heard aged citizens say, that decent citizens had a universal speaking acquaintance with each other, and every body promptly recognised a stranger in the streets. A simple or idiot person was known to the whole population. Every body knew Bobby Fox, and habitually jested with him as they met him. Michael Weaders too was an aged idiot, whom all knew and esteemed; so much so, that they actually engraved his portrait as a remembrancer of his benignant and simple face.

The tradesmen before the revolution (I mention these facts with all good feeling) were an entirely different generation of men from the present. They did not then, as now, present the appearance in dress of gentlemen. Between them and what were deemed the hereditary gentlemen, there was a marked difference. In truth, the aristocracy of the gentlemen was noticed, if not felt, and it was to check any undue assumption of ascendancy in them, that the others invented the rallying name of "the Leather Apron Club,"—a name with which they were familiar before Franklin's "junta" was formed and received that other name. In that day the tradesmen and their families had far less pride than now. While at their work, or in going abroad on week days, all such as followed rough trades, such as carpenters, masons, coopers, blacksmiths, &c. universally wore a leathern apron before them, and covering all their vest. Dingy buckskin breeches, once yellow, and checked shirts and a red flannel jacket was the

common wear of most working men ; and all men and boys from the country were seen in the streets in leather breeches and aprons, and would have been deemed out of character without them. In those days, tailors, shoemakers, and hatters, waited on customers to take their measures, and afterwards called with garments to fit them on before finished.

The time was, when no dwelling house in the country, and but few even in the city, were to be found without their *spinning-wheels*. It was the proud boast of the matrons of the revolution, to say, that without foreign aid, they kept the whole population clothed by their industry. In those days, no daughter received her marriage portion without both a big wheel and a foot wheel included ; and it was their pride to know how to use them. As it was, in fact, their recommendation, they took care to let them hold a foreground place in every house, so that as soon as you entered them, they either met the eye in the entry, or you heard and saw their whirring in the first room you entered. Then their music worked with magic spell on the industrious young yeomanry ; and “ Sweet home,” played on such an instrument, far excelled a modern piano in its influence on the heart. But now, one can hardly see a spinning-wheel, unless among the curiosities of a museum, or in the cocklofts of old houses, when demolishing them, there keeping company with panniers, side-saddles, and rush chairs. Productive industry, among young ladies, now, is neither required or valued. Every thing now is appreciated by its “ gentility,” and aims only to please “ good society.”

One of the remarkable incidents of our republican

principles of equality, is, that hirelings, who in times before the war of independence were accustomed to accept the name of servants, and to be drest according to their condition, will now no longer suffer the former appellation; and all affect the dress and the air, when abroad, of genteeler people than their business warrants. Those, therefore, who from affluence have many such dependents, find it a constant subject of perplexity to manage their pride and assumption.

In the olden time, all the hired women wore short-gowns and linsey-woolsey or worsted petticoats. Some are still alive who used to call master and mistress, who will no longer do it.

These facts have been noticed by the London Quarterly Review, which instances a case highly characteristic of their high independence: A lady, who had a large gala party, having rung somewhat passionately at the bell to call a domestic, was answered by a girl opening the saloon door, saying, "the more you ring, the more I wont come," and so withdrew! Now all hired girls appear abroad in the same style of dress as their ladies; for,

"Excess, the scrofulous and itchy plague
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank, contagious! and in time
Taints downwards all the graduated scale."

So true it is that every condition of society is now changed from the plain and unaffected state of our forefathers,—all are

"Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once!"—————

Before the revolution, no hired man or woman wore any shoes so fine as calfskin; coarse neat's leather was their every day wear. Men and women then hired by the year,—men got 16 to 20*l.*, and a servant woman 8 to 10*l.* Out of that it was their custom to lay up money, to buy before their marriage a bed and bedding, silver tea-spoons, and a spinning-wheel, &c.

Among the rough amusements of men, might be mentioned shooting, fishing, and sailing parties. These were frequent, as also glutton clubs; fishing-house and country parties were much indulged in by respectable citizens. Great sociability prevailed among all classes of citizens until the strife with Great Britain sent "every man to his own ways;" then discord and acrimony ensued, and the previously general friendly intercourse never returned. We afterwards grew another and enlarged people.

Our girls in the day time, as told me by T. B., used to attend the work of the family, and in the evening paraded in their porch at the door. Some of them, however, even then read novels, and walked without business abroad. Those who had not house-work, employed themselves in their accomplishments, such as making shell-work, cornucopias, working of pocket books with a close strong stitched needle work.

The ladies, seventy years ago, were much accustomed to ride on horseback for recreation. It was quite common to see genteel ladies riding with jockey caps.

Boarding schools for girls were not known in Philadelphia until about the time of the revolution, nor had they any separate schools for writing and cyphering, but were taught in common with boys. The ornamental

parts of female education were bestowed, but geography and grammar were never regarded for them, until a certain Mr. Horton—thanks to his name!—proposed to teach those sciences to young ladies. Similar institutions afterwards grew into favour.

It was usual in the Gazettes of 1760 to '70 to announce marriages in words like these, to wit: "Miss Betsey Laurence, or Miss Eliza Caton, a most agreeable lady, with a large or a handsome fortune."

In still earlier times, marriages had to be promulged by affixing the intentions of the parties on the court house or meeting house door; and when the act was solemnised, they should have at least twelve subscribing witnesses. The act which imposed it was passed in 1700.

Of articles and rules of diet, so far as it differed from ours in the earliest time, we may mention coffee, as a beverage, was used but rarely; chocolate for morning and evening, or thickened milk for children. Cookery in general was plainer than now. In the country, morning and evening repasts were generally made of milk, having bread boiled therein, or else thickened with pop-robbins,—things made up of flour and eggs into a batter, and so dropt in with the boiling milk.

We shall give the reader some little notice of a strange state of our society about the years 1795 to 1798, when the frenzy of the French revolution possessed and maddened the boys, without any check or restraint from men half as puerile as themselves, in the delusive politics of the day.

About the year 1793 to '94, there was an extravagant and impolitic affection for France, and hostility to

every thing British, in our country generally. It required all the prudence of Washington and his cabinet to stem the torrent of passion which flowed in favour of France to the prejudice of our neutrality. Now the event is passed, we may thus soberly speak of its character. This remark is made for the sake of introducing the fact, that the patriotic mania was so high that it caught the feelings of the boys of Philadelphia ! I remember with what joy we ran to the wharves at the report of cannon to see the arrivals of the Frenchmen's prizes,—we were so pleased to see the British union down. When we met French mariners or officers in the streets, we would cry, "Vive la Republique." Although most of us understood no French, we had caught many national airs, and the streets, by day and night, resounded with the songs of boys, such as these : "Allons, enfans de la patrie, le jour de gloire est arrivé !" &c. "Dansons le carmagnolé, vive le sang, vive le sang !" &c. "A ç'ira, ç'ira," &c. Several verses of each of these and others were thus sung. All of us, too, put on the national cockade. Some, whose parents had more discretion, resisted this boyish parade of patriotism for a doubtful revolution, and then they wore their cockade on the inside of their hat. Such a one I wore. I remember several boyish processions ; and on one occasion the girls, dressed in white and in French tri-coloured ribbons, formed a procession too. There was a great liberty pole, with a red cap at top, erected at Adet's or Fauchet's house, (now Girard's square, up High street ;) and there I and one hundred of others, taking hold of hands and forming a ring

round the same, made triumphant leapings, singing the national airs.

APPAREL.

“We run through every change, which fancy
At the loom has genius to supply.”

THERE is a very marked and wide difference between our moderns and the ancients in their several views of appropriate dress. The latter, in our judgment of them, were always stiff and formal, unchanging in their cut and fit in the gentry, or negligent and rough in texture in the commonalty ; whereas the moderns, casting off all former modes and forms, and inventing every new device which fancy can supply, just please the wearers “ while the fashion is at full.”

It will much help our just conceptions of our forefathers, and their good dames, to know what was their personal appearance. To this end, some facts illustrative of their attire will be given. Such as it was among the gentry, was a constrained and pains-taking service, presenting nothing of ease and gracefulness in the use. While we may wonder at its adoption and long continuance, we will hope never again to see it return ! But who can hope to check or restrain fashion, if it should chance again to set that way ; or, who can foresee that the next generation may not be even more stiff and formal than any which has past, since we see, even now, our late graceful and easy habits of both

sexes already partially supplanted by "monstrous novelty and strange disguise!"—men and women stiffly corsetted—another name for stays of yore, long unnatural looking waists, shoulders stuffed and deformed as Richard's, and artificial hips—protruding garments of as ample folds as claimed the ton when senseless hoops prevailed!

Our forefathers were excusable for their formal cut, since, knowing no changes in the mode, every child was like its sire, resting in "the still of despotism," to which every mind by education and habit was settled; but no such apology exists for us, who have witnessed better things. We have been freed from their servitude; and now to attempt to go back to their strange bondage, deserves the severest lash of satire, and should be resisted by every satirist and humourist who writes for public reform.

In all these things, however, we must be subject to female control; for, reason as we will, and scout at monstrous novelties as we may, female attractions will eventually win and seduce our sex to their attachment, "as the loveliest of creation," in whatever form they may choose to array. As "it is not good for man to be alone," they will be sure to follow through every giddy maze which fashion runs. We know, indeed, that ladies themselves are in bondage to their milliners, and often submit to their new imported modes with lively sense of dissatisfaction, even while they commit themselves to the general current, and float along with the multitude.

Our forefathers were occasionally fine practical satirists on offensive innovations in dress—they lost no

time in paraphrastic verbiage which might or might not effect its aim, but with most effective appeal to the populace, they quickly carried their point, by making it the scoff and derision of the town! On one occasion, when the ladies were going astray after a passion for long red cloaks, to which their lords had no affections, they succeeded to ruin their reputation, by concerting with the executioners to have a female felon hung in a cloak of the best ton. On another occasion, in the time of the Revolution, when the "tower" head-gear of the ladies was ascending, Babel-like, to the skies, the growing enormity was effectually repressed, by the parade through the streets of a tall male figure in ladies attire, decorated with the odious tower gear, and preceded by a drum. At an earlier period, one of the intended dresses, called a trollopee, (probably from the word trollop) became a subject of offence. The satirists, who guarded and framed the sumptuary code of the town, procured the wife of Daniel Pettiteau, the hangman, to be arrayed in full dress trollopee, &c. and to parade the town with rude music! Nothing could stand the derision of the populace; delicacy and modesty shrunk from the gaze and sneers of the multitude, and the trollopee, like the others, was abandoned.

Mr. B——, a gentleman of eighty years of age, has given me his recollections of the costume of his early days in Philadelphia, to this effect, to wit: Men wore three-square or cocked hats, and wigs, coats with large cuffs, big skirts, lined and stiffened with buckram. None ever saw a crown higher than the head. The coat of a beau had three or four large plaits in the skirts, wadding almost like a coverlet to keep them

smooth, cuffs very large, up to the elbows, open below and inclined down, with lead therein ; the capes were thin and low, so as readily to expose the close plaited neck-stock of fine linen cambric, and the large silver stock-buckle on the back of the neck, shirts with hand ruffles, sleeves finely plaited, breeches close fitted, with silver, stone or paste gem buckles, shoes or pumps with silver buckles of various sizes and patterns, thread, worsted and silk stockings ; the poorer class wore sheep and buckskin breeches close set to the limbs. Gold and silver sleeve buttons, set with stones or paste of various colours and kinds, adorned the wrists of the shirts of all classes. The very boys often wore wigs, and their dresses in general were similar to that of the men.

The odious use of wigs was never disturbed till after the return of Braddock's broken army. They appeared in Philadelphia, wearing only the natural hair, a mode well adapted to the military, and thence adopted by our citizens. The king of England too, about this time, having cast off his wig, malgre the will of the people, and the petitions and remonstrances of the periwig makers of London, thus confirmed the change of fashion here, and completed the ruin of our wig makers.*

The women wore caps, (a bare head was never seen !) stiff stays, hoops from six inches to two feet on each side, so that a full dressed lady entered a door like a crab, pointing her obtruding flanks end foremost, high

* The use of wigs must have been peculiarly an English fashion, as I find Kalm in 1749 speaks of the French gentlemen then as wearing their own hair.

heeled shoes of black stuff with white silk or thread stockings ; and in the miry times of winter they wore clogs, gala shoes, or pattens.

The days of stiff coats, sometimes wire-framed, and of large hoops, was also stiff and formal in manners at set balls and assemblages. The dances of that day among the politer class were minuets, and sometimes country dances ; among the lower order, hipsesaw was every thing.

As soon as the wigs were abandoned and the natural hair was cherished, it became the mode to dress it by plaiting it, by queuing and clubbing, or by wearing it in a black silk sack or bag, adorned with a large black rose.

In time, the powder, with which wigs and the natural hair had been severally adorned, was run into disrepute only about thirty years ago, by the then strange innovation of " Brutus heads ;" not only then discarding the long cherished powder and perfume and tortured frizzle-work, but also literally becoming " Round heads," by cropping off all the pendent graces of ties, bobs, clubs, queus, &c. The hardy beaux who first encountered public opinion by appearing abroad unpowdered and cropt, had many starers. The old men for a time obstinately persisted in adherence to the old regime, but death thinned their ranks, and use and prevalence of numbers at length gave countenance to modern usage.

Another aged gentleman, Colonel M., states, of the recollections of his youth, that young men of the highest fashion wore swords ; so frequent it was as to excite no surprise when seen. Men as old as forty so arrayed

themselves. They wore also gold laced cocked hats, and similar lace on their scarlet vests. Their coat skirts were stiffened with wire or buckram and lapt each other at the lower end in walking. In that day no man wore drawers, but their breeches (so called unreservedly then) were lined in winter, and were tightly fitted.

From various reminiscents we glean, that laced ruffles, depending over the hand, was a mark of indispensable gentility. The coat and breeches were generally desirable of the same material, of "broadcloth" for winter, and of silk camlet for summer. No kind of cotton fabrics were then in use or known; hose were therefore of thread or silk in summer, and of fine worsted in winter; shoes were square-toed and were often "double channelled." To these succeeded sharp toes as peaked as possible. When wigs were universally worn, grey wigs were powdered, and for that purpose sent in a paper box frequently to the barber to be dressed on his block-head. But "brown wigs," so called, were exempted from the white disguise. Coats of red cloth, even by boys, were considerably worn, and plush breeches and plush vests of various colours, shining and slipping, were in common use. Everlasting, made of worsted, was a fabric of great use for breeches, and sometimes for vests. The vest had great depending pocket flaps, and the breeches were very short above the stride, because the art of suspending them by suspenders was unknown. It was then the test of a well formed man, that he could by his natural form readily keep his breeches above his hips, and his

stockings, without gartering, above the calf of the leg. With the queue belonged frizzled side locks, and toutpies formed of the natural hair, or, in defect of a long tie, a splice was added to it. Such was the general passion for the longest possible whip of hair, that sailors and boat-men, to make it grow, used to tie theirs in eel skins to aid its growth. Nothing like surtouts were known ; but they had coating or cloth great coats, or blue cloth and brown camlet cloaks, with green baize lining to the latter. In the time of the American war, many of the American officers introduced the use of Dutch blankets for great coats. The sailors in the olden time used to wear hats of glazed leather or of woollen thrumbs, called chapeaus, closely woven and looking like a rough nap ; and their "small clothes," as we would say now, were immense wide petticoat breeches, wide open at the knees, and no longer. About 70 years ago our working men in the country wore the same, having no falling flaps but slits in front ; they were so full and free in girth, that they ordinarily changed the rear to the front when the seat became prematurely worn out. In sailors and common people, big silver broaches in the bosom were displayed, and long quartered shoes with extreme big buckles on the extreme front.

Gentlemen in the olden time used to carry mufftees in winter. It was in effect a little woollen muff of various colours, just big enough to admit both hands, and long enough to screen the wrists which were then more exposed than now ; for they then wore short sleeves to their coats purposely to display their fine linen and

plaited shirt sleeves, with their gold buttons and sometimes laced ruffles. The sleeve cuffs were very wide, and hung down depressed with leads in them.

In the summer season, men very often wore calico morning-gowns at all times of the day and abroad in the streets. A damask banyan was much the same thing by another name. Poor labouring men wore ticklenberg linen for shirts, and striped ticken breeches; they wore gray duroy-coats in winter; men and boys always wore leather breeches. Leather aprons were used by all tradesmen and workmen.

Some of the peculiarities of the female dress was to the following effect, to wit: Ancient ladies are still alive who have told me that they often had their hair tortured for four hours at a sitting, in getting the proper crisped curls of a hair curler. Some who designed to be inimitably captivating, not knowing they could be sure of professional services where so many hours were occupied upon one gay head, have actually had the operation performed the day before it was required, then have slept all night in a sitting posture to prevent the derangement of their frizzle and curls! This is a real fact, and we could, if questioned, name cases. They were, of course, rare occurrences, proceeding from some extra occasions, when there were several to serve, and but few such refined hairdressers in the place.

This formidable head-work was succeeded by rollers over which the hair was combed above the forehead. These again were superseded by cushions and artificial curled work, which could be sent out to the barber's block, like a wig, to be dressed, leaving the lady at

home to pursue other objects ; thus producing a grand reformation in the economy of time, and an exemption too, from former durance vile.

When the ladies first began to lay off their cumbrous hoops, they supplied their place with successive succedaneums, such as these, to wit : First came bishops, a thing stuffed or padded with horse hair ; then succeeded a smaller affair under the name of *cue de Paris*, also padded with horse hair ! How it abates our admiration to contemplate the lovely sex as bearing a roll of horse hair under their garments ! Next they supplied their place with silk or calimanco, or russell thickly quilted and inlaid with wool, made into petticoats ; then these were supplanted by a substitute of half a dozen of petticoats. No wonder such ladies needed fans in a sultry summer, and at a time when parasols were unknown, to keep off the solar rays ! I knew a lady going to a gala party who had so large a hoop that when she sat in the chaise she so filled it up, that the person who drove it (it had no top) stood up behind the box and directed the reins.

Among some other articles of female wear we may name the following, to wit : Once they wore "a skimmer hat," made of a fabric which shone like silver tinsel ; it was of a very small flat crown and big brim, not unlike the present Leghorn flats. Another hat, not unlike it in shape, was made of woven horse hair, wove in flowers, and called "horse hair bonnets," an article which might be again usefully introduced for children's wear as an enduring hat for long service. I have seen what was called a bath-bonnet, made of black satin, and so constructed to lay in folds that it could be set upon

like a chapeau bras, a good article now for travelling ladies. "The mush-mellon" bonnet, used before the Revolution, had numerous whalebone stiffeners in the crown, set at an inch apart in parallel lines, and presenting ridges to the eye, between the bones. The next bonnet was the "whale-bone bonnet," having only the bones in the front as stiffeners. "A calash bonnet" was always formed of green silk; it was worn abroad, covering the head, but when in rooms it could fall back in folds like the springs of a calash or gig top; to keep it up over the head it was drawn up by a cord, always held in the hand of the wearer. The "wagon bonnet," always of black silk, was an article exclusively in use among the Friends, was deemed to look, on the head, not unlike the top of the Jersey wagons, and having a pendent piece of like silk hanging from the bonnet and covering the shoulders. The only straw wear was that called the "straw beehive bonnet," worn generally by old people.

The ladies once wore "hollow breasted stays," which were exploded as injurious to the health. Then came the use of straight stays. Even little girls wore such stays. At one time the gowns worn had no fronts! the design was to display a finely quilted Marseilles, silk or satin petticoat, and a worked stomacher on the waist. In other dresses a white apron was the mode; all wore large pockets under their gowns. Among the caps was the "queen's night cap," the same always worn by Lady Washington. The "cushion head dress" was of gauze stiffened out in cylindrical form with white spiral wire. The border of the cap was called the balcony.

A lady of my acquaintance thus describes the recollections of her early days preceding the war of independence. Dress was discriminative and appropriate, both as regarded the season and the character of the wearer. Ladies never wore the same dresses at work and on visits; they sat at home, or went out in the morning, in chintz; brocades, satins and mantuas were reserved for evening or dinner parties. Robes or negligees, as they were called, were always worn in full dress. Muslins were not worn at all. Little misses at a dancing-school ball (for these were almost the only fetes that fell to their share in the days of discrimination) were dressed in frocks of lawn or cambric. Worsted was then thought dress enough for common days.

As a universal fact, it may be remarked that no other colour than black was ever made for ladies bonnets when formed of silk or satin. Fancy colours were unknown, and white bonnets of silk fabric had never been seen. The first innovation remembered, was the bringing in of blue bonnets.

The time was, when the plainest women among the Friends (now so averse to fancy colours) wore their coloured silk aprons, say, of green, blue, &c. This was at a time when the gay wore white aprons. In time, white aprons were disused by the gentry, and then the Friends left off their coloured ones and used the white. The same old ladies, among Friends, whom we can remember as wearers of the white aprons, wore also large white beaver hats, with scarcely the sign of a crown, and which was indeed confined to the head by silk cords tied under the chin. Eight dollars would buy such a

hat, when beaver fur was more plentiful. They lasted such ladies almost a whole life of wear. They showed no fur.

Very decent women went abroad and to churches, with check aprons. I have seen those, who kept their coach in my time to bear them to church, who told me they went on foot with a check apron to the Arch street Presbyterian meeting in their youth. Then all hired women wore short-gowns and petticoats of domestic fabric, and could be instantly known as such whenever seen abroad.

In the former days it was not uncommon to see aged persons with large silver buttons to their coats and vests—it was a mark of wealth. Some had the initials of their names engraved on each button. Sometimes they were made out of real quarter dollars, with the coinage impression still retained,—these were used for the coats, and the eleven-penny bits for vests and breeches. My father wore an entire suit decorated with conch-shell buttons, silver mounted.

Even spectacles, permanently useful as they are, have been subjected to the caprice of fashion. Now they are occasionally seen of gold, a thing I never saw in my youth; neither did I ever see one young man with spectacles, now so numerous. A purblind or half-sighted youth then deemed it his positive disparagement to be so regarded. Such would have rather run against a street post six times a day, than have been seen with them! Indeed, in early olden time they had not the art of using temple spectacles. Old Mrs. Shoemaker, who died in 1825 at the age of 95, said that she had lived many years in Philadelphia before she ever saw temple

spectacles ; a name then given as a new discovery, but now so common as to have lost its distinctive character. In her early years the only spectacles she ever saw were called " bridge spectacles," without any side supporters, and held on the nose solely by nipping the bridge of the nose.

My grandmother wore a black velvet mask in winter with a silver mouth-piece to keep it on, by retaining it in the mouth, I have been told that green ones have been used in summer for some few ladies, for riding in the sun on horseback.

Ladies formerly wore cloaks as their chief over coats ; they were used with some changes of form under the successive names of roquelaues, capuchins, and cardinals.

In Mrs. Shoemaker's time, above named, they had no knowledge of umbrellas to keep off rain, but she had seen some few use kitisols—an article as small as present parasols now. They were entirely to keep off rain from ladies. They were of oiled muslin, and were of various colours, from India by way of England. They must, however, have been but rare, as they never appear in any advertisements.

Doctor Chancellor and the Rev. Mr. Duché were the first persons in Philadelphia who were ever seen to wear umbrellas to keep off the rain. They were of oiled linen, very coarse and clumsy, with ratan sticks. Before their time, some doctors and ministers used an oiled linen cape hooked round their shoulders, looking not unlike the big coat capes now in use, and then called a roquelaue. It was only used for severe storms.

About the year 1771, the first efforts were made in

Philadelphia to introduce the use of umbrellas in summer, as a defence from the sun. They were then scouted in the public gazettes as a ridiculous effeminacy. On the other hand, the physicians recommended them to keep off vertigoes, epilepsies, sore eyes, fevers, &c. Finally, as the doctors were their chief patrons, Doctor Chancellor and Doctor Morgan, with the Rev. Parson Duché, were the first persons who had the hardihood to be so singular as to wear umbrellas in sunshine. Mr. Bingham, when he returned from the West Indies, where he had amassed a great fortune in the Revolution, appeared abroad in the streets attended by a mulatto boy bearing his umbrella. But his example did not take, and he desisted from its use.

In the old time, shagreen-cased watches, turtle shell and pinchbeck, were the earliest kind seen ; but watches of any kind were much more rare then. When they began to come into use, they were so far deemed a matter of pride and show, that men are living who have heard public Friends express their concern at seeing their youth in the show of watches or watch chains. It was so rare to find watches in common use that it was quite an annoyance to the watchmakers to be so repeatedly called on by street passengers for the hour of the day. Mr. Duffield, therefore, first set up an outdoor clock to give the time of day to people in the street. Gold chains would have been a wonder then ; silver and steel chains and seals were the mode, and regarded good enough. The best gentlemen of the country were content with silver watches, although gold ones were occasionally used. Gold watches for

ladies was a rare occurrence, and when worn were kept without display, for domestic use.

The men of former days never saw such things as our Mahometan whiskers on Christian men.

The use of boots have come in since the war of independence ; they were first with black tops, after the military, strapped up in union with the knee bands ; afterwards bright tops were introduced. The leggings to these latter were made of buckskin, for some extreme beaux, for the sake of close fitting a well turned leg.

It having been the object of these pages to notice the change of fashions in the habiliments of men and women from the olden to the modern time, it may be necessary to say, that no attempt has been made to note the quick succession of modern changes,—precisely because they are too rapid and evanescent for any useful record. The subject, however, leads me to the general remark, that the general character of our dress is always ill adapted to our climate ; and this fact arises from our national predilection as English. As English colonists we early introduced the modes of our British ancestors. They derived their notions of dress from France ; and we, even now, take all annual fashions from the ton of England,—a circumstance which leads us into many unseasonable and injurious imitations, very ill adapted to either our hotter or colder climate. Here we have the extremes of heat and cold. There they are moderate. The loose and light habits of the east, or of southern Europe, would be better adapted to the ardour of our midsummers ; and the close and warm apparel of the north of Europe might furnish us better examples for our severe winters.

But in these matters (while enduring the profuse sweating of 90 degrees of heat) we fashion after the modes of England, which are adapted to a climate of but 70 degrees! Instead, therefore, of the broad slouched hat of southern Europe, we have the narrow brim, a stiff stock or starched buckram collar for the neck, a coat so close and tight as if glued to our skins, and boots so closely set over our insteps and ancles, as if over the lasts on which they were made. Our ladies have as many ill adapted dresses and hats; and sadly their healths are impaired in our rigorous winters, by their thin stuff shoes and transparent and light draperies, affording but slight defence for tender frames against the cold.

FURNITURE AND EQUIPAGE.

“Dismiss a real elegance, a little used,
For monstrous novelty and strange disguise.”

THE tide of fashion, which overwhelms every thing in its onward course, has almost effaced every trace of what our forefathers possessed or used in the way of household furniture, or travelling equipage. Since the year 1800 the introduction of foreign luxury, caused by the influx of wealth, has been yearly effecting successive changes in those articles, so much so, that the former simple articles which contented, as they equally served the purposes of our forefathers, could hardly be conceived. Such as they were, they descended acceptably

unchanged from father to son and son's son, and presenting at the era of our independence, precisely the same family picture which had been seen in the earliest annals of the town.

Formerly there were no sideboards, and when they were first introduced after the Revolution, they were much smaller and less expensive than now. Formerly they had couches of worsted damask, and only in very affluent families, in lieu of what we now call sofas or lounges. Plain people used settees and settles,—the latter had a bed concealed in the seat, and by folding the top of it outwards to the front, it exposed the bed and widened the place for the bed to be spread upon it. This, homely as it might now be regarded, was a common sitting room appendage, and was a proof of more attention to comfort than display. It had, as well as the settee, a very high back of plain boards, and the whole was of white pine, generally unpainted and whitened well with unsparing scrubbing. Such was in the poet's eyes when pleading for his sofa,—

“ But restless was the seat, the back erect
Distress'd the weary loins that felt no ease.”

They were a very common article in very good houses, and were generally the proper property of the oldest members of the family, unless occasionally used to stretch the weary length of tired boys. They were placed before the fire-places in the winter, to keep the back guarded from wind and cold. Formerly there were no windsor chairs, and fancy chairs are still more modern. Their chairs of the genteelest kind were of mahogany or red walnut, (once a great substitute for

mahogany in all kinds of furniture, tables, &c.) or else they were of rush bottoms, and made of maple posts and slats, with high backs and perpendicular. Instead of japanned waiters as now, they had mahogany tea boards and round tea tables, which, being turned on an axle underneath the centre, stood upright, like an expanded fan or palm leaf, in the corner. Another corner was occupied by a beaufet, which was a corner closet with a glass door, in which all the china of the family and the plate were intended to be displayed for ornament as well as use. A conspicuous article in the collection was always a great china punch bowl, which furnished a frequent and grateful beverage,—for wine drinking was then much less in vogue. China tea cups and saucers were about half their present size ; and china tea pots and coffee pots with silver nozles was a mark of superior finery. The sham of plated ware was not then known ; and all who showed a silver surface had the massive metal too. This occurred in the wealthy families, in little coffee and tea pots, and a silver tankard for good sugared toddy, was above vulgar entertainment. Where we now use earthen ware, they then used delf ware imported from England, and instead of queens-ware (then unknown) pewter platters and porringers, made to shine along a “dresser,” were universal. Some, and especially the country people, ate their meals from wooden trenchers. Gilded looking-glasses and picture frames of golden glare were unknown, and both, much smaller than now, were used. Small pictures painted on glass with black mouldings for frames, with a scanty touch of gold leaf in the corners, was the adornment of a parlour. The looking-glasses in two

plates, if large, had either glass frames, figured with flowers engraved thereon, or were of scalloped mahogany, or of Dutch wood scalloped, painted white or black with here and there some touches of gold. Every householder in that day deemed it essential to his convenience and comfort to have an ample chest of drawers in his parlour or sitting room, in which the linen and clothes of the family were always of ready access. It was no sin to rummage them before company. These drawers were sometimes nearly as high as the ceiling. At other times they had a writing desk about the centre with a falling lid to write upon when let down. A great high clock case, reaching to the ceiling, occupied another corner, and a fourth corner was appropriated to the chimney place. They then had no carpets on their floors, and no paper on their walls. The silver sand on the floor was drawn into a variety of fanciful figures and twirls with the sweeping brush, and much skill and even pride was displayed therein in the devices and arrangement. They had then no argand or other lamps in parlours,* but dipt candles, in brass or copper candlesticks, were usually good enough for common use; and those who occasionally used mould candles, made them at home, in little tin frames, casting four to six candles in each. A glass lanthorn with square sides furnished the entry lights in the houses of the affluent. Bedsteads then were made, if fine, of carved mahogany, of slender dimensions; but, for common purposes, or for the families of good tradesmen, they were of poplar

* The first which ever came to this country is in my possession, originally a present from Thomas Jefferson to Charles Thomson.

and always painted green. It was a matter of universal concern to have them low enough to answer the purpose of repose for sick or dying persons, a provision so necessary for such possible events, now so little regarded by the modern practice of ascending to a bed by steps, like clambering up to a hay mow.

The rarity of carpets, now deemed so indispensable to comfort, may be judged of by the fact, that T. Matlack, Esq. now aged ninety-five, told me had a distinct recollection of meeting with the first carpet he had ever seen about the year 1750, at the house of Owen Jones, at the corner of Spruce and Second street. Mrs. S. Shoemaker, an aged Friend of the same age, told me she had received as a rare present from England, a Scotch carpet; it was but twelve feet square, and was deemed quite a novelty then, say sixty years ago. When carpets afterwards came into general use, they only covered the floor in front of the chairs and tables. The covering of the whole floor is a thing of modern use. Many are the anecdotes which could be told of the carpets and the country bumpkins. There are many families who can remember, that soon after their carpets were laid, they have been visited by clownish persons, who showed strong signs of distress at being obliged to walk over them; and when urged to come in, have stole in close to the sides of the room tip-toed, instinctively, to avoid sullying them!

It was mentioned before that the papering of the walls of houses was not much introduced till the year 1800. All the houses which I remember to have seen in my youth were white-washed only; there may have been some rare exceptions. As early as the year 1769, we

see that Plunket Fleeson first manufactures American paper hangings at corner of Fourth and Chesnut street, and also paper mache or raised paper mouldings, in imitation of carving, either coloured or gilt. But although there was thus an offer to paper rooms, their introduction must have been extremely rare. The uncle of the present Joseph P. Norris, Esq. had his library or office room papered, but his parlours were wainscotted with oak and red cedar, unpainted, and polished with wax and robust rubbing. This was at his seat at Fairhill, built in 1717.

The use of stoves in families was not known in primitive times, neither in families nor in churches. Their fire-places were as large again as the present, with much plainer mantel-pieces. In lieu of marble plates round the sides and top of the fire-places, it was ornamented with china-dutch tile, pictured with sundry Scripture pieces. Doctor Franklin first invented the "open stove," called also "Franklin stove;" after which, as fuel became scarce, came in the better economy of the "ten plate stove."

When china was first introduced among us in the form of tea sets, it was quite a business to take in broken china to mend. It was done by cement in most cases; but generally the larger articles, like punch bowls, were done with silver rivets or wire. More than half the punch bowls you could see were so mended.

It is only of late years that the practice of veneering mahogany and other valuable wood has prevailed among us. All the old furniture was solid.

FAMILY EQUIPAGE.

There is scarcely any thing in Philadelphia which has undergone so great a change as the increased style and number of our travelling vehicles and equipage. I have seen aged persons who could name the few proprietors of every coach used in the whole province of Pennsylvania—a less number than are now enrolled on the books of some individual establishments among us for the mere hiring of coaches! Even since our war of independence, there were not more than ten or twelve in the city, and, rare as they were, every man's coach was known at sight by every body. A hack had not been heard of. Our progenitors did not deem a carriage a necessary appendage of wealth or respectability. Merchants and professional gentlemen were quite content to keep a one-horse chair; these had none of the present trappings of silver plate, nor were the chair bodies varnished; plain paint alone adorned them, and brass rings and buckles were all the ornaments found on the harness; the chairs were without springs, on leather bands—such as could now be made for fifty dollars.

James Read, Esq., an aged gentleman who died in the fever of 1793, said he could remember when there were only eight four-wheeled carriages kept in all the province!

At the earliest period of the city, some two or three coaches are incidentally known. Thus William Penn, the founder, in his note to James Logan of 1700, says, "Let John (his black) have the coach, and horses put in it, for Pennsbury, from the city." In another, he

speaks of his "calash." He also requests the justices may place bridges over the Pennepack and other waters, for his carriage to pass.

The aged T. Matlack, Esq. before named, told me the first coach he remembered to have seen was that of Judge William Allen's, who lived in Water street, on the corner of the first alley below High street. His coachman, as a great whip, was imported from England. He drove a kind of landau with four black horses. To show his skill as a driver, he gave the judge a whirl round the shambles, which then stood where Jersey market is since built, and turned with such dashing science as to put the judge and the spectators in great concern. The tops of this carriage fell down front and back, and thus made an open carriage if required.

Mrs. Shoemaker, aged ninety-five, told me that pleasure carriages were very rare in her youth. She remembered that her grandfather had one, and that he used to say he was almost ashamed to appear abroad in it, although it was only a one horse chair, lest he should be thought effeminate and proud. She remembered old Richard Wistar had one also. When she was about twenty, Mr. Charles Willing, merchant, brought a calash coach with him from England. This and Judge William Allen's were the only ones she had ever seen. This Charles Willing was the father of the late aged Thomas Willing, Esq., president of the first Bank of the United States.

Even the character of the steeds used and preferred for riding and carriages, have undergone the change of fashion too. In old time, the horses most valued were pacers—now so odious deemed! To this end, the breed

was propagated with care, and pace races were held in preference. The Narraganset racers of Rhode Island were in such repute, that they were sent for, at much trouble and expense, by some few who were choice in their selections.

NOTICES OF SUNDRY CHANGES AT PHILADELPHIA.

I INTRODUCE herein a few striking objects, formerly so different from the present, for the purpose of showing the changes effected, to wit :

BRIDGES.

It might justly surprise a modern Philadelphian, or a stranger visiting our present levelled city, to learn it was once crowded with bridges, having at least one dozen of them—the subjects of frequent mention and care. I shall herein chiefly notice such as have been disused. As many as six of them traversed Dock creek alone. The following occasional notices of them, on the records, will prove their existence, to wit :

In 1704, the grand jury present the bridge, going over the dock at the south end of the town, as insufficient, and endangers man and beast. It is also called “the bridge and causeway next to Thomas Budd’s long row.”

In 1706, the grand jury having viewed the place where the bridge going towards the Society Hill lately

was, (but then broken down and carried away by a storm,) do present a bridge as needful to be rebuilt.

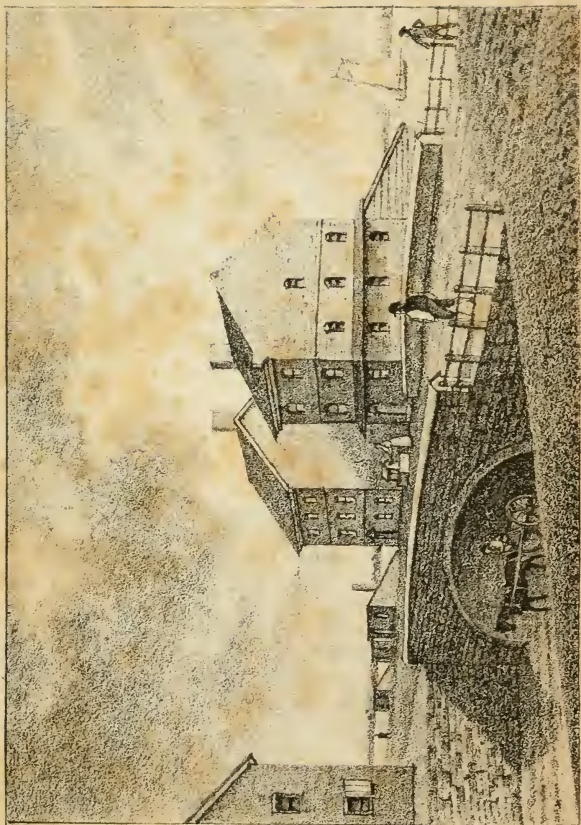
In 1712, they present the passage down under the arch, (meaning at corner of Front and Arch street,) as not passable ; and again they present that the same, to wit : " The arch in the Front street is very dangerous for children in the day-time, and strangers in the night ; neither is it passable underneath for carriages."

In 1713, they present the bridge at the Dock mouth, and the causeway betwixt that and Society Hill, want repairs ; so also, the bridge over the Dock and the Second street ; also, the bridge in the Third street where the dock is.

In 1717, they present the bridge over the Dock in Walnut street, the breach of the arch whereof appears dangerous, and tending to ruin, which a timely repair may prevent. It was just built, too, by Samuel Powell.

In 1718, they present the great arch in Front street, the arch in Second street, the arch in Walnut street, as insufficient for man and beast to pass over. They recommend the removal of the great arch at Mulberry street, as desirable for affording a handsome prospect of the Front street. The Second street bridge was built of stone in 1720, by Edward Collins, for 125*l*.

In 1719, they present the arch in Chesnut street, between the house of Grace Townsend and the house of Edward Pleadwell, as part broken down. This refers to a bridge over Dock creek at Hudson's alley. At the same time the three bridges over the dock in the Front, Second, and Walnut streets, are all declared " unfinished and unsafe." The same year the inhabitants near the Chesnut street bridge petition the





mayor's court for repairs to that bridge, to keep it from falling.

In 1740, they present "the common shore," at Second street and Walnut street bridges, as much broken. "Common shore" sounds strange in the midst of our present dry city! It is also found named on the same Dock creek as high as Fourth and High streets. In 1750, they present the Chesnut street bridge, as fallen down and extremely dangerous.

Some other facts concerning bridges will be found connected with other subjects, such as those over Pegg's run, the Cohocsink, &c. There was even a small bridge once at the corner of Tenth and High streets.

BALCONIES.

In the early days of the city, almost all the houses of good condition were provided with balconies, now so rarely to be seen, save a few still remaining in Water street. Several old houses, which I still see, show, on close inspection, the marks, where from that cause they formerly had doors to them in the second stories—such a one is C. P. Wayne's, at the southwest corner of High and Fourth street; at William Gerhard's, at the corner of Front and Combes's alley; and at the corner of Front and Norris's alley.

As early as 1685, Robert Turner's letter to William Penn says, "We build most houses with balconies." A lady, describing the reception of Governor Thomas Penn on his public entry from Chester in 1732, says, "When he reached here in the afternoon, the windows and balconies were filled with ladies, and the streets with the mob, to see him pass," In fact, these balco-

nies, or their places supplied by the pent-houses, were a part of the social system of our forefathers, where every family expected to sit in the street porch, and these shelters over head were needed from sun and rain.

WINDOW GLASS.

The early buildings in Philadelphia had all their window glass set in leaden frames, and none of them to hoist up, but to open inward as doors. Gerhard's house at Combes's alley, and the house at the southwest corner of Norris's alley and Front street, still retain a specimen of them. When clumsy wooden frames were substituted, panes of six by eight and eight by ten formed the largest dimensions seen among us. It became, therefore matter of novelty and surprise when Governor John Penn first set the example among us of larger panes,—such as now adorn the house, once his residence, in South Third street near the mansion house, and numbered 110. They are still but small panes in comparison with some others. The fact of his rare glass gave occasion to the following epigram by his sister-in-law, to wit :

Happy the man, in such a treasure,
Whose *greatest panes* afford him pleasure ;
Stoics (who need not fear the devil)
Maintain that pain is not an evil ;
They boast a negative at best,
But he with panes is really blest.

PORCHES.

Philadelphia, until the last twenty-five or thirty years, had a porch to every house door, where it was uni-

versally common for the inhabitants to take their occasional sitting, beneath their pent-houses, then general—for then

“Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry sun, or patt’ring rain.”

Such an easy access to the residents as they afforded, made the families much more social than now, and gave also a ready chance to strangers to see the faces of our pretty ladies. The lively spectacle was very grateful. It gave a kindly domestic scene, that is since utterly effaced from our manners.

When porches were thus in vogue, they were seen here and there occupied by boys, who there vied in telling strange incredible stories, and in singing ballads. Fine voices were occasionally heard singing them as you passed the streets.

GENERAL REMARKS ON VARIOUS ITEMS OF CHANGE.

I notice as among the remarkable changes of Philadelphia, within the period of my own short observation, that there is an utter change of the manner and quantity of business done by tradesmen. When I was a boy, there was no such thing as conducting their business in the present wholesale manner and by efforts at monopoly. No masters were seen exempted from personal labour in any branch of business, living on the profits derived from many hired journeymen; and no places were sought out at much expense and display of signs and decorated windows to allure custom. Then almost every apprentice, when of age, run his equal chance for his share of business in his neighbour-

hood, by setting up for himself, and, with an apprentice or two,* getting into a cheap location, and by dint of application and good work, recommending himself to his neighbourhood. Thus every shoemaker or tailor was a man for himself; thus was every tinman, blacksmith, hatter, wheelwright, weaver, barber, bookbinder, umbrella maker, coppersmith and brassfounder, painter and glazier, cedar cooper, plasterer, cabinet and chair-maker, chaisemaker, &c. It was only trades indispensably requiring many hands, among whom we saw many journeymen—such as shipwrights, brickmakers, masons, carpenters, tanners, printers, stonecutters, and such like. In those days, if they did not aspire to much, they were more sure of the end—a decent competency in old age, and a tranquil and certain livelihood while engaged in the acquisition of its reward. Large stores, at that time, exclusively wholesale, were but rare, except among the shipping merchants, so called; and it is fully within my memory, that all the hardware stores, which were intended to be wholesale dealers, by having their regular sets of country customers, for whose supplies they made their regular importations, were obliged, by the practice of the trade and the expectations of the citizens, to be equally retailers in their ordinary business. They also, as subservient to usage, had to be regular importers of numerous stated articles in the dry goods line, and especially in most articles in the woollen line. At that time, ruinous overstocks of goods imported were utterly unknown, and supplies from auc-

* Apprentices then were found in every thing;—now they often give a premium, or find their own clothes, &c.

tion sales, as now, were neither depended upon nor resorted to. The same advance "on the sterling" was the set price of every storekeeper's profit. As none got suddenly rich by monopolies, they went through whole lives, gradually but surely augmenting their estates, without the least fear or the misfortune of bankruptcy. When it did rarely occur, such was the surprise and the general sympathy of the public, that citizens saluted each other with sad faces, and made their regrets and condolence a measure of common concern.

It strikes me as among the remarkable changes of modern times, that blacksmith shops, which used to be low, rough one story sheds, here and there in various parts of the city, and always fronting on the main streets, have been crowded out as nuisances, or rather as eyesores to genteel neighbourhoods. Then the workmen stood on ground floors in clogs or wooden soled shoes, to avoid the damp of the ground. But now they are seen to have their operations in genteel three story houses, with warerooms in front, and with their furnaces and anvils, &c. in the yards or back premises.

"Lines of packets," as we now see them, for Liverpool and for Havre, abroad, and for Charleston, New Orleans, Norfolk, &c. at home, are but lately originated among us. The London packet in primitive days made her voyage but twice a year. And before the revolution, all vessels going to England or Ireland used to be advertised on the walls of the corner houses, saying when to sail and where they laid. Some few instances of this kind occurred even after the war of

independence. In those days, vessels going to Great Britain was usually called "going home."

Kalm, when here eighty years ago, made a remark which seemed to indicate that then New York, though so much smaller as a city, was the most commercial, saying, "It probably carries on a more extensive commerce than any town in the English colonies, and it is said they send more ships to London than they do from Philadelphia."

From the period of 1790 to 1800, the London trade was all the channel we used for the introduction of spring and fall goods. The arrival of the London ships, at Clifford's wharf, used to set the whole trading community in a bustle to see them "haul in to the wharf." Soon the whole range of Front street, from Arch to Walnut street, was lumbered with the packages from the Pigou, the Adrianna, the Washington, &c.

Great and noisy was the breaking up of packages, and busy were the masters, clerks, and porters, to get in and display their new arrived treasures. Soon after were seen the city retailers, generally females in that time, hovering about like butterflies near a rivulet, mingling among the men, and viewing with admiration the rich displays of British chintzes, muslins, and calicoes, of the latest London modes. The Liverpool trade was not at that time opened, and Liverpool itself had not grown into the overwhelming rival of Bristol and Hull—places with which we formerly had some trade for articles not drawn from the great London storehouse.

SUPERSTITIONS, AND POPULAR CREDULITY.

“ Well attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round,
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all !”

OUR forefathers (the ruder part) brought with them much of the superstition of their “ father land,” and here it found much to cherish and sustain it, in the credulity of the Dutch and Swedes ; nor less from the Indians, who always abounded in marvellous relations, much incited by their conjurers and pow-vows. Facts which have come down to our more enlightened times, can now no longer terrify, but may often amuse ; as Cowper says,

“ There's something in that ancient superstition,
Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves !”

From the provincial executive minutes, preserved at Harrisburg, we learn the curious fact of an actual trial for witchcraft. On the 27th of 12th mo. 1683, Margaret Mattson and Yeshro Hendrickson, (Swedish women,) who had been accused as witches on the 7th instant, were cited to their trial ; on which occasion there were present, as their judges, Governor William Penn and his council, James Harrison, William Biles, Lasse Cock, William Haigne, C. Taylor, William Clayton, and Thomas Holmes. The governor having given the grand jury their charge, they found the bill ! The testimony of the witnesses before the petit jury is recorded. Such of the jury as were absent were fined forty shillings each.

Margaret Mattson being arraigned, "she pleads not guilty, and will be tried by the country." Sundry witnesses were sworn, and many vague stories told—as that she bewitched calves, geese, &c. &c., that oxen were rather above her malignant powers, but which reached all other cattle.

The daughter of Margaret Mattson was said to have expressed her convictions of her mother being a witch. And the reported say-sos of the daughter were given in evidence. The dame Mattson "denieth Charles Ashcom's attestation at her soul, and saith, Where is my daughter? Let her come and say so." "The prisoner denieth all things, and saith that the witness speaks only by hearsay." Governor Penn finally charged the jury, who brought in a verdict sufficiently ambiguous and ineffective for such a dubious offence, saying they find her "guilty of having the common fame of a witch, but not guilty in the manner and form as she stands indicted." They, however, take care to defend the good people from their future malfaisance, by exacting from each of them security for good behaviour for six months. A decision infinitely more wise than hanging or drowning. They had each of them husbands, and Lasse Cock served as interpreter for Mrs. Mattson. The whole of this trial may be seen in detail in my MS. Annals, page 506, in the Historical Society.

By this judicious verdict, we, as Pennsylvanians, have probably escaped the odium of Salem. It is not, however, to be concealed, that we had a law standing against witches; and it may possibly exonerate us in part, and give some plea for the trial itself, to say it

was from a precedent by statute of King James I. That act was held to be part of our law by an act of our provincial assembly, entitled, "An act against conjuration, witchcraft, and dealing with evil and wicked spirits." It says therein, that the act of King James I. shall be put in execution in this province, and be of like force and effect as if the same were here repeated and enacted. So solemnly and gravely sanctioned as was that act of the king, what could we as colonists do? Our act as above was confirmed in all its parts, by the dignified council of George II. in the next year after its passage here, in the presence of eighteen peers, including the great duke of Marlborough himself!*

An old record of the province, of 1695, states the case of Robert Reman, presented at Chester for practising geomanty, and divining by a stick. The grand jury also presented the following books, as vicious, to wit: Hidson's Temple of Wisdom, which teaches geomanty; Stott's Discovery of Witchcraft, and Cornelius Agrippa's Teaching Negromancy—another name, probably, for necromancy. The latter latinized name forcibly reminds one of those curious similar books of great value, (even of fifty thousand pieces of silver,) destroyed before Paul at Ephesus—"multi autum curiosa agentium, conferentes libros combusserunt eorum omnibus."

* Nor was the dread of witchcraft an English failing only. We may find enough of it in France also; for six hundred persons were executed there for that alleged crime in 1609. In 1634, Grandiere, a priest of Loudun, was burnt for bewitching a whole convent of nuns. In 1654, twenty women were executed in Bretagne for their witcheries!

Superstition has been called the "seminal principle of religion," because it undoubtedly has its origin in the dread of a spiritual world, of which God is the supreme. The more vague and undefined our thoughts about these metaphysical mysteries, the more our minds are disposed to the legends of the nursery. As the man who walks in the dark, not seeing nor knowing his way, must feel increase of fear at possible dangers he cannot define; so he who goes abroad in the broad light of day proceeds fearlessly, because he sees and knows as harmless all the objects which surround him. Wherefore we infer, that if we have less terror of imagination now, it is ascribable to our superior light and general diffusion of intelligence, thereby setting the mind at rest in many of these things. In the meantime, there is a class who will cherish their own distresses. They intend religious dread, but from misconceptions of its real beneficence and "good will to men," they

"Draw a wrong copy of the Christian face,
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace."

An idea was once very prevalent, especially near to the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, that the pirates of Blackbeard's day had deposited treasure in the earth. The conceit was, that sometimes they killed a prisoner, and interred him with it, to make his ghost keep his vigils there, as a guard "walking his weary round." Hence it was not rare to hear of persons having seen a shpook, or ghost, or of having dreamed of it a plurality of times; thus creating a sufficient incentive to dig on the spot.

“—————Dream after dream ensues ;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed !”

To procure the aid of a professor in the black art, was called hexing ; and Shrunk, in particular, had great fame therein. He affected to use a diviner’s rod, (a hazel switch,) with a peculiar angle in it, which was to be self turned while held in the two hands, when approached to any sub-terrene minerals. Some still use the same kind of hazel rods to feel for hidden waters, so as thereby to dig in right places for wells.

Timothy Matlack, Esq., ninety-five years of age, a close observer of passing events in his youth, has assured me there was much more of superstition prevalent in olden time than now ; wherefore, fortune telling, conjuration, and money digging, were frequent in his youth. He declared it was a fact, before his time, that a young man, a stranger of decent appearance from the south, (the rogues lived there in the ancient days, in the transport colonies of Maryland and Virginia,) gave out he was sold to the devil ; and that, unless the price was raised for his redemption by the pious, he would be borne off at midday by the purchaser in person. He took his lodgings at the inn in Lætitia court, and at the eventful day he was surrounded, and the house too, by the people, among whom were several clergymen. Prayers and pious services of worship were performed, and as the moment approached for execution, when all were on tiptoe, some expecting the verification, and several discrediting it, a murmur ran through the crowd of, “ there he comes ! he comes !” This instantly generated a terrible panic—all fled, from fear, or from the

rush of the crowd. When their fears a little subsided, and a calmer inquisition ensued, sure enough, the young man was actually gone, money and all! I should have stated, that the money was collected to pay the price; and it lay upon the table in the event of the demand. Mr. Matlack assured me he fully believed these transactions occurred. The story was as popular a tale as the story of the "Paxtang boys."

In confirmation, he told me a fact which he witnessed. Michael H——, Esq. well known in public life, who lived in Second street above Arch street, gave out (in a mental delirium it is hoped) that he had sold himself to the devil, and would be carried away at a certain time. At that time crowds actually assembled near the premises to witness the denouement and catastrophe. There must have been truth in this relation, because I now see by the Gazette of 1749, a public notice of this public gathering as an offensive act to the family; I see that M. H. is vindicated from some malicious reports, which said he was distracted, &c. and witnesses appear before Judge Allen, and testify that he was then sane, &c. It was certainly on every side a strange affair.

Something like this subject occurred when I was a child. I remember very well to have been taken to a house on the south side of Race street, a few doors east of Second street, where was a black man who was stated to have sold himself to the devil, and to have come from Delaware or Maryland peninsula, by the aid of the pious in Philadelphia, to procure his ransom or exemption. I can never forget his piteous and dejected countenance, as I saw him, in the midst of praying people, working fervently at his exorcism in an up-

stairs chamber. I heard him say he had signed an instrument of writing with his own blood. It was probably at black Allen's house, as he was among the praying ones. My mother told me since, that hundreds went to see him. Among these were the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, who finally took him to his own house, where at last, I understood, he concluded from his habits that his greatest calamity was laziness. I conclude he escaped translation, as I never heard of that.

Several aged persons have occasionally pointed out to me the places where persons, to their knowledge, had dug for pirates' money. The small hill once on the north side of Coates's street, near to Front street, was well remembered by John Brown, as having been much dug. Colonel A. J. Morris, now in his 90th year, has told me, that in his early days very much was said of Blackbeard and the pirates, both by young and old. Tales were frequently current, that this and that person had heard of some of his discovered treasure. Persons in the city were named as having profited by his depredations. But he thought those things were not true. T. Matlack, Esq. told me he was once shown an oak tree, at the south end of Front street, which was marked KLP, at the foot of which was found a large sum of money. The stone which covered the treasure he saw at the door of the alleged finder, who said his ancestor was directed to it by a sailor in the hospital in England. He told me, too, that when his grandfather Burr died, they opened a chest which had been left by four sailors "for a day or two," full twenty years before, which was found full of decayed silk goods. Samuel Richards and B. Graves confirmed to me what

I had heard elsewhere, that at the sign of the Cock in Spruce street, about thirty-five years ago, there was found in a pot in the cellar a sum of money of about 5000 dollars. The Cock inn was an old two story frame house which stood on the site of the present easternmost house of B. Graves's row. A Mrs. Green owned and lived in the Cock inn forty to fifty years ago, and had sold it to Pegan, who found the money in attempting to deepen the cellar. It became a question to whom the money belonged, which it seems was readily settled between Mrs. Green and Pegan, on the pretext that Mrs. Green's husband had put it there! But it must appear sufficiently improbable that Mrs. Green should have left such a treasure on the premises, if she really knew of it when she sold the house. The greater probability is, that neither of them had any conception how it got there; and they mutually agreed to support the story, so as to hush any other or more imposing enquiries. They admitted they found 5000 dollars. It is quite as probable a story that the pirates had deposited it there before the location of the city. It was of course on the margin of the natural harbour once formed there for vessels. In digging the cellar of the old house at the northeast corner of Second street and Gray's alley, they discovered a pot of money there; also some lately at Frankford creek.

As late as the year 1792, the ship carpenters formed a party to dig for pirates' money on the Cohocksink creek, northwest of the causeway, under a large tree. They got frightened off. And it came out afterwards, that a waggish neighbour had enacted *diabulus* to their discomfiture.

SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS.

“We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
Of frolic fancy—call laughter forth,
Deep-shaking every nerve”——

It may help our conceptions of the olden time to be led into an acquaintance with the nature of their sports and amusements ; to this end, the following facts may be contemplated with some advantage, to wit :

The dances of the polite part of society were formal minuets. Country or contre dances, although understood, were of rarer occurrence. Hipsesaws and jigs were the common dances of the commonalty. It was long before dancing was encouraged in Philadelphia sufficiently to present a school for a dancing master. The aged Mrs. Shoemaker told me she supposed the first dancing master ever named in Philadelphia, was one Bolton, who taught about seventy-five years ago. In the year 1730, Mrs. Ball, in Lætitia court, advertises her school for French, playing on the spinet, and dancing, &c. When Whitfield laboured in Philadelphia, in 1739, such was the religious excitement of the time, that the dancing school, the assembly and concert room were shut up, as inconsistent with the gospel. This was opposed by some others ; so far so, that some of the gentlemen concerned broke open the doors, but no company went to the assembly room.

In later time, however, the dancing assembly among the gentry had high vogue, partaking, before the revolu-

tion, of the aristocratic feelings of a monarchical government—excluding the families of mechanics, however wealthy. The subscription was three pounds fifteen shillings, admitting no gentleman under twenty-one years, nor lady under eighteen years. The supper consisted of tea, chocolate, and rusk—a simple cake, now never seen amidst the profusion of French confectionary. For then we had no spice of French in our institutions, and consequently did not know how to romp in cotillions, but moved with measured dignity in grave minuets or gayer country dances. Every thing was conducted by rule of six married managers, who distributed places by lot; and partners were engaged for the evening—leaving nothing to the success of forwardness or favouritism. Gentlemen always drank tea with their partners the day after the assembly—a sure means of producing a more lasting acquaintance, if mutually desirable.

Fox hunting formerly formed the field exercise of some of our wealthy citizens, within the memory of several of the aged whom I have conversed with. There was a kennel of hounds kept by one Butler, for the company. It was situated then as out of town, but in a place now populous enough—say on the brow of the hill north of Callowhill street, descending to Pegg's run, and at about sixty feet westward of Second street. Butler himself dwelt in the low brick house adjoining the northwest corner of Callowhill street on Second street. As population increased, their game decreased; so much so, that the establishment had to remove over to Gloucester, so as to make their hunts in the Jersey pines. At the same time, the company provided for

their old huntsman, Butler, by setting him up, in the year 1756, with the first public stage for New York. Old Captain Samuel Morris, dead about 20 years ago, was for many years the life and head of the club. I well remember to have seen the voracious and clamorous hounds in their kennel near Gloucester ferry.

Horse races appear to have been of very early introduction, and bringing with them the usual evils, hard to be controlled. They were, at an early period, performed out "Race street," so popularly called because of its being the street directly leading out to the race ground, cleared out for the purpose, through the forest trees, still long remaining there.

The present very aged T. Matlack, Esq. was passionately fond of races in his youth. He told me of his remembrances out Race street. In his early days the woods were in commons, having several straggling forest trees still remaining there, and the circular course ranging through those trees. He said all genteel horses were pacers. A trotting horse was deemed a base breed! All these Race street races were mostly pace races. His father and others kept pacing studs for propagating the breed.

Thomas Bradford, Esq., telling me of his recollections of the races, says he was told that the earliest races were scrub and pace races, on the ground now used as Race street. But in his younger days (he is now past 80) they were run in a circular form on a ground from Arch or Race street down to Spruce street, and from Eighth street of Delaware to Schuylkill river, making thus two miles for a heat. About the same

time they also run straight races of one mile, from Centre Square to Schuylkill, out High street.

At the Centre Square the races used to be continued till the time of the war of 1775. None occurred afterwards there ; and after the peace, they were made unlawful.

The first equestrian feats performed in Philadelphia, was in 1771, by Faulks ; he executed all his wonders alone, himself riding from one to three horses at a time.

Bull-baiting and cock-fighting were much countenanced. The present aged and respectable T. M. had once a great passion for the latter, so that some wags sometimes called him Tim Gaff ; thereby affecting to slur a latin signature which he sometimes assumed as a political writer, of which T. G. were the initials of his two latin words.

They used to have a play at the time of the fairs, called " throwing at the joke." A leather cylinder, not unlike a high candlestick, was placed on the ground over a hole. The adventurers placed their coppers on the top of the joke, then retired to a distance and tossed a stick at it so as to knock the whole down. The pennies which fell in the pot were to belong to the thrower, those which fell out, to the owner of the joke. The leather was pliable and was easily bent to let the pennies drop. They played also at the fairs the wheel of fortune, nine holes, &c.

In former days the streets were much filled with boys " skying a copper," a play to toss up pennies and guess heads or tails ; " pitch-penny" too, was frequent, to pitch at a white mark on the ground ; they pitched also

“chuckers,” a kind of pewter pennies cast by the boys themselves. All these plays have been banished from our city walks by the increased pavements, and still more by the multitudes of walkers who disturb such plays.

The game for shooters much more abounded before the Revolution than since. Fishing and fowling were once subjects of great recreation and success. Wild pigeons used to be innumerable, so also blackbirds, reed-birds, and squirrels. As late as the year 1720 an act was passed, fining five shillings for shooting pigeons, doves, or partridges, or other fowl, (birds,) in the streets of Philadelphia, or the gardens or orchards adjoining any houses within the said city! In Penn’s woods, westward of Broad street, used to be excellent pigeon shooting.

The skaters of Philadelphia have long been pre-eminent. Graydon, in his memoirs, has stated his reasons for thinking his countrymen are the most expert and graceful in the world; quite surpassing the Dutch and English. He thinks them also the best swimmers to be found in the civilised world.

Mr. George Tyson, a broker of Philadelphia, weighing 180 to 190 pounds, is the greatest swimmer (save a companion, who swims with him,) we have ever had, not excepting Doctor Franklin himself. He and that companion have swum from Philadelphia to Fort Mifflin and back, without ever resting, save a little while floating off the fort to see it. He says he never tires with swimming, and that he can float in perfect stillness, with his arms folded, by the hour. He deems his sensations at that time delightful. He went across

the Delaware, drawn by a paper kite in the air. He is short and fat ; his fat and flesh aid his specific lightness, no doubt, in the water, and cause him readily to swim high out of the water.

During the oldfashioned winters, when, about New Year's day, every one expected to see or hear of an "Ox Roast" on the Delaware, upon the thick ribbed ice, which, would crack and rend itself by its own weight, without separating, in sounds like thunder, among the then multitudinous throng of promenaders, sliders and skaters, visible from the wharves daily, for weeks together, as far as the eye could reach, in black groups and long serpentine lines of pedestrians, to and from the shores, to the island, and different ferries in Jersey—of the very many varieties of skaters of all colours and sizes mingled together, and darting about here and there, "upward and downward, mingled and convolved," a few were at all times discernible as being decidedly superior to the rest for dexterity, power, and grace ; namely, William Tharpe, Doctor Foulke, Governor Mifflin, C. W. Peale, George Heyl, "Joe" Claypoole, and some others, not forgetting, by the way, a black Othello, who, from his apparent muscle and powerful movement, might have sprung, as did the noble Moor, from "men of royal siege." In swiftness he had no competitor ; he outstripped the wind ; the play of his elbows in alternate movement with his "low gutter" skates, while darting forward and uttering occasionally a wild scream peculiar to the African race while in active exertion of body, was very imposing in appearance and effect. Of the gentlemen skaters before enumerated, and others held in general admiration by all, George

Heyl took the lead in graceful skating, and in superior dexterity in cutting figures and "High Dutch" within a limited space of smooth ice. On a large field of glass, among others he might be seen moving about elegantly and at perfect ease, in curve lines, with folded arms, being dressed in red coat (as was the fashion) and buckskin "tights," his bright broad skates in an occasional round turn flashing upon the eye; then again to be pursued by others, he might be seen suddenly changing to the back and *heel forward* movement, offering them his hand, and at the same time eluding their grasp by his dexterous and instantaneous deviations to the right and left, leaving them to their hard work of "striking out" after him with all their might and main.

The next very best skater, and at the same time the most noted surgeon of the day, was Doctor Foulke, in Front street, opposite Elfreth's alley. Skating "High Dutch," and being able to cut the letters of his own name at one flourish, constituted the doctor's fame as a *skater*. In the way of business, the doctor was off-hand, and quick in his speech and manner, but gentlemanly withal.

C. W. Peale, as a skater, was only remarkable for using a remarkable pair of "gutter skates," with a remarkable prong, capped and curved backwards, with which he moved leisurely about in curved lines. They looked as though they might have been brought to him from somewhere about the German ocean, as a subject for his Museum.

"May days" were much more regarded formerly than now. All young people went out into the country on foot, to walk and gather flowers. The lads too, when

the woods abounded, would put up as many as fifty poles of their own cutting, procured by them without any fear of molestation.

The "Belsh Nichel" and St. Nicholas has been a time of Christmas amusement from time immemorial among us ; brought in, it is supposed, among the sportive frolics of the Germans. It is the same also observed in New York under the Dutch name of St. Claes. "Belsh Nichel," in high German, expresses "Nicholas in his fur" or sheep-skin clothing. He is always supposed to bring good things at night to good children, and a rod for those who are bad. Every father in his turn remembers the excitements of his youth in Belsh-nichel and Christ-kinkle nights, and his amusement also when a father, at seeing how his own children expressed their feelings on their expectations of gifts from the mysterious visiter ! The following fine poetry upon the subject must gratify the reader :

It was the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
When what in the air, to my eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer ;
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment, it must be Saint Nick !
Soon, on to the house top, his coursers, they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and Saint Nicholas too ;
As I roll'd on my bed and was turning around,
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a bound !
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
The stump of a pipe he held fast in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl-ful of jelly.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work :
Soon filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk ;
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle ;
And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
“ Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night.”

In my youthful days it was a great sport with the boys to sled down hills in the city, on the snow in winter. Since the population and the wheel carriages have increased, the danger of being run over more than formerly, and the rarity of the snow, has made boys leave it off for some years. Thirty to forty boys and sleds could be seen running down each of the streets descending from Front street to the river. There was also much sledding down the streets and hills descending to Pegg's run.

The boys at Friends' school, in south Fourth street, were formerly (although gravely disciplined) as mischievous and sportive as others. Some still alive may be amused to be reminded of their puerilities, when they were taught by Jonah Thompson, who was a man of good military port and aspect, accustomed to walk at the head of his corps of scholars to week-day meetings, in a long line of “two and two.” On such occasions the town was surprised to see them so marching with wooden guns, (a kind of received Quaker emblem) and having withal a little flag ! These they had succeeded to take up as they walked out of school without the knowledge of their chieftain, who had preceded them without deigning to look back on their array. On another occasion when Robert Proud, the historian, was

their teacher, and was remarkable for retaining his large bush-wig, long after others had disused them, they bored a hole through the ceiling over his sitting place, and by suspending a pin-hook to a cord, so attached it to his wig as to draw it up, leaving it suspended as if depending from the ceiling. At another time they combined at night to take to pieces a country wagon, which they lifted on to a chimney wall then building, there replacing the wheels, awning, &c. to the astonishment of the owner and the diversion of the populace. Some of those urchins lived, notwithstanding their misapplied talents and ingenuity, to make very grave and exemplary members of society. Youth is the season of levity and mirth, and although we must chide its wanton aberrations, we may yet feel sensations of indulgence, knowing what we ourselves have been, and to what they, with ourselves, must come,

“When cherish’d fancies one by one
Shall slowly fade from day to day;—
And then from weary sun to sun
They will not have the heart to play!”

The time was when the “uptown” and “downtown boys” were rival clans, as well understood in the city precincts as the bigger clans of feds and anti-feds. They used to have, according to the streets, their regular night battles with sticks and stones, making the panes of glass to jingle occasionally. But the appearance of “old Carlisle” and the famous West (the constable) would scatter them into all the hiding-places; peeping out from holes and corners when the coast was clear. Those from the south of Chesnut street were frequently headed by one whose naval exploits, since that time, in

the Mediterranean and on the Atlantic have secured to him imperishable fame ; also by his faithful friend and ardent admirer, well known since throughout the community for his suavity and exquisitely polished manners. They were the Achilles and the Patroclus of the “ down-towners.”

The Northern Liberties about Camptown and Pegg’s run used to be in agitation almost every Saturday night, by the regular clans of “ rough and tumble ” fighting, between the ship-carpenters from Kensington, and the butchers from Spring Garden ; the public authority not even attempting to hinder them, as it was deemed an affair out of town.

All this spirit of rivalry and fighting was the product of the war of independence. Their ears, as boys, were filled with the echoes of battles lost or won. They felt their buoyant spirits inspired with martial ardour too, and having no real enemies to encounter, they invented them for the occasion. In this way the academy boys were accoutred as young soldiers, and they much piqued themselves as the rivals of another class of schoolboys. Each had their officers, and all of them some emblems *a la militaire*, all aspiring to the marks and influence of manhood ; burning to get through their minority, and to take their chances in the world before them.

“ Then passions wild and dark and strong,
And hopes and powers and feelings high,
Ere manhood’s thoughts, a rushing throng,
Shall sink the cheek and dim the eye ! ”

EDUCATION.

“Thus form the mind by use of alphabetic signs.”

It is greatly to the credit of our forefathers, that they showed an early and continued regard to the education of their posterity. They were men of too much practical wisdom not to foresee the abiding advantages of proper instruction to the rising generation. What they aimed to impart was solid and substantial. If it in general bore the plain appellation of “reading, writing and arithmetic” only, it gave these so effectively as to make many of their pupils persons of first rate consequence and wisdom in the early annals of our country. With such gifts in their possession, many of them were enabled to become their self-instructors in numerous branches of science and belles lettres studies. All these came as matter of course, by readings at home, when the mind was matured and the school acquirements were finished. They then learned to read on purpose to be able to pursue such branches of enquiry for themselves. They thus acquired, when the mind was old enough fondly to enlist in the enquiry, all they read “by heart,” because, as it was mental treasure of their own seeking and attainment, it was valued in the affection. They therefore did not perplex their youth by “getting” lessons by head or dint of memory ; of mere facts, forgotten as fast as learned, because above the capacity of the youthful mind to appreciate and keep for future ser-

vice. All they taught was practical; and, so far as it went, every lesson was efficient and good.

It is gratifying to add that the mass of our forefathers were also an instructed and reading community. A letter of Mr. Jefferson's, of the year 1785, well sustains this assertion, saying, "In science the mass of the people in Europe is two centuries behind ours; their literati is half a dozen years before us. Books, really good, acquire just reputation in that time, and so become known to us. In the mean time, we are out of reach of that swarm of nonsense which issues from a thousand presses and perishes almost in issuing." But since then solid reading is less sought after; "the press must be kept going," even as abroad. The ephemera of England flutter across the ocean and breathe once more a short lived existence ere they finally perish.

As early as 1683, Enoch Flower opened the first English school. The prices were moderate; to read English four shillings, to write six shillings, and to read, write, and cast accounts, eight shillings, and for teaching lodging and diet £10. per annum. A curious autograph letter from his ancestors, is preserved in my MS. Annals, page 334, in the Historical Society.

In 1689, the Friends originated the Friends' public school in Philadelphia, the same which now stands in Fourth below Chestnut street. It was to be a grammar school, and to teach the learned languages. George Keith, a Scotch Friend and public preacher, (afterwards an Episcopal clergyman and a bitter foe to Friends!) became the first teacher, assisted by Thomas Makin, who in the next year became the principal. This Makin was called "a good latinist;" we have the remains of

his ability in that way in his long latin poem "descriptive of Pennsylvania in 1729." His life was simple, and probably fettered by the "res angusti domi;" for his death occurred, in 1733, in a manner indicative of his pains-taking domestic concerns. In the Mercury of November, 1733, it is thus announced: "Last Tuesday night Mr. Thomas Makin, a very ancient man, who for many years was a schoolmaster in this city, stooping over a wharf end to get a pail of water, unhappily fell in and was drowned." He appears to have passed Meeting with Sarah Rich in 1700, the same year in which he became principal to the academy or school. During the same time he served as the clerk of the assembly.

At this early period of time, so much had the little Lewistown at our southern cape the pre-eminence in female tuition, that Thomas Lloyd, the deputy governor, preferred to send his younger daughters from Philadelphia to that place to finish their education.

Our first most distinguished seminaries of learning began in the country before the academy in Philadelphia was instituted. The Rev. William Tennent, who came from Ireland, arrived at New York in 1718, and in 1721 removed to Bensalem in Bucks county; soon after he settled in a Presbyterian church, of small consideration, at "the forks of Neshamina," (he had been ordained a churchman) where he opened a school for teaching the languages, &c. There he formed many of the youth of early renown. From its celebrity among us, it received the popular name of the "Log College." He died in 1743, and was buried there. His four sons all became clergymen, well known to most readers, especially his sons Gilbert and William;

the former was remarkable for his ardour in Whitfield's cause, and the schism he formed in the first Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, which led to the secession and the building of the church on the northwest corner of Third and Arch streets.

In connection with this subject we are to introduce the name of James Logan, Esq., already so favourably known to the public as the patron of learning, in his valuable gift of our public library. As early as 1728 we find him the patron and endower of this "Log College;" for, he then bestows fifty acres of his land there to the above named Rev. William Tennent, his cousin by his mother's side; this to encourage him to prosecute his views and make his residence near us permanent. The early fare of Mr. Tennent accorded with the rude materials of his house and school; for, it appears from the correspondence of James Logan, that he was obliged to procure and send him provisions, at his first settlement, from Philadelphia. Such was the proper *alma mater* of the chief scholars of that early day.

The next school of pre-eminence was that of the Rev. Francis Allison, another Irishman, who came to this country in 1735, and in 1741 opened his school at New London, in Chester county, where he taught the languages, &c. Several clergymen, of subsequent reputation, were educated there. He was zealous and benevolent; and educated some young ministers gratuitously. At one time he resided at Thunder Hill in Maryland, and there educated such men as Charles Thomson, George Reed, Thomas M'Kean, &c.; men who were remarkable in our revolutionary struggle for their abilities and attachment to the cause of their

country. In later life, Mr. Allison became the provost of the college of Philadelphia, and was, when there, accustomed to assist his pupil Doctor Ewing, the pastor of the first Presbyterian church in High street, in occasionally serving his pulpit. He died in 1777, "full of honours and full of years."

In 1750, about the time that the Philadelphia academy and college began to excite public interest and attention, the city council expressed some sense of the subject on their minutes, to wit: A committee report on the advantages to be gained by the erection of an academy and public school, saying, "the youth would receive a good education at home, and be also under the eye of their friends; it would tend to raise able magistrates, &c. It would raise schoolmasters from among the poorer class, to be qualified to serve as such in the country, under recommendation from the academy, and thus prevent the employment of unknown characters, who often prove to be vicious imported servants, or concealed papists; often corrupting the morals of the children." Upon the reading of this report, the board decided, unanimously, to present the trustees towards such a school £200; also £50 per annum to charity schools, for the next five years; also £50 per annum, for five years, for the right of sending one scholar yearly from the charity school to be taught in all the branches of learning taught in said academy.

The city academy, began in 1750, under the exertions and auspices of Doctor Franklin, was originally built for Whitfield's meeting house in 1741; the academy started with a subscription sum of £2600. In 1753, it was created "a college," and in 1779, "the univer-

sity." For further facts concerning "the academy," see that article.

In 1770, a Mr. Griscom advertises his private academy, "free from the noise of the city," at the north end. It may surprise some to learn that this was a long stone building on Front and Water streets, a little above Vine street, being two stories high on Front street, and three stories on Water street, once beautifully situated, when no population was crowded near it, and having a full and open view to the river ; it afterwards stood a desolate neglected looking building, filled with numerous poor tenantry, until a few years ago, bearing with its inmates the name of "the College," although they had long lost the cause of such a name.

This Mr. Griscom may be regarded as the first individual among us who ventured to assume the title of "academy" to any private institution. The simple, unassuming appellation of "school" was the universal name till about the year 1795 ; after that time "academies," "seminaries," "lyceums," "institutes," &c. were perpetually springing up in every quarter among us. Before those days "ladies' academies and misses' boarding schools" were unknown ; boys and girls were accustomed to go to the same schools.

Mr. Horton first started the idea of a separate school for girls, and with it the idea of instructing them in grammar and other learning ; and about the year 1795, Poor's academy for young ladies," in Cherry street, became a place of proud distinction to "finished" females ; and their annual "commencement day" and exhibition in the great churches was an affair of great interest and street parade.

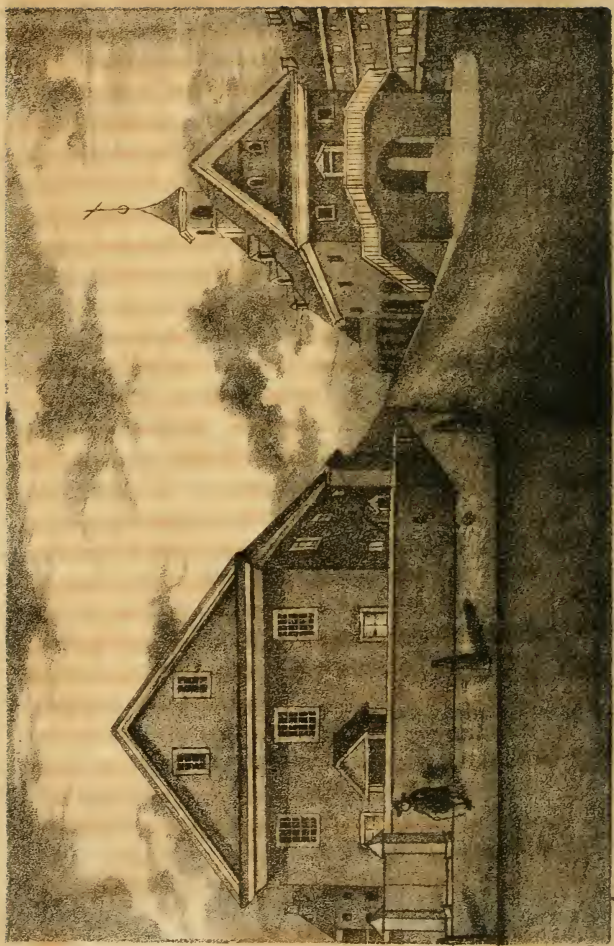
THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

[ILLUSTRATED BY A PLATE.]

THIS venerable building, long divested of its original honours by being appropriated during the years of the present generation to the humble purposes of offices and lumber rooms for city watchmen and clerks of the markets, &c., had long been regarded by many as a rude and undistinguished edifice.

But this structure, diminutive and ignoble as it may now appear to our modern conceptions, was the *chef d'œuvre* and largest endeavour of our pilgrim fathers. Assessments, gifts, and fines, were all combined to give it the amplitude of the "Great Town House," or "Guild Hall," as it was occasionally at first called. In the then general surrounding waste, (having a duck pond on its northern aspect,) it was deemed no ill-graced intrusion to place it in the middle of the intended unencumbered and wide street;—an exception, however, to which it became in early days exposed, by pamphlets, pasquinades, &c. eliciting on one occasion "the second (angry) address of Andrew Marvell," &c.

Before its erection, in 1707, its place was the honoured site of the great town bell, erected upon a mast, whence royal and provincial proclamations, &c. were announced. That bell, now the centenary incumbent of the cupola, could it rehearse its former doings, might, to our ears, "a tale unfold," of times and incidents by-gone, which might wonder-strike our citizens.



'T would tell of things so old, "that history's pages
Contain no records of its early ages!"

Among the relics which I have preserved of this building, is a picturesque view, as it stood in primitive times, having a pillory, prison cage, &c. on its eastern side, and the "great meeting house" of Friends on the south, secluded within its brick wall enclosure, on ground bestowed by the Founder "for truth's and Friends' sake." I have, too, an original MS. paper, giving in detail the whole expenses of the structure, and the payments, "by the penny tax," received for the same, and showing, in that day, a loss of "old currency" of one third, to reduce it to new,—and withal, presenting a curious exhibit of the prices of materials and labour in that early day—such as bricks at 29s. 6d. per m., and bricklaying at 14s. per m., making, in all, an expense of 616*l*. Samuel Powell, who acquired so much wealth by city property, was the carpenter.

The window casements were originally constructed with little panes set in leaden frames; and the basement story, set on arches, had one corner for an auction room, and the remainder was occupied by the millers and their meal, and by the linen and stocking makers from Germantown. Without the walls, on the western side, stood some moveable shambles, until superseded, in 1720, by a short brick market house.

We have long since transferred our affections and notices to its successor, (the now celebrated "Hall of Independence," i. e. our present State house,) now about to revive its fame under very cheering auspices; but, this town house was once the national hall of legis-

lation and legal learning. In its chambers sat our colonial assemblies ; there they strove nobly and often for the public weal ; opposing themselves against the royal prerogatives of the governors ; and though often defeated in their enactments by royal vetos or the board of trade, returning to their efforts under new forms and titles of enactment, till they worried kingly or proprietary power into acquiescence or acknowledgment. Within those walls were early cherished those principles of civil liberty, which, when matured, manifested themselves in the full spirit of our national independence. Here David Lloyd and Sir William Keith agitated the assemblies as leaders of the opposition, combining and plotting with their colleagues, and forming cabals that were not for the good of the people nor of the proprietaries. Here Isaac Norris was almost perpetually president, being, for his popularity and excellence, as necessary an appendage of colonial enactments as was the celebrated Abram Newland to the paper currency of England. Here came the governors in state to make their " speeches." On some occasions they prepared here great feasts to perpetuate and honour such rulers, making the tables, on which they sometimes placed their own squibs and plans of discord, become the festive board of jocund glee and happy union. From the balcony in front, the newly arrived or installed governors made their addresses to the cheering populace below. On the steps, depending formerly from the balcony on either side, tustled and worried the fretted electors ; ascending by one side to give in their votes at the door of the balcony, and thence descending southward on the opposite side. On the ad-

jacent ground occurred "the bloody election" of 1742—a time, when the sailors, coopers, &c. combined to carry their candidates by exercise of oaken clubs, to the great terror and scandal of the good citizens—when some said Judge Allen set them on, and others that they were instigated by young Emlen; but the point was gained—to drive "the Norris partisans" from "the stairs," where, as they alleged, they "for years kept the place," to the exclusion of other voters. I have in my possession several caricatures, intended to traduce and stigmatise the leaders in those days. Two of them, of about the year 1765, give the election groups at the stairs and in the street; and appended to the grotesque pictures, pro and con, are many verses:—One is called, "the Election Medley and Squire Lilliput," and the other is, "the Counter Medley and Answer to the Dunces." In these we see many of the ancestors of present respectable families, portrayed in ludicrous and lampooned characters. Now the combatants all rest in peace; and if the scandal was revived, it would be much more likely to amuse than to offend the families interested. Then arrests, indictments, and trials ensued for the inglorious "riot," which kept "the towne" in perpetual agitation. A still greater but more peaceful crowd surrounded that balcony, when Whitfield, the eloquent pulpit orator, stirred and affected the crowd below, raising his voice "to be readily heard by boatmen on the Delaware!—"praising faith," and "attacking works," and good Bishop Tillotson, and incensing the papists among us greatly. The Friends, in many instances, thought him "not in sober mood"—and, among themselves, imputed much of his influence on

the minds of the unstable "to priestcraft, although in himself a very clever conversable man." From the same stand, stood and preached one Michael Welfare, "one of the Christian philosophers of Conestoga," having a linen hat, a full beard, and his pilgrim staff, declaring himself sent to announce the vengeance of the Almighty against the guilty province, and selling his "warning voice" for 4d.

Such were the various uses to which this Towne House was appropriated, until the time of "the new State house," erected in 1735; after which, this before venerated hall was supplanted, and degraded to inferior purposes; but long, very long, it furnished the only chambers for the courts of the province. There began the first lawyers to tax their skill to make "the worse appear the better cause,"—enrolling on its first page of fame the names of David Lloyd, Samuel Herset, Mr. Clark, Patrick Robinson, the renter of the first "hired prison," and Mr. Pickering, for aught we now know, the early counterfeiter. Then presided judges "quite scrupulous to take or administer oaths," and "some, for conscience sake," refusing Penn their services after their appointment. In after times, John Ross and Andrew Hamilton divided the honours of the bar—the latter, in 1735, having gone to New York to manage the cause of poor Zenger, the persecuted printer, (by the governor and council there,) gave such signal satisfaction to the city rulers and people, that the corporation conferred on him the freedom of the city, "in an elegant golden snuff box with many classical allusions." Descending in the scale to later times, and before the revolution, we find such names, there schooled to their

future and more enlarged practice, as Wilson, Sergeant, Lewis, Edward Biddle, George Ross, Reed, Chew, Galloway, &c. This last had much practice, became celebrated in the war for his union to Sir William Howe when in Philadelphia, suffered the confiscation of his estate, and, when in England, wrote publicly to disparage the inefficient measures of his friend the general, in subduing "the unnatural rebellion" of his countrymen. These men have long since left their renown, and "gone to their reward," leaving only, as a connecting link with the bar of the present day, such men as Judge Peters and William Rawle, Esq. to give us passing recollections of what they may have seen most conspicuous and interesting in their manners or characters as public pleaders.

Finally, "the busy stir of man," and the rapid growth of the "busy mart," has long since made it a necessary remove of business from the old court house. Surrounding commerce has "choked up the loaded street with foreign plenty." But, while we discard the venerable pile from its former ennobling services, let us strive to cherish a lively remembrance of its departed glory, and with it associate the best affections due to our pilgrim ancestors,—though disused, not forgotten.

The following facts will serve still further to enlarge and illustrate the leading history of the building, to wit :

High street, since called Market street, was never intended for a market place by Penn. Both it and the court house, and all public buildings, as we are told by Oldmixon, were intended to have been placed at the Centre Square. When the court house was actually

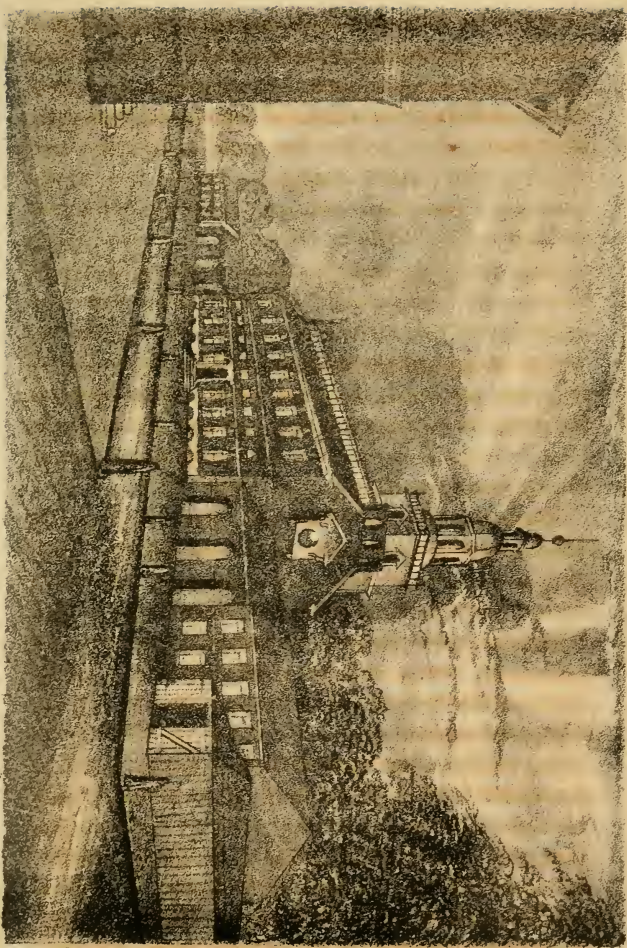
placed at Second and High streets, they were complained of by some as an infraction of the city scheme, and as marring its beauty. Proud calls it and the market buildings "a shameful and inconvenient obstruction."

STATE HOUSE AND YARD.

THIS distinguished building was begun in the year 1729, and finished in the year 1734. The amplitude of such an edifice in so early a day, and the expensive interior decorations, are creditable evidences of the liberality and public spirit of the times.

Before the location of the State house, the ground towards Chesnut street was more elevated than now. The grandmother of S. R. Wood remembered it when it was covered with whortleberry bushes. On the line of Walnut street the ground was lower, and was built upon with a few small houses, which were afterwards purchased and torn down, to enlarge and beautify the State house square.

The present aged Thomas Bradford, Esq., who has described it as it was in his youth, says the yard at that time was but about half its present depth from Chesnut street, was very irregular on its surface, and no attention paid to its appearance. On the Sixth street side, about fifteen to twenty feet from the then brick wall, the ground was sloping one to two feet below the general surface—over that space rested upon the wall a



long shed, which afforded and was used as the common shelter for the parties of Indians occasionally visiting the city on business.* Among such a party, he saw the celebrated old King Hendrick, about the year 1756, not long before he joined Sir William Johnson at Lake George, and was killed.

In the year 1760, the other half square, fronting on Walnut street, was purchased. After pulling down the houses there, among which were old Mr. Townsend's, who lamented over it as a patrimonial gift forced out of his possession by a jury valuation, the whole space was walled in with a high brick wall, and at the centre of the Walnut street wall was a ponderous high gate, and massive brick structure over the top of it, placed there by Joseph Fox. It was ornamental but heavy; *vis a vis* to this gate, the south side of Walnut street, was a considerable space of vacant ground.

About the year 1784, the father of the present John Vaughan, Esq., coming to Philadelphia from England to reside among us, set his heart upon improving and adorning the yard, as an embellishment to the city. He succeeded to accomplish this in a very tasteful and agreeable manner. The trees and shrubbery which he had planted were very numerous and in great variety. When thus improved, it became a place of general resort, as a delightful promenade. Windsor settees and garden chairs were placed in appropriate places, and all, for a while, operated as a charm. It was something

* This shed afterwards became an artillery range, having its front gate of entrance upon Chesnut street.

in itself altogether unprecedented, in a public way, in the former simpler habits of our citizens ; but after some time it became, in the course of the day, to use the language of my informant, Mr. Bradford, the haunt of many idle people and tavern resorters ; and, in the evening, a place of rendezvous to profligate persons ; so that, in spite of public interest to the contrary, it run into disesteem among the better part of society. Efforts were made to restore its lost credit ; the seats were removed, and loungers spoken of as trespassers, &c. ; but the remedy came too late ; good company had deserted it, and the tide of fashion did not again set in its favour.

In later years, the fine elms, planted by Mr. Vaughan, annually lost their leaves by numerous caterpillars, (an accidental foreign importation,) which so much annoyed the visitors, as well as the trees, that they were reluctantly cut down after attaining to a large size. After this, the dull, heavy brick wall was removed to give place to the present airy and more graceful iron palisade. Numerous new trees were planted to supply the place of the former ones removed, and now the place being revived, is returning again to public favour ; but our citizens have never had the taste for promenading public walks, so prevalent in Londoners and Parisians—a subject to be regretted, since the opportunity of indulgence is so expensively provided in this and the neighbouring Washington square.

We come now to speak of the venerable pile, the State house, a place consecrated by numerous facts in our colonial and revolutionary history. Its contemplation fills the mind with numerous associations and local

impressions. Within its walls were once witnessed all the memorable doings of our spirited forefathers—above all, it was made renowned in 1776, as possessing beneath its dome “the Hall of Independence,” in which the representatives of a nation resolved to be “free and independent.”

The general history of such an edifice, destined to run its fame co-extensive with our history, may afford some interest to the reader.

The style of the architecture of the house and steeple was directed by Dr. John Kearsley, sen.—the same amateur who gave the architectural character to Christ church. The carpenter employed was Mr. Edward Wooley. The facts concerning its bell first set up in the steeple, (if we regard its after history,) has something peculiar. It was of itself not a little singular that the bell, when first set up, should, in its colonial character, have been inscribed as its motto—“Proclaim liberty throughout the land, and to all the people thereof!” But it is still stranger, and deserves to be often remembered, that it was the first in Philadelphia, and from the situation of the congress then legislating beneath its peals, it was also the first in the United States, to proclaim, by ringing, the news of “the Declaration of Independence!” The coincidents are certainly peculiar, and could be amplified by a poetic imagination into many singular relations.

This bell was imported from England, in 1752, for the State house; but having met with some accident in the trial ringing, after it was landed, it lost its tones received in the father land, and had to be conformed to ours by a re-casting. This was done under the direc-

tion of Isaac Norris, Esq., the then speaker of the colonial assembly; and to him we are probably indebted for the remarkable motto so indicative of its future use. That it was adopted from Scripture (Lev. 25, 10) may to many be still more impressive, as being also the voice of God—of that great arbiter, by whose signal providences we afterwards attained to that “liberty” and self government, which bids fair to emancipate our whole continent, and in time to influence and meliorate the condition of the subjects of arbitrary government throughout the civilized world.

“The motto of our father-band
Circled the world in its embrace:
’Twas “Liberty throughout the land,
And good to all their brother race!”
Long here—within the pilgrim’s bell
Had linger’d—tho’ it often peal’d—
Those treasur’d tones, that eke should tell
When freedom’s proudest scroll was sealed;
Here the dawn of reason broke
On the trampled rights of man;
And a moral era woke,
Brightest since the world began!
And still shall deep and loud acclaim
Here tremble on its sacred chime;
While e’er the thrilling trump of fame
Shall linger on the pulse of time!”

It was stated in the letters of Isaac Norris, that the bell got cracked by a stroke of the clapper when hung up to try the sound. Pass and Stow undertook to recast it; and on this circumstance Mr. Norris remarks: “They have made a good bell, which pleases me much that we should first venture upon and succeed in the

greatest bell, for aught I know, in English America—surpassing, too, (he says,) the imported one, which was too high and brittle—[sufficiently emblematic!]
—the weight was 2080 lbs.”

At the time the British were expected to occupy Philadelphia, in 1777, the bell, with others, were taken from the city to preserve them from the enemy. At a former period—say 1774—the base of the wood work of the steeple was found in a state of decay, and it was deemed advisable to take it down, leaving only a small belfry to cover the bell for the use of the town clock. It so continued until the past year ; when public feeling being much in favour of restoring the venerated building to its former character, (as seen when it became the Hall of Independence,) a new steeple was again erected as much like the former as circumstances would admit. The chamber in which the representatives signed the memorable declaration, on the eastern side, first floor, we are sorry to add, is not in the primitive old style of wainscotted and pannelled grandeur in which it once stood in appropriate conformity with the remains still found in the great entry and stairway. To remove and destroy these, made a job for some of the former sapient commissioners, but much to the chagrin of men of taste and feeling, who felt, when La Fayette possessed that chamber (five years ago) as his appropriate hall of audience, that it was robbed of half its associations.* For that eventful occasion, and duly to honour “the nation’s guest,” (who cordially invited all

* We are glad to add, that the whole of *the original form* has been lately restored.

our citizens to visit him,) all the former interior furniture of benches and forms occupying the floor were removed, and the whole area was richly carpeted and furnished with numerous mahogany chairs, &c.

To revert back to the period of the revolution, when that hall was consecrated to perpetual fame, by the decisive act of the most talented and patriotic convention of men that ever represented our country, brings us to the contemplation of those hazards and extremities which "tried men's souls." Their energies and civic virtues were tested in the deed. Look at the sign manual in their signatures; not a hand faltered—no tremor affected any but Stephen Hopkins, who had a natural infirmity.* We could wish to sketch with picturesque effect the honoured group who thus sealed the destinies of a nation. The genius of Trumbull has done this so far as canvass could accomplish it. Another group, formed solely of citizens, was soon afterwards assembled by public call, to hear the declaration read in the State house yard by Captain John Hopkins of the navy, who stood upon a small observatory, supposed to be the same erected there to observe the transit of Venus, in 1769.

When the regular sessions of the assembly were held in the State house, the senate occupied upstairs, and the lower house in the same chamber since called the Hall of Independence. In the former, Anthony Morris is remembered as speaker, occupying an elevated chair facing the north—himself a man of amiable mien, con-

* Their plain and fairly legible hands might shame the modern affectation of many who make signatures not to be read.

templative aspect, dressed in a suit of drab cloth, flaxen hair slightly powdered, and his eyes fronted with spectacles. The representative chamber had George Latimer for speaker, seated with face to the west—a well formed, manly person; “his fair large front and eye sublime declared absolute rule.”

The most conspicuous persons which struck the eye of a lad, were Mr. Coolbaugh, a member from Berks, called the Dutch giant, from his great amplitude of stature and person; and Doctor Michael Leib, the active democratic member—a gentleman of much personal beauty, always fashionably dressed, and seen often moving to and fro in the house, to hold his converse with other members.

But these halls of legislation and court uses were not always restricted to grave debate and civil rule. It sometimes (in colonial days) served the occasion of generous banqueting, and the consequent hilarity and jocund glee. In the long gallery upstairs, where Peale afterwards had his museum, the long tables have been sometimes made to groan with their long array of bountiful repast. I shall mention some such occasions, to wit:

In September, 1736, soon after the edifice was completed, his Honour William Allen, Esq., the mayor, made a feast at his own expense, at the State house, to which all strangers of note were invited. The Gazette of the day says, “All agree that for excellency of fare, and number of guests, it was the most elegant entertainment ever given in these parts.”

In August, 1756, the assembly, then in session, on the occasion of the arrival of the new governor, Denny,

gave him a great dinner at the State house, at which were present "the civil and military officers and clergy of the city."

In March, 1757, on the occasion of the visit of Lord Loudon, as commander in chief of the king's troops in the colonies, the city corporation prepared a splendid banquet at the State house, for himself and General Forbes, then commander at Philadelphia, and southward, together with the officers of the royal Americans, the governor, gentlemen strangers, civil officers, and clergy.

Finally, in 1774, when the first congress met in Philadelphia, the gentlemen of the city, having prepared them a sumptuous entertainment at the State house, met at the City tavern, and thence went in procession to the dining hall, where about 500 persons were feasted, and the toasts were accompanied by music and great guns.

For many years the public papers of the colony, and afterwards of the city and state, were kept in the east and west wings of the State house, without any fire proof security as they now possess. From their manifest insecurity, it was deemed expedient, about nine years ago, to pull down those former two story brick wings, and to supply their place by those which are now there. In former times, such important papers as rest with the prothonotaries were kept in their offices at their family residences. Thus Nicholas Biddle long had his in his house, one door west of the present Farmers and Mechanics Bank, in Chesnut street; and Edward Burd had his in his office, up a yard in Fourth street below Walnut street.

In pulling down the western wing, Mr. Grove, the master mason, told me of several curious discoveries made under the foundation, in digging for the present cellars. Close by the western wall of the State house, at the depth of four or five feet, he came to a keg of excellent flints; the wood was utterly decayed, but the impression of the keg was distinct in the loam ground. Near to it he found, at the same depth, the entire equipments of a sergeant—a sword, musket, cartouch-box, buckles, &c.; the wood being decayed, left the impressions of what they had been. They also dug up, close by the same, as many as one dozen bomb shells filled with powder. And two of these, as a freak of the mason's lads, are now actually walled into the new cellar wall on the south side. But for this explanation, a day may yet come when such a discovery might give circulation to another Guy Faux and gunpowder plot story.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

OUR city, justly fond of her pre-eminence as the home of the founders of an important state, has also the superadded glory of possessing within her precincts the primitive edifice in which the great national concerns of this distinguished republic were commenced and sustained. The small building of but twelve feet front, now occupied as a small shop for vending cakes

and children's trifles, was once the office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs. From that humble looking bureau were once fulminated those determined and national resolves which made our foreign foes to cower, and secured our independence among the nations: "Though small our means, great were our measures and our end!"

From the contemplation of such a lowly structure, so seemingly disproportionate to our present great attainments, ("a generation more refined improved the simple plan!") the mind recurs back instinctively to those other primitive days, when the energies of the pilgrim founders were in like manner restricted within the narrow bounds of "Lætitia Court," and within the walls of "Lætitia House," on which occasion, Penn's letter of 1687, (in my possession,) recommends "a change of the offices of state, from his cottage, to quarters more commodious."

The "Office for Secretary of Foreign Affairs," under present consideration, is the same building now on the premises of P. S. Duponceau, Esq. situate on the eastern side of South Sixth street, No. 13—a house appropriately owned by such a possessor; for, in it, he, who came as a volunteer to join our fortunes, and to aid our cause, as a captain under Baron Steuben, became afterwards one of the under secretaries to our minister of foreign relations, and in that building gave his active and early services. In the years 1782 and 1783, under that humble roof, presided as our then secretary for foreign affairs, the Hon. Robert R. Livingston. Up stairs, in the small front room facing the

street, sat that distinguished personage, wielding by his mind and pen the destinies of our nation.

Mr. Duponceau, from whom I have derived much of these facts, which passed under his immediate observation, has occasionally delighted himself and me in describing, with good humoured emotion and picturesque delineation, the various scenes which have there occasionally occurred, and the great personages who have frequently clambered up the dark and narrow winding stairs, to make their respects to or their negotiations with the representative of the nation—such as the Marquis La Fayette, Count Rochambeau, the Duke de Lauzan, Count Dillon, Prince Guemenée, &c. Our own great men, such as Madison, Morris, Hamilton, Mifflin, &c. were visitors of course. After the peace, in the same small upper chamber, were received the homage of the British General Allured Clark, and the famous Major Hanger, once the favourite of the late George IV.

This frail fabric, in veneration of its past services, (though a thing now scarcely known to our citizens as a matter “in common parlance,”) is devoted, during the life of its present generous and feeling owner, “to remain (as he says) a proud monument of the simplicity of the founders of our revolution.” It is, in truth, as deserving of encomium for its humble moderation, as was the fact, renowned in history, respecting the republic of the Netherlands in her best days, when her grand pensionary, Heinsius, was deemed superlatively ennobled, because he walked the streets of the Hague with only a single servant, and sometimes with even none. Quite as worthy of memorial was the equivalent fact,

that our then venerable president of congress, the Hon. Samuel Huntingdon, together with Mr. Duponceau, often made their breakfast on whortleberries and milk. On such occasions, the president has facetiously remarked:—"What now, Mr. Duponceau, would the princes of Europe say, could they see the first magistrate of this great country at his frugal repast!"

Long may our sons remember and respect these facts of our generous and devoted forefathers. And long may the recollection of the memorable deeds of this house—

"—————a great example stand, to show,
How strangely high endeavours may be blest!"

THEATRES.

MUCH opposition was originally made to the introduction of theatrical entertainments into Philadelphia, chiefly by the religious part of the community. From this cause, those which were first regularly established opened their houses just beyond the bounds and control of the city officers. Finally, when it was first attempted to set up the Chesnut street theatre in the city, in 1793, great efforts were made by both parties to get up memorials pro and con.

The earliest mention of theatrical performance occurred in the year 1749. Then the recorder reported to the common council, that certain persons had lately

taken upon them to act plays, and, as he was informed, intended to make frequent practice thereof; which, it was to be feared, would be attended with very mischievous effects—such as the encouragement of idleness, and drawing much money from weak and inconsiderate persons. Wherefore the board resolved to bind over the performers to their good behaviour. From the premises, it is probable they were mere home-made pretenders.

In the year 1754, some real Thespians arrived, called “Hallam’s Company,” from London, including Mrs. Hallam and her two sons. In the month of March, they obtained license to act a few plays in Philadelphia, conditioned that they offered nothing indecent or immoral. In April, they opened their “new theatre in *Water street*,” in a store of Wm. Plumstead’s, corner of the first alley above Pine street. Their first entertainment was the *Fair Penitent*, and *Miss in her Teens*—box 6s., pit 4s., and gallery 2s. 6d—said to have been offered “to a numerous and polite audience”—terms of attraction intended for the next play. In the prologue to the first performance, some hints at their *usefulness*, as moral instructors, were thus enforced, to wit :

“Too oft, we own, the stage with dangerous art,
 In wanton scenes, has play’d a syren’s part;
 Yet, if the muse, unfaithful to her trust,
 Has sometimes stray’d from what was pure and just,
 Has she not oft, with awful virtuous rage,
 Struck home at vice, and nobly trod the stage?
 Then as you ’d treat a favourite Fair’s mistake,
 Pray spare her foibles for her virtue’s sake;

And whilst her chastest scenes are made appear,
(For none but such will find admittance here)
The muse's friends, we hope, will join the cause,
And crown our best endeavours with applause."

In the mean time, those who deemed them an evil to society were very busy in distributing pamphlets gratis, if possible to write them down. They continued, however, their plays till the month of July.

We hear nothing of this company again until their return in 1759; they then came in the month of July to a theatre prepared the year before at the southwest corner of Vernon and South streets, called the theatre on "Society Hill." It was there placed on the south side of the city bounds, so as to be out of the reach of city control by city authorities; and "Society Hill" itself was a name only, having no laws. Great efforts were now made by the Friends, and other religious people, to prevent plays even there; much was written and printed pro and con. The Presbyterian synod, in July, 1759, formally addressed the governor and legislature to prevent it. The Friends made their application to Judge William Allen to repress them. His reply was repulsive, saying, he had got more moral virtue from plays than from sermons. As a sequel, it was long remembered that the night the theatre opened, and to which he intended to be a gratified spectator, he was called to mourn the death of his wife. This first built theatre was constructed of wood, and is now standing in the form of three dwelling houses at the corner of Vernon and South streets. The chief players then were Douglass, who married Mrs. Hallam; the two Hallams, her sons; and Misses Cheer and Morris.

Francis Mentges, afterwards an officer in our service, was the dancing performer,—while he danced, he assumed the name of Francis. The motto of the stage was, “Totus mundus agit histriōnem.” F. Mentges had talents above his original profession, and was, in the time of the revolution, esteemed a good officer.

In the course of ten years, these comedians had so far acted themselves into favour as to need more room, and therefore they had got themselves ready, by the year 1760, to open another theatre—a larger building, constructed of wood, situate also in South street, above Fourth street, and still keeping within the line of Southwark and beyond the bounds of city surveillance. The managers were Hallam and Henry.

While the British occupied Philadelphia, they held regular plays in the Southwark theatre, the performers being officers of Howe’s army,—the box tickets at one dollar, and the proceeds used for the widows and orphans of soldiers. Major André and Captain Delancy were the chief scene painters. The waterfall scene, drawn by the former, continued on the curtain as long as that theatre lasted. It was burnt down a few years ago.

When the theatre was erected in Chesnut street in 1793, it received and retained the name of the “New Theatre,” in contradistinction to the Southwark Theatre, which afterwards generally was called the Old Theatre. Mr. Wignell was first manager.

There was a small wooden theatre, about the year 1790, on the wharf up at Noble street; it was turned into a boat shed. “Jack Durang,” as Scaramouch, is

all that is remembered by those who saw the company of that day.

The reminiscences of the "Old Theatre" of 1788 to 1798, as furnished by my friend Lang Syne, are to the following effect, to wit :

The Old Theatre (Southwark) was the only theatre with a regular company, all "stars," in the United States, or at that time in the New World. The building, compared with the new houses, was an ugly ill-contrived affair, outside and inside. The stage lighted by plain oil lamps without glasses. The view from the boxes was intercepted by large square wooden pillars supporting the upper tier and roof.

The stage box on the east side was decorated with suitable emblems for the reception of President Washington, whenever he delighted the audience by his presence ; at which time the Poor Soldier was invariably played by his desire. "Old Hallam" prided himself on his unrivalled Lord Ogleby in the Clandestine Marriage, and Mungo in the Padlock. "Old Henry" was the pride of the place in Irishmen. An anecdote is related of his being one night in a passionate part, and whirling his cane about, when it flew out of his hand into the pit, without doing any damage ; on its being handed to him, he bowed elegantly and said, in character, "Faith, whenever I fly in a passion my cane flies too." Another : that, on being hit with an orange from the gallery, he picked it up, and bowing, said, "That's no Seville (civil) orange."

A gentleman of this city, known familiarly to the inhabitants generally as "Nick Hammond," used to play

for his amusement in Jews. Wignell's Darby was always beheld with raptures. Hodgkinson was the universal favourite in tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce, and was supposed to be one of the best actors of "*All work*" that ever trod the boards. His Robin, in *No Song No Supper*, and Wignell's Darby, in the *Poor Soldier*, were rivals in the public taste, and have never been equalled here. Does none remember? About this time Wignell and Reinagle being about to build a new theatre, the corner stone of which had been laid at the northwest corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets, and Wignell having started "for England," to beat up for theatrical forces, Hallam and Henry made arrangements to retire from "Old South" to New York, where an immense pile of stone work was put up opposite the Park for their reception as a theatre. The old company went out, and the new company came into public notice, in the winter of 1793. The only house on the "tother side of the gutter" at the time, was Oeller's Hotel, which was fired by flames from Ricketts' circus, (erected some years afterwards,) and both were burnt to the ground one evening.

INDIANS.

“—————A swarthy tribe—
Slipt from the secret hand of Providence,
They come, we see not how, nor know we whence;
That seem'd created on the spot—though born,
In transatlantic climes, and thither brought,
By paths as covert as the birth of thought!”

THERE is in the fate of these unfortunate beings, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment, much in their characters to incite our involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history! By a law of their nature, they seem destined to a slow but sure extinction. Every where, at the approach of the white man they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn; and themselves, like “the sear and yellow leaf,” are gone for ever!

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury under misconceptions of duty, neither did they forget kindness—

“Faithful alike to friendship or to hate.”

If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they now? Perished, consumed!

“—————The glen or hill,
Their cheerful whoop has ceas'd to thrill!”

The Indians were always the friends of Miquon, of Onas—of our forefathers ! It was their greatest pleasure to cultivate mutual good will and kindness. “None ever entered the cabin of Logan hungry, and he gave him no meat ; or cold, or naked, and he gave him no clothes.” Grateful hearts must cherish kindly recollections of a too often injured race. We are therefore disposed, as Pennsylvanians, to treasure up some few of the facts least known of them, in the times by-gone of our annals.

We begin with their primitive character and habits, as seen by William Penn, and told in his letter of August, 1683, to the Free Society of Traders.

The natives I shall consider in their persons, language, manners, religion, and government, with my sense of their original. For their persons, they are generally tall, straight, well-built, and of singular proportion ; they tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with a lofty chin. Of complexion, black, but by design ; as the gypsies in England. They grease themselves with bear’s fat clarified ; and using no defence against sun or weather, their skins must needs be swarthy. Their eye is little and black, not unlike a straight-looking Jew. The thick lip, and flat nose, so frequent with the East Indians and blacks, are not common to them ; for I have seen as comely European-like faces among them, as on your side the sea ; and truly an Italian complexion hath not much more of the white, and the noses of several of them have as much of the Roman.

Of their customs and manners, there is much to be said ; I will begin with children. So soon as they are born, they wash them in water ; and while very young,

and in cold weather, they plunge them in the rivers, to harden and embolden them. The children will go very young, at nine months commonly ; if boys, they go a fishing till ripe for the woods, which is about fifteen ; then they hunt, and after having given some proofs of their manhood, by a good return of skins, they may marry ; else it is a shame to think of a wife. The girls stay with their mothers, and help to hoe the ground, plant corn, and carry burdens ; and they do well to use them to that young, which they must do when they are old ; for the wives are the true servants of the husbands : otherwise the men are very affectionate to them.

Their houses are mats, or bark of trees, set on poles, in the fashion of an English barn ; but out of the power of the winds, for they are hardly higher than a man ; they lie on reeds, or grass. In travel they lodge in the woods, about a great fire, with the mantle of duffils they wear by day wrapt about them, and a few boughs stuck round them.

Their diet is maize, or Indian corn, divers ways prepared ; sometimes roasted in the ashes ; sometimes beaten and boiled with water, which they call *homine* ; they also make cakes, not unpleasant to eat. They have likewise several sorts of beans and pease, that are good nourishment ; and the woods and rivers are their larder.

If an European comes to see them, or calls for lodging at their house or wigwam, they give him the best place and first cut. If they come to visit us, they salute us with an *Itah* ; which is as much as to say, *Good be to you*, and set them down ; which is mostly on the ground, close to their heels, their legs upright ; it may

be they speak not a word, but observe all passages. If you give them any thing to eat or drink, well ; for they will not ask ; and be it little or much, if it be with kindness, they are well pleased, else they go away sullen, but say nothing.

They are great concealers of their own resentments; brought to it, I believe, by the revenge that hath been practised among them.

But, in liberality they excel ; nothing is too good for their friend : give them a fine gun, coat, or other thing, it may pass twenty hands before it sticks ; light of heart, strong affections, but soon spent. The most merry creatures that live, feast and dance perpetually ; they never have much, nor want much : wealth circulateth like the blood ; all parts partake ; and though none shall want what another hath, yet exact observers of property. They care for little, because they want but little ; and the reason is, a little contents them. In this they are sufficiently revenged on us : if they are ignorant of our pleasures, they are also free from our pains. We sweat and toil to live ; their pleasure feeds them ; I mean their hunting, fishing, and fowling ; and this table is spread every where. They eat twice a day, morning and evening ; their seats and table are the ground.

I have compiled from the work of the Swedish traveller, Professor Kalm, his notices of our Indians preceding the year 1748, to wit :

OF THEIR FOOD AND MODE OF LIVING.

Maize, (Indian corn,) some kinds of beans and melons, made up the sum of the Indians' gardening.

Their chief support arose from hunting and fishing. Besides these, the oldest Swedes related that the Indians were accustomed to get nourishment from the following wild plants, to wit :

Hopniss, so called by the Indians, and also by the Swedes, (the *Glycine Apios* of Linnæus,) they found in the meadows. The roots resembled potatoes, and were eaten boiled, instead of bread.

Taw-ho, so called by the Indians and Swedes, (the *Arum Virginicum* or Wake-robin, and poisonous,) grew in moist grounds, and swamps : they ate the root of it. The roots grew to the thickness of a man's thigh ; and the hogs rooted them up and devoured them eagerly. The Indians destroyed their poisonous quality by baking them. They made a long trench in the ground, put in the roots, and covered them with earth, and over them they made a great fire. They tasted somewhat like potatoes.

Taw-kee, so called by the Indians and Swedes, (the *Orontium Aquaticum*,) grew plentifully in moist low grounds. Of these, they used the seeds when dried. These they boiled repeatedly to soften them, and then they ate somewhat like pease. When they got butter or milk from the Swedes, they boiled them together.

Bilberries or whortleberries, (a species of *vaccinium*,) was a common diet among the Indians. They dried them in the sun, and kept them packed as close as currants.

OF THEIR IMPLEMENTS FOR DOMESTIC OR FIELD USE.

The old boilers or kettles of the Indians, were either made of clay, or of different kinds of pot stone (*Lapis Ollaris*). The former consisted of a dark clay, mixed

with grains of white sand or quartz, and probably burnt in the fire. Many of these kettles had two holes in the upper margin ; on each side one, through which they passed a stick, and held therewith the kettle over the fire. It is remarkable, that none of these pots have been found glazed, either inside or outside. A few of the old Swedes could remember to have seen the Indians use such pots to boil their meat in. They were made sometimes of a greenish, and sometimes of a grayish pot stone ; and some were made of another species of a pyrous stone. They were very thin. Mr. Bartram, the botanist, showed him an earthen pot, which had been dug up at a place where the Indians had lived—on the outside it was much ornamented. Mr. Bartram had also several broken pieces. They were all made of mere clay, in which were mixed, according to the convenience of the makers, pounded shells of snails and muscles, or of crystals found in the mountains ; it was plain they did not burn them much, because they could be cut up with a knife. Since the Europeans have come among them, they disuse them, and have even lost the art of making them. [All these remarks much accord with the speculations which I have preserved on this subject, respecting the potteries found in the *tumuli* in the western countries.]

The hatchets of the Indians were made of stone, somewhat of the shape of a wedge. This was notched round the biggest end, and to this they affixed a split stick for a handle, bound round with a cord. These hatchets could not serve, however, to cut any thing like a tree ; their means, therefore, of getting trees for canoes, &c. was to put a great fire round the roots of a

big tree to burn it off, and with a swab of rags on a pole to keep the tree constantly wet above, until the fire below burnt it off. When the tree was down, they laid dry branches on the trunk and set fire to it, and kept swabbing that part of the tree which they did not want to burn ; thus the tree burnt a hollow in one place only ; when burnt enough, they chipt or scraped it smooth inside with their hatchets, or sharp flints, or sharp shells.

Instead of knives, they used little sharp pieces of flints or quartz, or a piece of sharpened bone.

At the end of their arrows they fastened narrow angulated pieces of stone ; these were commonly flints or quartz. I have such, as well as hatchets, in my possession. Some made use of the claws of birds and beasts.

They had stone pestles of about a foot long and five inches in thickness ; with these they pounded their maize. Many had only wooden pestles. The Indians were astonished beyond measure when they saw the first wind-mills to grind grain. They were, at first, of opinion that not the wind, but spirits within them gave them their momentum. They would come from a great distance, and sit down for days near them, to wonder and admire at them !

The old tobacco pipes were made of clay or pot stone, or serpentine stone—the tube thick and short. Some were made better, of a very fine red pot stone, and were seen chiefly with the sachems. Some of the old Dutchmen at New York preserved the tradition, that the first Indians seen by the Europeans made use of copper for their tobacco pipes, got from the second

river near Elizabethtown. In confirmation of this, it was observed that the people met with holes worked in the mountains, out of which some copper had been taken; and they even found some tools which the Indians probably used for the occasion. They used birds' claws instead of fishinghooks; the Swedes saw them succeed in this way.

Mr. Kalm, who, the reader may observe, was very curious and minute in all his investigations, has given a full catalogue of all the trees and plants he saw in Pennsylvania; and to these he has often affixed a variety of medical uses to which they were applied by the primitive inhabitants; and also the colours to which many of them were adapted as dyes. It is sufficient for my purpose to mention the fact, and to conclude with an unreserved confession of my gratification in having found so competent a chronicler of the incidents of the olden time.

The Indians whom we usually call Delawares, because first found about the regions of the Delaware river, never used that name among themselves; they called themselves *Lenni Lenape*, which means, "*the original people*"—*Lenni* meaning *original*—whereby they expressed they were an *unmixed* race, who had never changed their character since the creation;—in effect, they were primitive *sons of Adam*, and others were sons of the curse, as of Ham, or of the outcast Ishmael, &c.

They, as well as the *Mengwe*, (called by us *Iroquois*), agreed in saying they came from westward of the Mississippi—called by them *Namæsi Sipu*, or river of fish—and that when they came over to the eastern side of that

river, they there encountered and finally drove off all the former inhabitants, called the *Alligewi*—(and of course the *primitives* of all our country)—who, probably, such as survived, sought refuge in *Mexico*.

From these facts we may learn, that however unjustifiable, in a moral sense, may be the aggressions of our border men, yet on the rule of the *lex talionis* we may take refuge and say, we only drive off or dispossess *those* who were themselves *encroachers*, even as all *our* Indians, as above stated, were.

The Indians called the Quakers, *Quekels*, and “the English,” by inability of pronouncing it, they sounded *Yengees*; from whence, probably, we have now our name of Yankees. In their own language they called the English *Saggenah*.

The last of the *Lenape*, nearest resident to Philadelphia, died in Chester county, in the person of “Old Indian Hannah,” in 1803. She had her wigwam many years upon the Brandywine, and used to travel much about in selling her baskets, &c. On such occasions, she was often followed by her dog and her pigs—all stopping where she did. She lived to be nearly a hundred years of age—had a proud and lofty spirit to the last,—hated the blacks, and scarcely brooked the lower orders of the whites. Her family before her had dwelt with other Indians in Kennet township. She often spoke emphatically of the wrongs and misfortunes of her race, upon whom her affections still dwelt. As she grew old, she quitted her solitude, and dwelt in friendly families.

A person visiting her cabin, on the farm of Humphrey Marshall, thus expressed his emotions :

“ Was this the spot, where Indian Hannah’s form
Was seen to linger, weary, worn with care ?
Yes,—that rude cave was once the happy home
Of Hannah, last of her devoted race ;
But she too, now, has sunk into the tomb,
And briars and thistles wave above the place.”

INDIAN VISITS TO THE CITY.

From a very early period it was the practice of Indian companies occasionally to visit the city—not for any public business, but merely to buy, and sell, and look on. On such occasions they usually found their shelter, for the two or three weeks which they remained, about the State house yard.* There they would make up baskets, and sell them to the visitors, from the ash strips which they brought with them. Before the revolution, such visits were frequent, and after that time they much diminished, so that now they are deemed a rarity.

Such of the Indians as came to the city on public service, were always provided for in the east wing of the State house, upstairs, and at the same time their necessary support there was provided for by the government.

Old people have told me, that the visits of Indians were so frequent as to excite but little surprise ; their squaws and children generally accompanied them. On such occasions they went abroad much in the streets, and would any where stop to shoot at marks, of small

* There was a shed constructed for them along the western wall ; under it was sheltered for some time, as old Thomas Bradford has told me, old King Hendricks and a party of his warriors, just before they went to join Sir William Johnson at Lake George.

coin, set on the tops of posts. They took what they could so hit with their arrows.

On the 6th of 6 mo. 1749, there was at the State house an assemblage of 260 Indians, of eleven different tribes, assembled there with the governor to make a treaty. The place was extremely crowded; and Canaswetigo, a chief, made a long speech. There were other Indians about the city at the same time, making together probably 4 to 500 Indians at one time. The same Indians remained several days at Logan's place, in his beech woods.

As the country increased in population, they changed their public assemblages to frontier towns—such as Pittsburg and Easton for Pennsylvania, and Albany for New York, &c.

They once hung an Indian at Pegg's run, at the junction of Cable lane. The crowd assembled there stood on the hill. He had committed murder. Old Mrs. Shoemaker and John Brown told me of this fact, and said the place afterwards took the name of "Gallows Hill" for a long while. In my youthful days, Calowhill street was often called Gallowshill street.

INDIAN ALARMS AND MASSACRE.

The defeat of Braddock's army in 1755, near Pittsburg, seems to have produced great excitement and much consternation among the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, even within a present day's journey from Philadelphia. Fifty thousand pounds was voted by the legislature to raise additional troops. The people at and about Carlisle were in great alarm as frontier inhabitants; and Colonel Dunbar, who had the command of

the retreating army, was earnestly besought to remain on the frontier, and not to come on to Philadelphia, as he soon afterwards did, to seek for winter quarters. He was nicknamed "Dunbar the tardy."

To give an idea how thin the settlement of our country was at that time, it may serve to say, that such near counties as Northampton and Berks experienced the ravages of the scalping knife, by predatory parties. From Easton to fifty miles above it, the whole country was deserted, and many murders occurred. Easton town, and the Jerseys opposite, were filled with the terrified inhabitants. Some skulking Indians were seen about Nazareth and Bethlehem. The gazettes of the time have frequent extracts of letters from persons in the alarmed districts. Philadelphia itself was full of sympathetic excitement. The governor, for instance, communicates to the assembly, that he has heard that as many as 1500 French and Indians are actually encamped on the Susquehannah, only thirty miles above the present Harrisburg. Some were at Kittochtinny Hills, eighty miles from Philadelphia. The burnings and scalplings at the Great Cove were general. At Tulpehocken the ravages were dreadful: one little girl, of six years of age, was found alive, with her scalp off! The Irish settlement at the Great Cove was entirely destroyed.

It may give some idea of the alarm which these events caused, even on the seaboard, to know, that such was the report received at Bohemia, in Cecil county, (received by an express from New Castle, and believed,) that 1500 French and Indians had reached Lancaster, and burnt it to the ground, and were proceeding on-

ward. Three companies of infantry, and a troop of cavalry, immediately set off towards Lancaster, and actually reached the head of Elk before they heard any counter intelligence,—to wit, in November, 1755.

So sensitive as the frontier men must have felt, they became jealous, lest the Philadelphians and the assembly were too much under the pacific policy of the Friends to afford them in time the necessary defensive supplies. To move them to a livelier emotion, an expedient of gross character was adopted,—it was, to send on to Philadelphia the bodies of a murdered family! These actually reached Philadelphia in the winter, like frozen venison from their mountains—were paraded through our city, and finally set down before the legislative hall—as *ecce factum!*

It seems much to diminish the idea of time to say, there are now persons alive at Easton, Nazareth, &c. who once witnessed frontier ravages in their neighbourhood, or had their houses filled with refugees; and also persons, still in Philadelphia, who saw that parade of bloody massacre. Thomas Bradford, Esq., now alive, thus writes for me, saying, “I saw, when a boy, in the State house yard, the corpse of a German man, his wife, and grown up son, who were all killed and scalped by the Indians in Shearman’s valley, not many miles from the present seat of government. At that time the Indians marauded all around the blockhouse at Harris’s ferry”—now Harrisburg.

John Churchman, the public Friend, also saw those dead bodies, and has thus spoken of them: “The Indians having burnt several houses on the frontiers, and also at Gradenhutzen in Northampton county, and mur-

dered and scalped some of the inhabitants, two or three of the dead bodies were brought to Philadelphia in a wagon, in the time of the General Meeting of Friends there in December, with intent to animate the people to unite in preparations for war on the Indians. They were carried along the streets, many people following, cursing the Indians, and also the Quakers, because they would not join in war for their destruction. The sight of the dead bodies, and the outcry of the people, were very afflicting and shocking."

With the bodies came the "frontier inhabitants, and surrounding the assembly room, required immediate support."

The excitement in the assembly ran high, between those who resisted and those who advocated means for the emergency. Out door interest, too, at the same time, was great; for the citizens of Philadelphia offer, by subscription, and by proclamation, 700 dollars for the heads of Shingas and Captain Jacobs, Delaware chiefs—gone over to the interests of their enemies. Among the wonders of that day for us now to contemplate, but of little notoriety then, was the presence of "Colonel Washington," on a mission from Virginia concerning the Indians. Little did he, or any of them of that colonial day, regard him as the future president of a new and great nation.

In the next year, the scourge fell heavy upon the Indians; for Colonel Armstrong burnt their town, and destroyed their people at Kittaning—a great affair in that day. To commemorate it, a medal was struck, and swords and plate were distributed at the expense of the city to the officers, &c.

As a closing article to these Indian recitals, we know of nothing so striking in the contrast between the present and the past, as the affecting narrative, published by Crooshank in 1784, of the capture of the *Gilbert family*, (of fourteen persons,) formerly of Byberry township, seized and borne off by eleven Indians, *as late as the year 1780*, from their residence on the Mahony creek, running into the Lehigh, in Northampton county, and thence making their unmolested journey of five hundred miles, in twenty-six days, to Niagara! When we reflect that this fact occurred on this side of the now celebrated Mauch Chunk coal mines, within a present day's ride of Philadelphia; and consider that their home then was as "*frontier settlers*;" that their houses and mills could be then burnt down in full daylight, without any neighbours to be alarmed and to rescue them; we cannot but perceive and wonder at the subsequent advances in cultivation and improvement, through all the intermediate country. Then it was almost universally an uncultivated wilderness, and now enlivened every where with prosperous villages and towns, and enriched with fruitful fields. The whole country is now traversed with turnpikes and canals, and the travelling routes animated with a busy population. Truly the rapid transition from our "*wilderness state*," to "*the garden and the fruitful field*," *is wonderful*. Even while I write, some of the family, so captured, *are still alive*; and one of them, whom I saw lately in Byberry, full of animation and health, talked over the incidents of their three years' absence in captivity, with most heart-stirring sensibility. Truly it is strange to talk of captives—still among us—so

near our present homes, even while our country, to the present generation, looks as if it had been settled and improved for ages.

THE PAXTANG BOYS AND INDIAN MASSACRE.

This was a story of deep interest and much excitement in its day, the year 1764. It long remained quite as stirring and affecting, as a tale of woe or of terror, as any of the recitals, in more modern times, of the recollections of that greater event, the war of independence. The Indians, on whom the outrage was committed by those memorable outlaws, were friendly, unoffending, Christian Indians, dwelling about the country in Lancaster county, and the remnant of a once greater race, even in that neighbourhood where they had been so cruelly afflicted : for instance, in 1701, a letter of Isaac Norris, (preserved in the Logan MSS.) speaks thus, to wit : "I have been to Susquehanna, where I met the governor ; we had a roundabout journey, and well traversed the wilderness ; we lived nobly at the king's *palace in Conostogoe.*" "They once had there (says J. Logan) a considerable towne," called Indian town.

In 1764, under an alarm of intended massacre, fourteen being previously killed on Conestogoe, the Indians took shelter in Lancaster, and for their better security they were placed under the bolts and bars of the prison ; but at mid-day a party on horseback, from the country, rode through the streets to the prison, and there forcibly entered and killed unresisting men and women on the spot ! The citizens of Lancaster were much blamed for so tamely suffering such a breach of their peace. Nothing was there done to apprehend the perpetrators. In

the mean time, other Indians in amity with us, hearing of the cruelty to their brethren, sought refuge in Philadelphia, which when the Paxtang boys knew, being excited to more daring and insolence by their former sufferance, like blood-hounds, stimulated to a passion for more blood by the previous taste, they forthwith resolved on marching down to Philadelphia to destroy the remainder of the afflicted race, and to take vengeance also on all their friends and abettors there. They were undoubtedly Christian professors, used Bible phrases, talked of God's commanded vengeance on the heathen, and that the saints should inherit the earth, &c. They had even writers to plead their religious cause in Philadelphia!!!

The news of their approach, which outrun them, was greatly magnified; so that "every mother's son and child" were half crazed with fear, and even the men looked for a hard and obstinate struggle; for even among their own citizens there were not wanting of those who, having been incensed by the late Indian war, thought almost any thing too good for an Indian. The Paxtang boys, to the amount of several hundred, armed with rifles, and clothed with hunting shirts, affecting the rudest and severest manners, came in two divisions as far as Germantown, and the opposite bank of the Schuylkill, where they finally entered into affected negotiations with the citizens, headed by Benjamin Franklin, and returned home, terrifying the country as they went.

In the mean time the terrified Indians sought their refuge in Philadelphia, having with them their Moravian minister. They were at first conducted to the barracks

in the Northern Liberties by the order of the governor. But the Highlanders there refused them shelter ; and the Indians stood several hours exposed to the revilings of scoffers. This was in the cold of December. They were thence sent to Province Island, afterwards by boats to League Island ; then they were recalled and sent to New York. In returning through Philadelphia they held their worship and took their breakfast in the Moravian church in Bread street. William Logan, and Joseph Fox, the barrack master, who gave them blankets, accompanied them as far as Trenton. A company of seventy Highlanders were their guard as far as Amboy, where they were stopt by orders from General Gage ; they then returned back to the Philadelphia barracks. The alarm of the Paxtang boys being near, at night too, the city is voluntarily illuminated ; alarm bells ring, and citizens run for arms, and hasten to the barracks ! Many young Quakers joined the defenders at the barracks, where they quickly threw up intrenchments. Dr. Franklin, and other gentlemen who went out to meet the leaders, brought them into the city, that they might point out among the Indians the alleged guilty ; but they could show none. They, however, perceived that the defence was too formidable, and they affected to depart satisfied.

The Indians remained there several months, and held regular Christian worship. In time they were greatly afflicted with small-pox, and fifty-six of their number now rest among the other dead, beneath the surface of the beautiful " Washington Square."

In the spring, these Indians were conducted by Moravian missionaries, via Bethlehem and Wyoming, and

made their settlement on the Susquehanna, near to Wyalusing creek. There they ate wild potatoes in a time of scarcity.

No good succeeded to the wretches. They were well remembered by old Mr. Wright, long a member in the Assembly from Columbia. He used to tell at Charles Norris's, where he staid in session time, that he had survived nearly the whole of them, and that they generally came to untimely or suffering deaths.

MISCELLANEA.

In the year 1755, the votes of the Assembly, vol. 4, gives some proceedings concerning the Shawnese, which show that their chief once held a conference with William Penn, under the great tree at Shackamaxon, a fact to which their talks refer.

About the year 1759, advertisements often appeared in the gazettes, describing children recovered from the Indians, and requesting their friends to come and take them home. Several are described as having sustained some injury; and in many cases can only tell their baptismal names, and the same of their parents.

In 1762, a number of white children, unclaimed, were given up by the Indians at Lancaster, and were bound out by order of the governor.

The gazettes of the year 1768-9, contain such frequent and various recitals of the havoc and cruelties of the incensed Indians on the frontiers, as would, if selected, make quite a book of itself. Of the numerous calamities, Colonel Boquet, who commanded a regiment of Highlanders, and was at Fort du Quesne (Pittsburgh) after the peace of 1763, gives a very affecting recital of

the delivery up to him of all the prisoners surrendered by the Indians. Husbands went hundreds of miles, in hopes of finding lost wives or children. The collection amounted to several hundred ; and the sight of seeing husbands and wives, rushing into each other's arms, and children claimed by their parents, made the joy of all such, extreme ! There was also the mourning of others, who hoped to find relatives ; but neither finding nor hearing of them, made much lamentation. There were also Indians, who had adopted all those persons, and loved them as their children or relatives, and having then to give them up, showed great signs of distress. Some young Indians had become passionately fond of some young women, and some few women had formed attachments for them. The Indians loaded their friends at their departure with their richest gifts ; thus proving they had hearts of tenderness, even to prisoners.

THE PIRATES.

—————A bucaniering race—
The dregs and feculence of every land.

THE story of the pirates had been, in early times, one of deep interest and stirring wonder to our forefathers ; so much so, that the echo of their recitals, far as we have been long since removed from their fears, have not yet ceased to vibrate upon our ears. Who among us of goodly years but has heard something of the names

and piracies of Kid and Blackbeard ! They have indeed much of the mist of antiquity about them ; for none remember the original tales truly, and all have ceased to read, for none know where to find, the book of “the History of the Pirates,” as published by William Bradford, in New York, in 1724. That book I have never been able to procure, although I have some conception of it and its terrifying pictures, as once seen and read by my mother when a child. It had every character of the marvellous, surely, when it contained notices of the lives of two females pirates—even of Mary Reed and Anne Bonny !

CAPTAIN KID.

Captain Kid (Robert) used to be the earliest name of terror along our coast, although I believe he never committed any excesses near our borders, or on our vessels ; but partisans in his name were often named and dreaded. What countryman he was does not appear, but his residence appears to have been in New York before his piracies were known, where he had a wife and child. He most probably had been a successful privateersman, possessing then the friendship of Governor Fletcher, Mr. Nicolls, and Col. Robert Livingston ; the latter of whom recommended him to the crown “as a bold and honest man to suppress the prevailing piracies in the American seas.” It appears on record, at New York, as early as March 1691, that Captain Kid then reclaimed a pressed seaman ; and on the 17th of August, of the same year, he is recorded as bringing in his prize and paying the king his tenth, and the governor his fifteenth, of course showing he was once every way a legalised

man among them. His being called "bold," probably arose from numerous acts of successful daring which made his name renowned while on the side of the law, and equally a subject of terror when openly acknowledged a pirate. It appears from a pamphlet of facts in the case, set forth by the friends of the Earl of Bellomont about the year 1702, that Col. Robert Livingston and Captain Kid being both in London in 1694, the former recommended him to the crown officers, and also became his security, by whom he received command of the *Adventure* galley, and sailed from Plymouth in February, 1695. He came out direct to New York,* thence went to Madeira, Madagascar, and the Red sea. In the latter he began his piracies, capturing several vessels, and finally the *Quedah Merchant*, of 400 tons; with her he came back to the West Indies, where leaving her in charge of one Bolton, he came in a sloop† to Long Island sound, and made many deposits on shore. While in the sound he sent one Enmet to the Earl of Bellomont, then transferred from the government at New York to that at Boston, to negotiate terms of reconciliation. The governor assured him of fair treatment, in such terms of equivocacy as ensnared him so far that he landed the first of June, 1699, was then arrested and sent home to England for trial. Finally, he was executed at Execution Dock, the 23d of March,

* The *Modern Universal History* (edition, 1763,) says he left off cruising along New York and New England, because of non success.

† The word sloop often meant a war vessel, without reference to the manner of her rigging.

1704, and so gave rise to the once notable "song of Captain Kid." Col. Livingston again attempted to befriend him after his arrest at Boston, by offering some suggestions for his relief. He was one fifth owner of his original enterprise, in concert with some noblemen in England. The whole was an unofficial adventure of crown officers, possessing, however, the sanction though not the commission of the king. The expedition itself being thus of an anomalous character, excited considerable political enquiry in England, and finally became, after Kid's death, the subject of parliamentary investigation. The particulars more at large have been preserved by me in my MS. book of Historical Collections, given to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Smith's History of New York has some few facts concerning him; see 4to edition, p. 91. A writer at Albany, in modern times, says they had the tradition that Kid once visited Coeymans and Albany; and at a place two miles from the latter it was said he deposited money and treasure in the earth. Two families, now of wealth and respectability, of New York, have been named to me as original settlers at Oyster Bay on Long Island, who became suddenly enriched by their connection with Kid's piracies. The story was, that they deserted from his sloop above mentioned, in the sound, after seeing the treasure deposited; that the chief was arrested, and the expedition destroyed, and they profited by the exclusive gain.

Many incidental facts of that day show that the pirates often had their friends and accomplices on shore, acting not unlike the armed vessels off our coasts in the time

of the French revolution, all of whom seemed to have accurate knowledge of fit prizes to sail, or expected to arrive. The very circumstance of Kid's having a family in New York inferred his family alliances, and perhaps, if we knew all things, we might see, even now, some of his wealthy descendants.

A letter from Jonathan Dickinson, then at Port Royal, dated the 5th of 4mo. 1699, to his wife then in Philadelphia, says, "Many pirates are, and have been upon the coast. About two days since came news of Captain Kid's being upon our coast ; being come from the East Indies with a great booty, but wants provisions. He is in a ship which he took from the natives of those parts, having thirty-odd guns, with twenty-five white men and thirty negroes. There is gone hence, two days since, Ephraim Pilkerton in a sloop well manned to go and take him." Probably the reason of so few men on board the "Quedah" was, that Kid himself was absent in the sloop before mentioned.

An original letter, which I have seen, from John Askew in London, dated 22d of 3 mo. 1701, to Jonathan Dickinson, contains a *post scriptum* intimating the finale of this bold sea-rover—saying, "Captain Kid, with some other pirates are to execute to-morrow at Execution Dock, in Wapping—Kid, to be gibbeted at Tillberry Fort, Gravesend."

As a sequel to the whole, came out the ballad song of Captain Kid, a great rarity in the present day, although the pensive tones are still known to some, and have been latterly revived in much bad taste among the eccentric camp-meeting hymns ; singing, "Farewell ye

blooming youth," &c. For the use of the curious, both the facts and the style of the pirate song are here preserved, from the recollections of an ancient person, to wit :

1. My name was Captain Kid, }
 When I sail'd, when I sail'd, } bis.
 My name was Captain Kid,
 And so wickedly I did,
 God's laws I did forbid }
 When I sail'd, when I sail'd. } bis.
2. My name, &c.
 I roam'd from sound to sound,
 And many a ship I found,
 And them I sunk or burn'd,
 When I sail'd, when I sail'd.
3. My name, &c.
 I murder'd William Moore,
 And laid him in his gore,
 Not many leagues from shore,
 When I sail'd, when I sail'd.
4. My name, &c.
 Farewell to young and old,
 All jolly seamen bold;
 You're welcome to my gold—
 For I must die, I must die.
5. My name, &c.
 Farewell to Lunnon town,
 The pretty girls all round;
 No pardon can be found,
 And I must die, I must die.

6. My name, &c.
Farewell, for I must die,
Then to eternity,
In hideous misery,
I must lie, I must lie.*

BLACKBEARD.

It would appear as if none of the pirates so much agitated the minds of our proper ancestors as Blackbeard; his very name raising ideas of something terrific and cruel. His proper name was Teach, who acquired the *cognomen* as possessing in his person an alarming black beard, probably cherished for purposes of effect to terrify his enemy, and as in full keeping with his black or bloody flag. His depredations in our proper seas were considerably more modern than the piracies of Kid; and after Blackbeard's career was ended in 1718, there were many, as we shall presently show, to succeed him. But we have, however, mention of a piracy, even earlier than Kid's known piracies, even as early as his privateering; for very early in the rise of our infant city, one Brown, of the Assembly, a son-in-law of the deputy governor, Colonel Markham, was refused his seat in the house on his alleged connection with the pirates.† They doubtless found such a defenceless place

* Another piece of ancient ballad poetry, which we should be glad to see, is one called "Blackbeard," which once had a great run in New England; and, if revived, would be doubly enhanced to us, as the earliest poetic effort of Benjamin Franklin when a boy—"Composed and sold about (as he informs us) by himself!" Who has this relic?

† Wilcox Philips, who kept the inn for many years at the east end of the long stone bridge leading to the Kensington market

a ready market to vend some of their spoil, and the naval regulations could have had little or no means to prevent clandestine commerce. The bay and river doubtless furnished them many a secure place in which they could refit, or provide their necessary supplies. Perhaps as jolly sailors, full of money and revelry, they sometimes found places even of welcome, from those who might choose to connive at their real character. We find, as early as 1692, that one Babit and others stole a sloop from Philadelphia for purposes of piracy, and also committed some thefts in the river. It was, however, but a small affair, and yet small as it was, it much excited the town.

In the year 1701, such were the apprehensions from pirates, from their depredations on the sea coast, that watches were appointed to give alarm in Sussex.

Mrs. Bulah Coates, (once Jacquet,) the grandmother of Samuel Coates, Esq., now an aged citizen, told him that she had seen and sold goods to the celebrated Blackbeard, she then keeping a store in High street, No. 77, where Benninghove now owns and dwells, a little west of Second street. He bought freely and paid well. She then knew it was him, and so did some others. But they were afraid to arrest him, lest his crew, when they should hear of it, should avenge his cause, by some midnight assault. He was too politic to bring his vessel or crew within immediate reach ; and at the same time

place, (who would now be about 100 years of age,) told an aged friend of mine that his grandfather, who lived on or about that spot, used to tell him that a pirate had actually wintered his vessel in the Cohocksink creek, a little above that bridge.

was careful to give no direct offence in any of the settlements, where they wished to be regarded as visitors and purchasers, &c.

Blackbeard was also seen at sea by the mother of the late Dr. Hugh Williamson of New York ; she was then in her youth, coming to this country, and their vessel was captured by him. The very aged John Hutton, who died in Philadelphia in 1792, well remembered to have seen Blackbeard at Barbadoes after he had come in under the Act of Oblivion. This was but shortly before he made his last cruise, and was killed, in 1718. The present aged Benjamin Kite has told me, that he had seen in his youth an old black man, nearly one hundred years of age, who had been one of Blackbeard's pirates, by impressment. He lived many years with George Grey's family, the brewer in Chesnut street, near to Third street. The same Mr. Kite's grandfather told him he well knew one Crane, a Swede, at the upper ferry on the Schuylkill, who used to go regularly in his boat to supply Blackbeard's vessel at State Island. He also said it was known that that freebooter used to visit an inn in High street, near to Second street, with his sword by his side. There is a traditionary story, that Blackbeard and his crew used to visit and revel at Marcus Hook, at the house of a Swedish woman, whom he was accustomed to call Marcus, as an abbreviation of Margaret.

How long Blackbeard exercised his piracies before the years 1717 and '18, which terminated his profligate career, I am not enabled to say, but in this time the MS. papers in the Logan collection make frequent mention of him and others, as in that hateful pursuit, to wit :

In 1717, Jonathan Dickinson at Philadelphia, writes, saying, "The pirates have not yet quitted our coast, and have taken one of our vessels at the cape, in which you happily did not ship my wine."

In August, 1718, he says, "We have been perplexed by pirates on our coast and at our capes, who plundered many of our vessels, also several from Virginia, Maryland, and New York, and some of the piratical crews are come into our province to lurk and cover themselves."

In March, 1718, he writes—"We have account from Virginia, that two small sloops fitted out there, and manned by the men-of-war's men against Captain Teach, alias Blackbeard, conquered his vessel after a bloody battle, and carried Teach's head into Virginia. We have heard too of Major Bonet and his crew, with another crew, were hanged in South Carolina; and of one Taylor and his crew at Providence. But this latter wants confirmation. How these sort of men have fared in other parts we wait to hear. For these two summers they have greatly annoyed our trade. They pilaged one of my vessels, and destroyed the letters."

In another letter he writes and says, "Colonel Spotswood, governor of Virginia, formed a design with the captain of a small man-of-war, to send out two of their country sloops with about fifty men, to attack Captain Teach, alias Blackbeard, a pirate then at North Carolina, whom they took, and brought his head into Virginia, after a bloody battle and most of them killed and wounded,"*—he also adds a sentence of peculiar cha-

* James Logan, says Governor Spotswood, had before sent on to Philadelphia to get proclamations printed, offering a generous reward for pirates.

racter, saying, "I have to remark, that papers and letters taken in Blackbeard's possession, will strongly affect some persons in the government of North Carolina!"

In 1717, James Logan writes, saying, "We have been extremely pestered with pirates who now swarm in America, and increase their numbers by almost every vessel they take—[compelling them to enter by coercion or otherwise.] If speedy care be not taken, they will become formidable, being now at least 1500 strong. They have very particularly talked of visiting this place, many of them being well acquainted with it, and some born in it, for they are generally all English, and therefore know our government can make no defence."

In the same year he writes to the governor of New York, saying, "We have been very much disturbed the last week [in October] by the pirates. They have taken and plundered six or seven vessels to or from this place; some they took to their own use, and some they dismissed after plundering them. Some of our people having been several days on board of them, had much free discourse with them. They say they are about 800 strong at Providence, and I know not how many at Cape Fear, where they are making a settlement. Captain Jennings, they say, is their governor in chief, and heads them in their settlement. The sloop that came on our coast had about 130 men, all stout fellows, all English, and double armed. They said they waited for their consort of twenty-six guns, when they designed to visit Philadelphia! Some of our masters say they know almost every man on board, most of

them having been lately in the river ; their commander is Teach, who was here a mate from Jamaica about two years ago." In another letter he says, "They are now busy about us to lay in their stores of provisions for the winter."

Such was the picture of piracy, which once distressed and alarmed our forefathers, and shows in itself much of the cause of the numerous vague tales we still occasionally hear of Blackbeard and the pirates. Here we have direct fact of his then being on the coast, well armed, with a crew of 130 men, and waiting the arrival of another vessel, when he meditated a visit of rapine and plunder on Philadelphia itself! Think, too, of his crew being men generally known to captains in Philadelphia—some of them born among us, others had been lately in the river, and the whole busily concerting schemes to lay in their winter supply of provisions; and all this through the assistance on shore of former pirates among them, who had been pardoned by the Act of Oblivion, and on the whole produced such favour to their object, even in Philadelphia itself, surpassing any other town! Think, too, of the alleged force of the whole concentrated outlaws—such as 800 in Providence, and so many at Cape Fear, in North Carolina, as to have their own governor!

OTHER PIRATES.

The death of Blackbeard and his immediate companions appears to have had no visible restraint on the spirit of desperate adventure in others. It doubtless broke the connection with us on shore; but as gene-

ral sea-rovers, there still continued later accounts of several, roaming and ravaging on the high seas, to wit :

In the gazettes of 1720, there is frequent mention of our vessels encountering "pirates" in the West Indies. They are pillaged, but not murdered ; nor otherwise so barbarously maltreated as now.

In 1721, it is observed that "the pirates" act generally under the colours of Spain and France. "We have advice that Captain Edwards, the famous pirate, is still in the West Indies, where they have done incredible damage ;" and at the same time the Gazette says, "A large sloop has been seen from hence (off Cape May) cruising on and off for ten days together, supposed to be a pirate ;" and three weeks later she is mentioned as running ten leagues up the bay, and thence taking out a large prize.

In 1722, mention is made of a pirate brigantine which appears off and at Long Island, commanded by one Lowe, a Bostonian. They had captured a vessel with five women in her, and sent them into port in safety in another vessel. His name often afterwards occurs as very successful ; at one time he took Honduras, &c. One Evans, another pirate, is also named. While Lowe was off Long Island, several vessels were promptly fitted out against him, but none brought back any renown.

In 1723, the above "Captain Lowe, the pirate, and his consort, Harris, came near the Hook ; there they got into action with his majesty's ship the Greyhound. The two pirates bore the black flag, and were commanded by the celebrated Lowe." The Greyhound captured Harris's vessel, having thirty-seven

whites and six blacks, prisoners ; but Lowe's vessel escaped, having on board, it is said, £150,000 in gold and silver. The names of the prisoners are published, and all appear to be American or English. They were tried and all executed, not long after, at Long Island. What a hanging day for forty-four persons at once !

Before this action they had probably been near Amboy, &c., as it was just before announced that "two pirate vessels looked into Perth Amboy, and into New York."

On the return of Captain Solgard to New York, of the Greyhound, he is presented the freedom of the city, in a gold snuff box. Lowe is afterwards heard of as making prizes of twenty French vessels at Cape Breton. He is stated as peculiarly cruel, (since his fight above,) to Englishmen, cutting and slitting their ears and noses. There is also named one Lowder, another pirate on the banks.

In 1724, Lowe, the pirate, lately came across a Portuguese, and plundered her. His vessel is a ship of thirty guns, called the Merry Christmas ; he has another ship in company as his consort. Captain Ellison, of New York, was taken in sight of Barbadoes by Sprigg, the pirate, by whom he was well treated, though plundered some. Soon after, the Gazette announces, that it is said that Sprigg, the pirate, is to come on our coast to the eastward, to careen. He is in the Old Squirrel man of war, which being sold for a merchantman, was taken by Lowe, and run away with by Sprigg and others of Lowe's crew. He says, when he gets more men he will come and take Captain Solgard, with whom he before fought off the Hook, and who was at this

time again out in the Greyhound, cruising along the coast for pirates.

The same year, 1724, it is announced, that they hear from Honduras by Captain Smith, that "Sprigg, the pirate," is there in the Bachelor's Delight, of twenty-four guns, in company with Skipton in the Royal Fortune, of twenty-two guns—the same which had been commanded by Lowe, but his crew mutinying, set him ashore. Skipton is a north country man, and merciful. They promise to visit our coasts in the spring.

In 1725, it is said that Sprigg, the pirate, was put ashore by his men in the West Indies, whereby he was taken prisoner to Jamaica. From Barbadoes it is heard that Line, who was commander of his consort, was taken into Curraçoa. There they were paraded to the prison, with their black silk flag. Line had lost his nose and an eye, and the wounds of his men *stank* as they walked. Line confessed he had killed thirty-seven masters of vessels! Possibly it was boasting over much. Skipton, the pirate, with eighty men, is stated to have been taken by his majesty's ship the Diamond, in the bay of Honduras, together with Joseph Cooper,* another pirate vessel. When one of these vessels saw she must surrender, the captain with many of his men went into the cabin and blew themselves up.

This year of 1725 appears to have been fatal to the pirates. Their career seemed almost every where run out, and terrible and inglorious their end. "The way of the transgressor is hard." After this, the former

* Joe Cooper was before mentioned as a pirate, known and presented by the grand jury at Philadelphia in 1718.

frequent mention of pirates, in almost every weekly paper, subsides. The peaceful and honest mariners no longer fear to traverse the ocean. There was still delays of justice to some, when, as late as October, 1731, Captain Macferson and four others were tried for piracy and hanged.

THE GERMANS.

THIS hardy, frugal, and industrious portion of our population in Pennsylvania, so numerous and exclusive in places as to preserve their manners and language unaltered, are so often the subject of remark in the early MSS. which I have seen in the Logan collection, &c. as to deserve a separate notice, to wit :

When the Germans first came into the country, save those who were Friends and settled in Germantown in 1682-3, it is manifest there was a fear they would not be acceptable inhabitants ; for James Logan, in 1717, remarks, “ We have of late great numbers of Palatines poured in upon us without any recommendation or notice, which gives the country some uneasiness, for foreigners do not so well among us as our own people,” the English.

In 1719, Jonathan Dickinson remarks, “ We are daily expecting ships from London which bring over Palatines, in number about six or seven hundred. We had a parcel who came about five years ago, who purchased land about sixty miles west of Philadelphia, and prove

quiet and industrious. Some few came from Ireland lately, and more are expected thence. This is besides our common supply from Wales and England. Our friends do increase mightily, and a great people there is in this wilderness country, which is fast becoming a fruitful field."

Kalm, the Swedish traveller, here in 1748, says the Germans all preferred to settle in Pennsylvania, because they had been ill-treated by the authorities in New York, whither they first inclined to settle. Many had gone to that colony about the year 1709, [say 1711,] and made settlements on their own lands, which were invaded under various pretexts. They took great umbrage, and beat some of the persons who were disposed to dispossess them. Some of their leading men were seized by the government. The remainder in disgust left the country, and proceeded to settle in Pennsylvania. After that, even those who arrived at New York would not be persuaded to tarry, but all pushed on to Pennsylvania, where a better protection was granted to their rights and privileges. This mortified the New Yorkers, but they could not remove the first unfavourable impressions. As many as twelve thousand came to Philadelphia in 1749.

This emigration from New York to Pennsylvania is further incidentally explained by James Logan in his MS. letters to the proprietaries. In writing to them in the year 1724, he manifests considerable disquietude at the great numbers coming among them, so numerous that he apprehends the Germans may even feel disposed to usurp the country to themselves. He speaks of the lands to the northward, (meaning Tulpehocken,)

as overrun by the unruly Germans,—the same who, in the year 1711, arrived at New York at the queen's expense, and were invited hither in 1722 (as a state policy) by Sir William Keith when he was at Albany, for purposes of strengthening his political influence by favouring them.

In another letter of 1725, he calls them crowds of bold and indigent strangers from Germany, many of whom had been soldiers. All these go into the best vacant tracts, and seize upon them as places of common spoil. He says they rarely approach him on their arrival to propose to purchase; and when they are sought out and challenged for their rights of occupancy, they allege it was published in Europe that we wanted and solicited for colonists, and had a superabundance of land, and therefore they had come without the means to pay. The Germans in aftertime embroiled with the Indians at Tulpehocken, threatening a serious affair.* In general, those who sat down without titles acquired enough in a few years to buy them, and so generally they were left unmolested. Logan speaks of 100,000 acres of land so possessed, and including the Irish squatters also.

“Bold master-spirits, where they touch'd they gain'd
Ascendence—where they fix'd their foot, they reign'd !”

The character of the Germans then known to him, he states, are many of them a surly people—divers of them Papists,—the men well armed, and, as a body, a warlike,

* It was at Tulpehocken, Conrad Weiser, a German, so often employed as Indian interpreter, was settled and died—say at present Womelsdorf, where he had his farm.

morose race. In 1727, he states that 6000 Germans more are expected, and also many from Ireland; and these emigrations he hopes may be prevented in future by act of parliament, else he fears these colonies will, in time, be lost to the crown!—a future fact.

In 1729, he speaks of being glad to observe the influx of strangers, as likely to attract the interference of parliament; for truly, says he, they have danger to apprehend for a country where not even a militia exists for government support. To arrest in some degree their arrival, the assembly assessed a tax of twenty shillings a head on new arrived servants.

In another letter he says, the numbers from Germany at this rate will soon produce a German colony here, and perhaps such a one as Britain once received from Saxony in the fifth century. He even states as among the apprehended schemes of Sir William Keith, the former governor, that he, Harland, and Gould, have had sinister projects of forming an independent province in the West, to the westward of the Germans, towards the Ohio—probably west of the mountains—and to be supplied by his friends among the Palatines and Irish, among whom was his chief popularity at that time.

THE IRISH.

THE Irish emigrants did not begin to come into Pennsylvania until about the year 1719. Those which did come were generally from the North of Ireland. Such

as came out first generally settled at and near the disputed Maryland line. James Logan, writing of them to the proprietaries, in 1724, says they have generally taken up the southern lands, [meaning in Lancaster county, towards the Maryland line ;] and as they rarely approached him to propose to purchase, he calls them bold and indigent strangers, saying as their excuse, when challenged for titles, that we had solicited for colonists and they had come accordingly. They were, however, understood to be a tolerated class, exempt from rents by an ordinance of 1720, in consideration of their being a frontier people, forming a kind of cordon of defence, if needful. They were soon called bad neighbours to the Indians, treating them disdainfully, and finally were the same race who committed the outrage called the Paxtang massacre. These general ideas of them are found in the Logan MS. collection. Some of the data is as follows :

In 1725, James Logan states, that there are as many as 100,000 acres of land possessed by persons (including Germans) who resolutely set down and improve it without any right to it ; and he is much at a loss to determine how to dispossess them.

In 1729, he expresses himself glad to find the parliament is about to take measures to prevent the too free emigration to this country. In the mean time, the assembly had laid a restraining tax of twenty shillings a head for every servant arriving ; but even this was evaded in the case of the arrival of a ship from Dublin with one hundred Papists and convicts, by landing them at Burlington. It looks, says he, as if Ireland is to send all its inhabitants hither, for last week not less

than six ships arrived, and every day two or three arrive also. The common fear is, that if they thus continue to come they will make themselves proprietors of the province. It is strange, says he, that they thus crowd where they are not wanted. But few besides convicts are imported thence.* The Indians themselves are alarmed at the swarms of strangers, and we are afraid of a breach between them—for the Irish are very rough to them.

In 1730, he writes and complains of the Scotch Irish in an audacious and disorderly manner possessing themselves about that time of the whole of Conestogo manor of 15,000 acres, being the best land in the country. In doing this by force, they alleged that “it was against the laws of God and nature, that so much land should be idle while so many Christians wanted it to labour on, and to raise their bread,” &c. The Paxtang boys were all great sticklers for religion and for scripture quotations against “the heathen!” They were, however, dispossessed by the sheriff and his *posse*, and their cabins, to the number of thirty, were burnt. This necessary violence was perhaps remembered with indignation, for only twenty-five years afterwards the Paxtang massacre began by killing the Christian unoffending Indians found in Conestogo. Those Irish were generally settled in Donegal.

In another letter he writes, saying, I must own, from my own experience in the land office, that the settlement of five families from Ireland gives me more trouble

* Augustus Gun, of Cork, advertised in the Philadelphia paper, that he had power from the mayor of Cork, for many years to procure servants for America.

than fifty of any other people. Before we were broke in upon, ancient Friends and first settlers lived happily; but now the case is quite altered, by strangers and debauched morals, &c. All this seems like hard measure dealt upon these specimens of "the land of generous natures;" but we may be excused for letting him speak out, who was himself from the "Emerald Isle," where he had of course seen a better race.

His successor, Richard Peters, as secretary to the proprietaries, falls into similar dissatisfaction with them; for in his letter to them, of 1743, he says he went to Marsh creek, in Lancaster county, to warn off and dispossess the squatters, and to measure the manor land. On that occasion, the people there, to about the number of seventy, assembled and forbid them to proceed, and on their persisting, they broke the chain and compelled them to retire. He had with him a sheriff and a magistrate. They were afterwards indicted, became subdued, and made their engagements for leases. In most cases, the leases were so easy that they were enabled to buy the lands ere they expired.

NEGROES AND SLAVES.

"He finds his fellow guilty—of a skin
Not colour'd like his own!—For such a cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey."

In the olden time, dressy blacks and dandy *coloured* beaux and belles, as we now see them issuing from

their proper churches, were quite unknown. Their aspirings and little vanities have been rapidly growing since they got those separate churches, and have received their entire exemption from slavery. Once they submitted to the appellation of servants, blacks, or negroes; but now they require to be called coloured people, and among themselves, their common call of salutation is—gentlemen and ladies. Twenty to thirty years ago, they were much humbler, more esteemed in their place, and more useful to themselves and others. As a whole, they show an overweening fondness for display and vainglory—fondly imitating the whites in processions and banners, and in the pomp and pageantry of Masonic and Washington societies, &c. With the kindest feelings for their race, judicious men wish them wiser conduct, and a better use of the benevolent feelings which induced their emancipation among us.

We have happily been so long relieved from the curse of slavery, that it is scarcely known to the younger part of the community how many features we once possessed of a slave-owning colony.

The state of slavery in Pennsylvania was always of a mild character, not only from the favourable and mild feelings of the Friends in their behalf, but from the common regard they found in families in general where their deportment was commendable. Hector St. John, Esq., who wrote concerning the state of slavery in Pennsylvania as it was just before the period of the revolution, says, "In Pennsylvania they enjoy as much liberty as their masters—are as well fed and as well clad; and in sickness are tenderly taken care of—for, living under the same roof, they are in effect a part of

the family. Being the companions of their labours, and treated as such, they do not work more than ourselves, and think themselves happier than many of the lower class of whites. A far happier race among us, he adds, than those poor suffering slaves of the South."

The first efforts ever made in Pennsylvania towards the emancipation of the blacks, proceeded from the Society of Friends in Germantown, the most of whom, at that period, were emigrants from Germany. These in the year 1688, under the auspices of F. D. Pastorius, moved a petition or remonstrance to the Yearly Meeting of Friends, saying in effect, it was not Christian-like to buy and keep negroes. The meeting forebore then to give any positive judgment in the case. But enquiry was created. Cotemporary with this period, William Penn himself, whose light or reflections on the case were not equally awakened, says, in his letter of the 4th of 8 mo. 1685, to his steward, James Harrison, at Pennsbury, "It were better they were blacks, for then we might have them for life," intimating thereby, that his indented servants there were changed too often.

I have seen among the earliest pamphlets extant of Philadelphia publication, one from the Friends' Meeting of Philadelphia, of the 13th of 8 mo. 1693, giving "exhortation and caution to Friends concerning buying and keeping negroes." The sum of the counsel was, that none should attempt "to buy except to set free." This little address contained many of the arguments now usually set forth against slavery.

Before the revolution, it was a common incident in Philadelphia to send family servants to the jail to get

their dozen lashes, for acts of insubordination. This was done at the pleasure of the master, and was usually executed on receiving a written message from the owners. An old gentleman told me of a case which he witnessed:—A master sent his servant, “Hodge’s Cato,” with his letter, wherein he requested to have him well whipt. The black was shrewd, suspected it conveyed some ill to him, and fell upon a device to shun it. He stretched himself on the stall at the market house, near the prison, affecting to have been seized with violent cramps and pains in the bowels. When he had succeeded to excite the pity of some bystanders, he begged a black fellow near him to hurry away and deliver his letter, as it was a matter requiring haste. The appeal answered the purpose fully; for, maugre all his remonstrances, he received all the lashes bespoke for “the bearer.”

When slaves were purchased in early times with intention to be taken to other colonies, there was seen, even in Philadelphia, the odious spectacle of “the drove,” tied two and two, passing through the city towards the country. Several of the aged have told me of witnessing such things even in the gentle city of Penn!

Many can still remember when the slaves were allowed the last days of the fairs for their jubilee, which they employed (“light-hearted wretches!”) in dancing the whole afternoon in the present Washington Square, then a general burying ground—the blacks joyful above, while the sleeping dead reposed below! In that field could be seen at once more than one thousand of both sexes, divided into numerous little squads, dancing, and

singing "each in their own tongue," after the customs of their several nations in Africa.

Finally, a discerning lady, who has witnessed "the former years," and has seen the comparative happiness of the blacks—has felt, too, her strong affections and domestic relations to her family servants—thus speaks of her sense of the change produced in family comforts. "In the olden time, domestic comforts were not every day interrupted by the pride and profligacy of servants. The slaves of Philadelphia were a happier class of people than the free blacks of the present day generally are, who taint the very air by their vices, and exhibit every sort of wretchedness and profligacy in their dwellings. The former felt themselves to be an integral part of the family to which they belonged. They experienced in all respects the same consideration and kindness as white servants, and they were faithful and contented." In truth, in numerous cases where they were freed, they still preferred to remain with their old masters.

REDEMPTION SERVANTS.

NUMEROUS persons used to arrive every year from Germany and Ireland, who engaged themselves for a term of years to pay their passages. Some of them turned out frugal and industrious, and became in time a part of our wealthy citizens. In some few cases they appear to have been convicts from Ireland. In

one case, the servant was found to be a lord, and returned home to inherit his estate. The general facts are to the following effect, to wit :

In 1722, the Palatine servants were disposed of at 10*l.* each, for five years of servitude. About this time a MS. letter of Jonathan Dickinson says, " Many who have come over under covenants for four years, are now masters of great estates."

1728. An advertisement reads, " Lately imported, and to be sold cheap, a parcel of likely men and women servants." These were probably servants from Europe.

1729. In New Castle government there arrived last year, says the Gazette, 4500 persons, chiefly from Ireland ; and at Philadelphia, in one year, 267 English and Welsh, 43 Scotch, all servants, 1155 Irish, and 243 Palatines, of whom none were servants.

In 1737, an article appears in the Pennsylvania Gazette to the following effect, to wit : " An errant cheat detected at Annapolis ! A vessel arrived there, bringing sixty-six indentures, signed by the mayor of Dublin, and twenty-two *wigs*, of such a make as if they were intended for no other use than to set out the *convicts* when they should go ashore." Thus these convicts were attempted, under fraudulent papers and *decent wigs*, to be put off as decent servants, and especially when surmounted with wigs ! Same time is advertised " for sale, a parcel of English servants from Bristol."

In 1741, public information is given to merchants and captains, that Augustus Gun, of Cork, bellman, has power from the mayor there, to procure servants for America for these many years past.

Such an advertisement, in a Philadelphia paper, was

of course an intimation that the mayor of Cork was willing to get off sundry culprits to the colonies.

In 1750, some of our good citizens take alarm at the idea of having criminals, "unwhipt of justice," imposed upon them. They thought the offences of such, when among us, swelled our criminal list. One writes upon the subject and says, "When we see our papers filled so often with accounts of the most audacious robberies, the most cruel murders, and other villanies, perpetrated by convicts from Europe, what will become of our posterity! In what could Britain injure us more than emptying her jails on us? What must we think of those merchants, who, for the sake of a little petty gain, will be concerned in importing and disposing of these abominable cargoes." From the tenor of the preceding article, it is probable they got premiums in some cases for taking off such unwelcome guests. In some cases, the severity of British laws pushed off young men, of good abilities, for very small offences, who made very capable clerks, storekeepers, &c. among us. I have knowledge of two or three among us, even within my memory, who rose to riches and credit here, and have left fine families. One great man before my time had been sold in Maryland as an offender in Ireland. While serving his master as a common servant, he showed much ability, unexpectedly, in managing for him an important lawsuit, for which he instantly gave him free. He then came to Philadelphia, and amassed a great fortune in landed estate, now of great value among his heirs.

The case of Lord Altham, who came to this country in 1728, when a lad, and served out his servitude as

James Annesley, with a farmer on the Lancaster road, forms in itself a curious and interesting recital. The circumstance has furnished the groundwork for Roderick Random, and for the popular novel of Florence M'Cartey. The facts are as follows, to wit :

The facts concerning this singular case are taken from the evidence given on the trial, and may be depended on as authentic.

Arthur Annesley (Lord Altham) married Mary Sheffield, natural daughter of the earl of Buckingham. By her, in the year 1715, he had a son, James, the subject of this memoir. In the next year the parents had some differences, which terminated in a separation. The father, contrary to the wish of the mother, took exclusive possession of his son James, and manifested much fondness for him, until the year 1722, when he formed some intimacy with Miss Gregory ; and about the same time his wife died. Miss G. expecting now to become his wife, exerted herself greatly to alienate his affections from his son, by insinuating that he was not his proper child. She succeeded to get him placed from home, at a school in Dublin. In November, 1727, Lord Altham died ; and his brother Richard, wishing to possess the estate and title, took measures to get rid of his nephew, James, by having him enticed on board an American vessel, which sailed from Dublin in April, 1728. He was landed at Philadelphia, then in his thirteenth year, and sold as a redemptioner ! and actually served out twelve years in rough labour, until a seeming accident, in the year 1740, brought him to such acquaintance, as led, in the next year, to his return home. The case was this : Two Irishmen, John and William Broders, travelling the

Lancaster road, in the year 1740, stopt at the house near the forty milestone, where James was in service with an old German. These countrymen entering into conversation, perceived they were severally from Dumaine, in the county of Wexford, and that James Annesley was the son of Arthur. The two Broders volunteered to go back to Ireland, and testify to the discovery they had made, and actually kept their word at the trial which afterwards occurred. James subsequently stated his case to Robert Ellis, Esq., of Philadelphia, who, compassionating his case, procured a passage for him to Admiral Vernon, then in the West Indies, by whom he was afterwards landed in England. But shortly after his arrival at London, James unfortunately killed a man, for which he had to stand a trial; and then Lord Altham, the unnatural uncle, exerted himself to have him convicted, but he was nevertheless acquitted as innocent. An action was brought against the uncle, and went to trial in November, 1743, and the verdict was given in favour of James, our redemptioner. The uncle appealed to the house of lords; and while the case was pending, James died, leaving the uncle in quiet possession of his ill-gotten estate, showing, however, while he lived, which was not long, the spectacle of a finished villain, even in an Irish nobleman.

AGED PERSONS.

“—————The hands of yore
That danc'd our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures, hap'd by land and sea,—
How they are blotted from the things that be!”

THERE is something grateful and perhaps sublime in contemplating instances of prolonged life,—to see persons escaped the numerous ills of life unscath'd. They stand like venerable oaks, steadfast among the minor trees, e'en wondered at because they fell no sooner. We instinctively regard them as a privileged order, especially when they bear their years with vigour, “like a lusty winter,” they being alone able to preserve unbroken the link which binds us to the remotest past. While they remain, they serve to strangely diminish our conceptions of time past, which never seems fully gone while any of its proper generation remains among us.

These thoughts will be illustrated and sustained by introducing to the consideration names and persons who have been the familiars of the present generation, and yet saw and conversed with Penn the founder, and his primitive cotemporaries! How such conceptions stride over time! All the long, long years of our nation seem diminished to a narrower span!—For instance:

I lately saw Samuel R. Fisher, still a merchant attending to his business in the city, in his 84th year, who tells me he well remembers to have seen at Ken-

dall meeting, James Wilson, a public Friend, who said he perfectly remembered seeing both George Fox, the founder of Friends, and William Penn, the founder of our city !

Often, too, I have seen and conversed with the late venerable Charles Thomson, the secretary of the first congress, who often spoke of his being curious to find out, and to converse with the primitive settlers, which still remained in his youth.

Every person who has been familiar with Dr. Franklin, who died in 1790, and saw Philadelphia from the year 1723, had the chance of hearing him tell of seeing and conversing with numerous first settlers. Still better was their chance who knew old Hutton, who died in 1793, at the prolonged age of 108 years, and had seen Penn in his second visit to Philadelphia in 1700 ; and better still was the means of those now alive, who knew old Drinker, who died as late as the year 1782, at the age of 102 years, and had seen Philadelphia, where he was born, in 1680, even at the time of the primitive landing and settlement in caves ! Nor were they alone in this rare opportunity, for there was also the still rarer instance of old black Alice, who died as late as the year 1802, and might have been readily seen by me,—she then being 116 years of age, with a sound memory to the last, distinctly remembered William Penn, whose pipe she often lighted, (to use her own words,) and Thomas Story, James Logan, and several other personages of fame in our annals.

It may amuse and interest to extend the list a little further, to wit : The late aged Sarah Shoemaker, who died in 1825, aged ninety-five years, told me she often

had conversed with aged persons in her young days, who had seen and talked with Penn and his companions. In May, 1824, I conversed with Israel Reynolds, Esq. of Nottingham, Maryland, then in his 66th year, a hale and newly married man, who told me he often saw and conversed with his grandfather, Henry Reynolds, a public Friend, who lived to be ninety-four years of age, and had been familiar with Penn, both in Philadelphia and in England; he had also cultivated corn in the city near the Dock creek, and caught fish there.

Mrs. Hannah Speakman, still alive, in her 75th year, has told me she has often talked with aged persons who saw or conversed with Penn, but that being then in giddy youth, she made no advantage of her means to have enquired. Her grandfather Townsend, whom she had seen, had come out with Penn the founder.

But now all those who still remain, who have seen or talked with black Alice, with Drinker, with Hutton, with John Key, the first-born, are fast receding from the things that be. What they can relate of their communications must be told quickly, or it is gone!

“Gone! glimmering through the dream of things that were.”

We shall now pursue the more direct object of this article, in giving the names and personal notices of those instances of grandevity, which have occasionally occurred among us,—of those with whom,

“Like a clock worn out with eating time
The wheels of weary life at last stood still!”

1727. This year dies Grace Townsend, aged ninety-

eight years, well known among the first settlers, and who lived many years on the property nigh the Chesnut street bridge over Dock creek, at the Broad Axe Inn.

1730. January 5, died at Philadelphia, Mary Broadway, aged one hundred years, a noted midwife; her constitution wore well to the last, and she could read without spectacles.

1731. May 19, John Evet, aged one hundred, was interred in Christ church ground. He had seen King Charles the First's head held up by the executioner, being then about sixteen years old.

1739. May 30, Richard Buffington, of the parish of Chester, a patriarch indeed, had assembled in his own house one hundred and fifteen persons of his own descendants, consisting of children and grand and great grandchildren, he being then in his eighty-fifth year, in good health, and doubtless in fine spirits among so many of his own race. His eldest son, then present at sixty years of age, was said to have been the first Englishman born in *Pennsylvania* region, and appears to have been three or four years older than the first-born of *Philadelphia*, or of Emanuel Grubb, the first-born of the *province*.

Speaking of this great collection of children in one house, reminds one of a more extended race, in the same year, being the case of Mrs. Maria Hazard, of South Kingston, New England, and mother of the governor; she died in 1739, at the age of one hundred years, and could count up five hundred children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, and great great grandchildren; two hundred and five of them were then alive. A granddaughter of hers had already been a grand-

mother fifteen years ! Probably this instance of Rhode Island fruitfulness may match against the world.

1761. Died, Nicholas Meers, in his 111th year ; he was buried in Friends' ground at Wilmington. He was born in the year 1650, under the government of Cromwell, and about the time of the rise of the Society of which he became a member. He lived through eventful periods, had been the subject of ten successive sovereigns, including the two Cromwells. He saw Pennsylvania and Delaware one great forest,—a range for the deer, buffalo, and panther ; and there he lived to see a fruitful field. If those who were conversant with him in his last days had conversed with him on his recollections of the primitive days of our country, what a treasure of facts might have been set down from his lips ! So we often find occasion to lament the loss of opportunities with very aged persons, of whom we hear but little until after their death.

“First in the race, they won, and pass'd away !”

1763. Miss Mary Eldrington, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, died at the age of one hundred and nine years. “She still looked for a husband, and did not like to be thought old.”

1767. Mrs. Lydia Warder died this year, aged eighty-seven years ; she was born in 1680, came out with Penn's colony, had lived in a cave, and had a lively memory of all the incidents of the primitive settlement.

This same year, 1767, was fruitful in passing off the primitive remains from among us ; thus showing, that in the deaths of those named in this year of the first

settlers, there are inhabitants now alive, who must have had good opportunities of making olden time enquiries.

“Of no distemper, of no blast they died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellow’d long,
Ev’n wonder’d at, because they fell no sooner.”

1767—July. Died at Chester county, John Kay, aged eighty-five years, the first born in Philadelphia, at a cave named Penny Pot, at Vine street; and in August 10, (same year,) died at Brandywine hundred, Emanuel Grubb, aged eighty-six years, also born in a cave, by the side of the Delaware river, and the first born child in the province, of English parents. Both those first borns died near each other, and their deaths in the same year were not unlike the coincident deaths of Jefferson and Adams lately, as the signers of independence.

1767. Died at Philadelphia, Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, aged ninety-four years.

1768—September. Died at Philadelphia, Peter Hunt, aged one hundred and one years.

1769—July. Hannah Milner died, aged one hundred and one years; she was the mother of fourteen children, grandmother of eighty-two children, and great great grandmother of one hundred and ten children—making two hundred and six children.

1770. This year died Rebecca Coleman, aged ninety-two years. She came to Philadelphia with the first settlers. Some of her posterity at her death were of the fifth generation. She could recount much of ancient Philadelphia—for she remembered it when it consisted of but three houses, and the other dwellings were caves.

Some now alive must remember her conversation, and might even yet communicate something.

1770—January. Died, Sarah Meredith, aged ninety years. She was born in a little log house, where now the city stands, where she continued until she changed her maiden name of Rush to become the wife of David Meredith, and to settle in the Great Valley, in Chester county, twenty-eight miles from Philadelphia—then the frontier settlement, and six miles beyond any neighbours, save Indians, who were then numerous, kind, and inoffensive. There she continued all her days; becoming the mother of eleven children, grandmother to sixty-six, and great grandmother of thirty one.

1770—June 30th. Died at Merion, Jonathan Jones, aged ninety-one years, having been ninety years in the country, he coming here from Wales when an infant.

1770. This year died John Ange, of the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty years, as declared by himself, and as fully believed by all his neighbours, from the opinions of their fathers before them. He was settled as a planter between Broad creek and the head of Wicomoco river, in Pennsylvania. He had been blind some years from age. His food was always simple and sparing, and himself of lean habit. He left a son of about eighty years of age a great grandfather, hale, active, and lively, and without gray hairs.

1774—14th of February. Died in Bucks county, Mrs. Preston, at the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. She had seen Penn and his colonists at Philadelphia; had acted as his interpreter occasionally with the Indians. She possessed her memory and understanding to the last.

1782—17th November, died Edward Drinker, aged one hundred and two years, having been born the 24th of December, 1680, in a cabin near the corner of Second and Walnut streets—the triangular block. When Dr. Franklin was questioned in England to what age we lived in this country, he wittily said he could not tell until Drinker should die and settle it. Drinker's parents came from Beverly, and settled on the site of Philadelphia before Penn came! He had all his eighteen children by his first wife, having had four wives in all. He was never sick—always cheerful.

1792—December 20th, died John S. Hutton, aged one hundred and nine years, having been born in 1684; he was cheerful, good humoured, and temperate, all his life. He deemed himself in his prime at sixty years of age. He was very fond of fishing and fowling, and could be seen when past eighty carrying his duck gun. Being a silversmith by profession, he was borne to his grave by his fellow craftsmen. Two such patriarchs as Hutton and Drinker, might have passed many pleasant hours in talking over the changes of their days, and their past recollections of the city, because their lives had been so long cotemporary.

1802. This year died Alice, a black woman, aged one hundred and sixteen years. She had known the city from its origin. When she was one hundred and fifteen, she travelled from Dunk's Ferry to the city, and there told Samuel Coates, and others, of numerous early recollections of the early days.

1809. Died at Philadelphia, James Pemberton, aged eighty-six years, a distinguished member among Friends,

and lineal descendant of Phineas Pemberton, primitive settler and judge of Bucks county.

1810. Died at Philadelphia, George Warner, aged ninety-nine years. This patriarch was one of many emigrants that came out from England as farmers and mechanics, in 1726—a time when he saw our city in its green age, when all was young. He often described things as he then found them, and contrasted them with their subsequent changes.

1823. Died at Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary Elton, at the advanced age of ninety-seven years.

1825. Died at Philadelphia, Mrs. Hannah Till, a black woman, who had been cook to General Washington and General La Fayette in all their campaigns during the war of independence. The latter at my instance went to see her at No. 182, South Fourth street, when he was here in 1825, and made her a present to be remembered.

1825. Died at Philadelphia Almshouse, Margaret or Angela Millet, in the one hundred and twelfth year of her age. She was born and lived in Canada—said she was nearly forty when General Wolfe was slain—remembered him well—remembers and tells much of the Indian barbarities. She was once married and had a child, long since dead—could walk about very readily—has cut two new teeth lately—was never sick and never bled—has never used spectacles, and could see but little—all her life had been exposed, and accustomed to labour—thought herself still a smart woman in her last year—speaks French and English—came to Philadelphia from Canada when one hundred and two years of age.

1825. Billy Brown, a black man, of Frankford, was seen by me in his ninety-third year of age—he lived about two years afterwards. He was of the African race, taken a prisoner when a lad, leaving his parents and five brethren; and was two years before reaching the coast and being sold. I found him quite intelligent, his memory good, and himself a pious good man. He was then the husband of a young wife, by whom he had children, the youngest then sixteen years old. What made him most interesting, he had been at Braddock's defeat, as servant to Colonel Brown of the Irish regiment. There he remembered and described to me the conduct of Washington in that action—how he implored Braddock for leave to fight the Indians in their own way, with 300 of his own men, and how he was repulsed with disdain. He was afterwards at the death of General Wolfe, and near his person, still with Colonel Brown; thence went to the attack of Havana; thence at the peace to Ireland with his master, who there set him free by a vessel going to Philadelphia. Thence he was fraudulently conveyed to Virginia and sold—became the slave of one Wiley, who was extremely cruel to him—lost some of his fingers and toes by severe exposure—was bought by General Washington, and was his slave during all the revolution at his estate at the Long Meadows. Finally, free at Frankford; since died, and made happy in a better world.

1825. This year died Isaac Parish, in his ninety-second year, a respectable inhabitant of Philadelphia, father of the present Dr. P. It was remarkable concerning him, that although there were eighty seven signers to his marriage certificate when they passed

meeting, yet both he and his wife survived every one of them. I could never see the aged couple abroad in the streets without thinking that they who had the best claims to be quite at home, by their familiarity with every nook and corner of the city, were in fact so perplexed and surprised with the daily changes and novelties, as to be among the strangers and wanderers of the city. "The generation to which they had belonged had run away from them!"—Or, as Young strikingly expresses it, to wit :

"—————My world is dead ;
A new world rises and new manners reign :
—————The strangers gaze,
And I at them,—my neighbour is unknown !"

About this time I saw Miss Sarah Patterson, of Philadelphia, then well, in her ninetieth year. Robert Paul, an ancient Friend, still going to Pine street meeting, I saw at the age of ninety-five years. Thomas Hopkins, another Friend, going to the same meeting, I saw and talked with when he was past ninety years.

There is at this time alive at St. Thomas, seven miles from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, a man named John Hill, who is probably the oldest man now alive in North America, deemed to be one hundred and thirty-five or six years of age ! he having been a soldier in the time of Queen Anne, and served twenty-eight years. His faculties of body and mind are still good, as good as most men of sixty to seventy years. He was born in England.

SEASONS AND CLIMATE.

—
“I sing the varying seasons and their change.”

It is intended to include in the present chapter only such notable changes of the temperature, in the extremes of *heat and cold*, as was matter of surprise or remark at the time of the occurrence, and therefore most likely to arrest our attention in the present day—as a wonder of the past.

As early as the year 1683, William Penn, in his letter to Lord North, of 24th 5th month, says—“The weather often changeth without notice, and is constant almost in its inconstancy!” Thus giving us, at a very slender acquaintance, the name of a *coquettish clime*!

An oldfashioned snow storm, such as we had lately on the 20th and 21st of February, 1829, and on the 14th and 15th of January, 1831, is the best thing in our country to bring to recollection olden time, when our fathers browbeat larger snowdrifts than have encumbered our fields and roads since *honesty* and *leather aprons* were in vogue. It is cheering to see the towering bank in a sunny morning, gemmed, like the crown of a monarch, with jewels that receive their splendour from the sun's rays, and reflect them back to ornament the cold white hillock which the clouds have bestowed upon us, to awaken recollections dear, and sensations as cutting as the winter. It tells you of log fires which cheered them in the wilderness, and warmed the pottage which gave them the very hue of health. In short,

as said the Literary Cadet, "a snow storm in its severest form is a mirror, to reflect back olden time, in all its colouring, to the present!" Nor is it less grateful, as a winter scene, to behold the occasional magnificent effulgence of an ice-rain, embossing in crystal glory, as if by magic hands, the whole surface of the surrounding works of nature and art.

"For every shrub and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seems wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.

"The spreading oak, the beech and towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine—
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the glowing sun."

It is probable that the winter of 1682, being the first which Penn saw here, must have been peculiarly mild, for he says he scarcely saw any ice at all, and the next year, the winter of 1683, which he calls the severest before known, froze up for a few days our great river Delaware! He must certainly have been too favourably impressed by wrong information, for often the river has continued ice-bound for three months at a time. It was, however, grateful intelligence to the colonists then, and must have been a most welcome incident, ill sheltered as they were, to have such favourable winters.

Thomas Makin's Latin description of Pennsylvania thus describes our climate, as he knew it down to the year 1729, to wit:

“Nay, oft so quick the change,—so great its pow’r
As summer’s heat and winter *in an hour!*”

“*Sometimes* the ice so strong and firm, we know
That loaded wagons on the rivers go!
But yet so temp’rate are some winters here,
That in the streams no bars of ice appear!”

Professor Kalm, the Swedish traveller, who visited us in 1748–9, has left several facts descriptive of our climate, which he derived from the aged Swedes, and by his own observation, to wit :

It snowed much more formerly, in winter, than in the time of 1748. The weather then was more constant and uniform, and when the cold set in it continued to the end of February or till March, old style ; after which it commonly began to grow warm. But in 1748, and thereabouts, it would be warm even the very next day after a severe cold,—and sometimes the weather would change several times a day! Most of the old people told Mr. Kalm that spring came much later than formerly, and that it was much colder in the latter end of February and the whole month of May, than when they were young. Formerly the fields were as green and the air as warm about the end of February, as it was then in March or the beginning of April, old style. Their proverb then was, “We have always grass at Easter.”

The lessening of vapours by cultivation, &c. was supposed to have changed the seasons.

The winters, he understood, came sooner formerly than since. The first Mr. Norris used to say, that the Delaware was usually covered with ice about the middle

of November, old style, so that merchants always hurried their vessels for sea before that time. But about the year 1748, the river seldom froze over before the middle of December, old style.

An old Swede of ninety-one years of age, told him he thought he had never witnessed any winter so cold as that of the year 1697-8, at which time he had passed the Delaware at Christiana several times, with his wagons loaded with hay. He did not agree to the idea of others, that the waters had generally diminished.

Isaac Norris's letter of the 8th of October, 1702, says: We have had a snow, and now the northwest blows very hard. The cold is great, so that at the falling of the wind the river (at Philadelphia) was filled with ice. On the 10th, he adds, there is a sign of a thaw, and he hopes vessels may yet get out.

The severity of the winter 1704-5, is thus expressed by Isaac Norris, sen., to wit: "We have had the deepest snow this winter that has been known by the longest English liver here. No travelling; all avenues shut; the post has not gone these six weeks; the river fast; and the people bring loads over it as they did seven years ago—[as in 1697-8 aforementioned]. Many creatures are like to perish." Kalm says, many stags, birds, and other animals died, and that the snow was nearly a yard deep.

Early ice was thus noticed the 23d of November, 1732, saying: It has been so very cold this week past that our river is full of driving ice, and no vessel can go up or down—a thing rarely happening so early. Many persons have violent colds.

The winter of 1740-1, a great snow. This winter

was very severe during the continuance of "the great snow." It was in general more than three feet deep. The back settlers (says the Gazette) subsisted chiefly on the carcasses of the deer found dead, or lying around them. Great part of "the gangs" of horses and cows in the woods also died. Ten and twelve deer are found in the compass of a few acres, near to springs. The chief severity was in February.* Many deer came to the plantations and fed on hay with the other creatures. Squirrels and birds were found frozen to death. By the 19th of March, the river became quite open. Old Mrs. Shoemaker, whom I knew, told me of her recollection of that severe winter, to the above effect. Her words were, that all the tops of the fences were so covered, that sleighs and sleds passed over them in every direction. James Logan's letter, of 1748, calls it "the hard winter of 1741,"—as a proverbial name, saying "it was one of remarkable severity; the most rigorous that has ever been known here." Kalm says it began the 10th of December, and continued to the 13th of March, old style, and that some of the stags which came to the barns to eat with the cattle, became domesticated thereby.

The 1st of November, 1745, is recorded by John Smith in his journal, as the cold day, the river having frozen over at Burlington, and many boys skating on the Schuylkill.

The 17th of March, 1760, Franklin's Gazette records

* It was in February of the year 1717, that the greatest recorded "snow storm" of Massachusetts occurred;—it being from ten to twenty feet deep; compelling many to go abroad on its frozen crust from their chamber windows.

“the greatest fall of snow ever known in Philadelphia since the settlement!” This is certainly saying much of such a snow so late in March!—[as marking the contrast the day I write this—on the 12th of March, 1829, it is mild and thundered several times!] The wind in the snow storm was from northeast, and fell incessantly for eighteen hours. The minutes of assembly show that the snow in some places gathered seven feet deep, and prevented the speaker and many members to get to town, so the house was adjourned.

The same winter another singular circumstance occurred, told me by old Isaac Parish, to wit: The day he was married, the weather was so soft and open, that the wedding guests had to walk on boards to the meeting to keep them out of the soft mire; but that night the cold became so intense that the river Delaware froze up so firmly that his friend William Cooper, married at the same time with himself, walked over to Jersey on the ice bridge on the next morning. No ice was previously in the river.

Mrs. Shoemaker, who died at the age of ninety-five, told me she had seen the deep snows of 1740 and 1780; and from her recollections she said the winter of 1780, was probably as deep as that of 1740, and withal was remarkably cold, so much so, as to be called the hard winter of 1780.

The winter of 1784, was also long remembered for its severity and long continuance.

THE FOLLOWING ARE INSTANCES OF ANOMALY, TO WIT:

The 8th of May, 1803, was a remarkable day. It snowed so heavily as to make a wonderful breaking of

the limbs of trees, then in full leaf. The streets in the city were filled with broken limbs thereby, most strangely showing—"winter lingering in the lap of spring."

On the 13th and 14th of April, 1828, was a snow storm in which much snow fell, but not being cold, it soon after disappeared.

The winter of 1817 was remarkable for displaying some very vivid lightning in the month of January! No snow had fallen before this occurrence. The day preceding it fell a little, but melted the same day. At night it grew warm and rained, accompanied by vivid lightning. During the same night it blew up quite cold, and snowed about half an inch. Very cold weather immediately set in. The papers at Albany and New Hampshire spoke of vivid lightnings also on the night of the 17th of January. Good sleighing occurred at Philadelphia on the 23d of January.

On the 25th of October, 1823, was the *dark day*. There was great darkness at 9 o'clock, A. M. so as to make candlelight desirable. At Norristown they were obliged to use candles. The darkness at New York came on at about 11 o'clock, and compelled the printers to print by candlelight. It was stormy there at an earlier hour. At Philadelphia there was thunder and some rain. At Albany, at 8 A. M. same day, it snowed fast all day, forming a fall of 12 inches, but melted very fast. It thundered there at 12 and at 2 o'clock while snowing! The heavy snow broke the limbs of trees, still in leaf, very much. At Newark it lightened and thundered severely, and hailed, and was very dark. On the whole, it was a wide spread darkness for one and the same storm.

On the 11th of April, 1824, it thundered and lightened considerably for the first time this spring. Old people tell me they never used to see this occurrence until the warm weather. But of late years it has occurred several times in the cold season, and sometimes in March. The Christmas days of 1824 and 1829 were remarkable for their coincidence of singular warmth. The thermometer in the shade at 7 o'clock, A. M. stood at 33°, and at 2 o'clock, P. M. at 63°—both days exactly alike, and on both periods having a gentle wind from the southwest.

There were in *olden time* two memorable “*hot summers*,” so called, and referred to in many years afterwards, the years 1727 and 1734. I describe the latter from the gazette of the time, to wit :

July, 1734. The weather has been so hot for a week past, as has not been known in the memory of man in this country, excepting the “hot summer” about seven years since. Many of the harvest people faint or fall into convulsions in the fields, and 'tis said in some places a multitude of birds were found dead. The names of five inhabitants dying of the heat are given. Subsequent papers confirm the extreme heat in the country, and the deaths thereby.

I ought to have mentioned too, that as early as the year 1699, Isaac Norris, sen. [Vide Logan MSS.] speaks then of the “hottest harvest season he had ever before experienced. Several persons died in the field with the violence of the heat.”

An elderly gentleman tells me that the 1st of October, 1770, memorable as the then election day, was well remembered as a snowy day. From that time

to this he has never witnessed it so early again. Since then, he thinks the earliest snows have not fallen earlier than the 1st of November. The middle of November has been regarded as an early snow. Often he has seen "Green Christmas,"—that is, no snow till after Christmas, at least not such as to lay on the earth.

Some of the *mildest* winters remembered, have been those of the years 1790, 1802, 1810, 1824, and 1828.

The night of the 11th of April, 1826, was remarkably cold. It froze so hard as to bear a wagon loaded with flour on a muddy road. Some snow on the ground at the same time. On the 12th of April at sunrise the mercury stood at twenty-four. Old people say they never saw it so cold at that season. One remembers a deeper snow on the 10th of April, about forty years ago, when he went abroad in a sled.

THE CLIMATE OF PHILADELPHIA AND ADJACENT COUNTRY

Has been much investigated by Dr. Benjamin Rush, in 1789, and revised in 1805. The facts of which may be consulted at large, in Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania, vol. i. p. 151.

Among his facts are these, to wit : The climate has undergone a material change since the days of the founders—thunder and lightning are less frequent ; cold of winters and heat of summers less uniform than they were forty or fifty years before. The springs are much colder and the autumns more temperate. He thinks the mean temperature may not have changed, but that the climate is altered by heat and cold being less confined than formerly to their natural seasons. He thinks no facts warrant a belief that the winters were colder

before the year 1740, than since that time. He observes, that there are seldom more than twenty or thirty days, in summer or winter, in which the mercury rises above 80° in the former, or falls below 30° in the latter season. The higher the mercury rises in hot days, the lower it usually falls in the night. Thus, when at 80° by day, it falls to 66° at night; or when at only 60° by day, it only falls to 56° at night. The greatest disproportion is most apparent in August. The warmest weather is generally in July; but intense warm days are often felt in May, June, August, and September. The variableness of weather in our state, he observes, lies south of 41° , and beyond that, the winters are steady, and in character with the eastern and northern states. Our intense cold seldom sets in till about the 20th or 25th of December,—“as the day lengthens the cold strengthens,”—so that the coldest weather is commonly in January. The greatest cold he has known at Philadelphia, was 5° below zero, and the greatest heat 95° . The standard temperature of the city is $52\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. The month of June is the only month which resembles a spring month in the south countries of Europe. The autumn he deems our most agreeable season. The rains in October are the harbingers of the winter, so that, as the Indians also say, the degrees of cold in winter can be foreknown by the measure of rain preceding it in the autumn. The moisture of air is greater now than formerly, owing probably to its now falling in rain, where it before fell in snow. Finally, he says, “We have no two successive years alike. Even the same successive seasons and months differ from each other

every year. There is but one steady trait, and that is, it is uniformly variable.”

SPRING AND SUMMER OCCURRENCES,

Being such notices of facts as were deemed rare for the season, at the times affixed, in the following memoranda, to wit :

1736. April 22. Hail storm near the city ; hail as large as pigeons' eggs.

1750. May. This is the coldest May ever known. Several frosts, and some snow.

1772. April 2. Fell in several places six inches snow.

1783. May. A heavy hail storm, believed the heaviest ever known here—did not extend far in width—stones fell of half an ounce—many windows were broken.

1786. May. Remarkable for the absence of the sun for two weeks, and a constantly damp or rainy weather.

1788. August 18th and 19th. There fell seven inches of rain.

1789. This spring remarkably backward—peaches failed—no cherries or strawberries—quite uncomfortable to sit without fires until June.

In July very hot weather ; by 10 o'clock A. M. the meats in the market putrefy, and the city mayor orders them cast into the river—merchants shut up their stores—thermometer at 96° for several days—in August fires became agreeable.

1793. April 1. Blossoms on fruit trees are universal in the city—birds appeared two weeks earlier than usual.

May 22. To the end of the month a continuance of wet and cloudy weather—wind mostly at northeast, and so cool that fire was necessary most of the time—the summer of this year was the “Yellow Fever” calamity.

1796. July 26. The most plentiful harvest remembered.

1797. April 7. The peaches and apricots in blossom.

1799. April 3. Frost last night. 11th. Some ice in the gutters. 20th. Some ice in the morning.

June 6. Black and white frost in the Neck.

1801. May 28. Hay harvest near the city.

1802. April. Several frosts this month, and in May, fires agreeable.

1803. May 7. Ice—on the 8th, a snow which broke down the poplars and other trees in leaf—on the 15th, a fire was necessary.

1805. Summer. No rain after the middle of June, all through July, heat 90 to 96 degrees—pastures burnt up and summer vegetables failed.

1807. April 3. Snow.

June 13. Fire necessary.

August and September. The influenza prevailed.

1809. April 13. The houses covered with snow like winter.

April 26. Ice as thick as a dollar.

May 6. Ice. 13th. Grass frozen. 30th. Frost—the coolest May remembered for many years.

1810. April 1. Snow on the ground. 3d. Spits of snow.

May 13. White frost for several mornings. This year was remarkable for its abundance and excellence of fruits.

1811. July 3. Warm dry weather for some time—Indian corn suffers—a finer dry hay harvest not remembered—between the 3d and 9th, hot weather continued, from 94 to 97°.

1812. April 13. Snow and rain.

May 4. Rain and snow. 8th. Frost. 22d. The spring very backward—fires necessary.

1816. June 5. Frost. 10th. So severe as to kill beans. 11th. Severe frosts at Downingstown—destroyed whole fields of corn.

1818. July 22. Monday last rain fell four inches.

1824. July 20. Storm of rain and hail at Chester.

July 28. Unprecedented fall of rain near Philadelphia—doing much damage to bridges, &c.

1825. June 11. Severe heat at 2 o'clock, thermometer at 96° in the shade.

1827. July 20. Peaches, pears and plums in market.

RARE FLOODS AND EBBS.

In 1687, Phineas Pemberton, in his letter, speaks of the great land flood and rupture, at or near the Falls of Delaware. It occasioned much mortality afterwards.

In 1692, 27th of 2d mo. he speaks of the great flood at the Delaware Falls, which rose twelve feet above usual high water mark, owing to the sudden melting of the snow. The water reached the upper stories of some of the houses, built on low lands.

1731, Feb. 16. Last week we had the greatest fresh in the Delaware ever known since the great flood at Delaware Falls, thirty-nine years ago, in 1692.

In 1733, month of February, “the ice in Schuylkill

broke up with a fresh, and came down in cakes of great thickness, in a terrible manner, breaking great trees where the flood came near the low land. It carried off the flats of two ferries, and the water was two and a half feet high on the ground floor of Joseph Gray's middle ferry, which is much higher than any fresh is known to have been in that river."

1738. April 6. A great storm, at east and north-east, damaged the wharves, and much raised the creeks.

1754. January 22. An unusually low tide, owing to a gale from northwest.

1767. January 8. From the great and unexpected thaw since Saturday last, the ice on Monday broke up, and at the middle ferry carried away all the boats, broke the ropes, tore the wharf, swept off some of the out-houses, &c.

1763. March 16. Saturday last, a remarkable low tide, owing to the northwest winds. It is said to be two and a half feet lower than common low water mark in the Delaware; and in the Schuylkill it was so low that the ferry boats could not get to the fast land on either side.

1775. September 3. The highest tide ever known

1779. February 3. Sunday night last, the ice, thick and strong, broke up with the fresh occasioned by rains and melting of the snow. The water rose near six feet on the floor of Joseph Gray's house at the middle ferry, which is three feet higher than before, in 1733.

March 17. On Wednesday and Thursday last a southeast storm raised the tide higher than known for many years, which did great damage.

1784. January 13. Great damage was done by the

sudden and extraordinary rise of water occasioned by the thaw and great rain of Thursday last.

March 15. This morning (Sunday) about two o'clock the ice in the Schuylkill gave way, but soon after it lodged, and formed a dam, which overflowed suddenly the grounds about the middle ferry, and carried off every thing but the brick house, drowning several horses and cattle, and forced the family to secure themselves in the second story till daylight, whither they were followed by a horse, that had sought refuge in the house. The waters did not subside till four o'clock on Monday afternoon.* In the Pennsylvania Gazette of the 27th of March, 1784, the particulars of this event are related in the form of two chapters in Chronicles, in scripture style.

1796. March 18. A lower tide than recollected for many years—say since the 26th of December, 1759, when it was lower,—it was owing to a hard gale the night of the 16th instant, and since continued at north-west. The flood tide was two feet lower than a common ebb; the bar visible nearly across; several chimnies blown down.

1804. April 22 and 23. A very great fresh in the Delaware and Schuylkill, attended with very high tides, occasioned by very heavy rains.

1804. March 20. The ice gorged above the city, on coming down Schuylkill in a heavy fresh, which occasioned the water to rise to so great a height, that a man on horseback, with a common riding whip, from the

* There were twenty-one persons in the house at the time, of whom only two are now living.

Market street wharf on this side the river, could but just reach the top of the ice piled on said wharf. The ice and water found its way round the Permanent bridge on the west side, overflowing the causeway between the road and the bridge, to a depth that required boating for passengers for some hours.

1805. This summer, Schuylkill lower by three inches than had been known for seventy years ; caused by the long and great drought.

1810. January 19. Lowest tide for fourteen years.

1822. February 21. The ice and water came over Fairmount dam to a depth of nine feet, and brought with it the Falls bridge, entire, which passed over the dam without injuring it, and went between the piers of the Market street bridge. At this fresh, the general body of water far exceeded the fresh in 1804 ; as the rising so much then, was owing to the ice gorging above. The fresh of 1822, from Reading down, is considered to have possessed the greatest body of water and ice ever known ; at that place the river rose twelve feet high.

1824. April 7. During the last four months, twenty freshets have occurred in Schuylkill.

In 1825, the 29th of July, a very great and sudden land flood was experienced in and around Philadelphia ; the effect of a great discharge of rain.

When the extreme *lowest* tides have occurred in the Delaware, at the city, there have been some rocks exposed near Cooper's upper ferry, which are never seen, even in part, at other times. They were first observed bare in 1769,—then again, in 1796,—and also, again in 1810, generally on the 17th of March. These low

ebbs have usually occurred in March, and have been much promoted by strong and continued northwest winds. Those rocks have been seen as much as seven or eight feet out of the water ; on such occasions they have always been permanently marked with the initials and dates of visitors, &c. The rocks, in 1810, were but two feet out of the water.

1827. October. Unusually high tides about full moon. November 14. Lowest tide recollected for many years; rocks on Jersey channel exposed to view.

1829. March 6. The ice and fresh came over Fairmount dam five feet six inches in depth, with a very powerful flow of water, and, perhaps owing to the addition of a very strong northwest wind, the awful rushing of the waters over the dam appeared, to an observer of both freshes, much more terrifically sublime than that in 1822, although at that time the depth was three feet six inches more than the recent one, flowing over the dam. It is most gratifying to know that the Schuylkill navigation and canals, and the Union canal, with their locks and dams, sustained both these freshes, which have occurred since these valuable works were formed, without any injury of importance.

FIRST MEDICAL LECTURES.

Dr. William Shippen had the honour to introduce at Philadelphia the first public lectures, in the year 1762, began at his house with only ten students. His first pub-

lic advertisement read thus—viz. “ Dr. Wm. Shippen’s anatomical lectures will begin to-morrow evening, at his father’s house in 4th st—Tickets for the course five pistoles each.” With such a small beginning he lived to enlarge his theatre—to address a class of two hundred and fifty persons—to see medical lectures diffused into five branches, and Edinburgh itself rivalled here at home!—he died in 1808.

But who knows the locality of the *first* lecture room ! Or does any body care to transfer their respect for the man, to the place *where he began his career* ! It was on the premises now Yohe’s hotel, in north Fourth street a little above High street—then sufficiently out of town, with a long back yard leading to the alley opening out upon High street along the side of Warner’s bookstore—by this they favoured the ingress and egress of students in the shades of night. It was at first a terrific and appalling school to the good citizens. It was expected to fill the peaceful town with disquieted ghosts; mobbing was talked of, and not a little dreaded. It was therefore pretended that they contented themselves with the few criminal subjects they could procure ; which was further countenanced by a published permission to him, by authority, to take the bodies of suicides. As the dead tell no tales, the excitement of the day subsided, and the affair was dropt in general parlance,—save among the boys, with whom it lingered long—

“ And awful stories chain’d the wondering ear !
Or fancy-led, at midnight’s fearful hour
With startling step we saw the dreaded corse.”

The tales had not subsided when I was a boy, when

for want of facts we surmised them. The lonely desolate house is yet standing by the stone bridge over the Cohocksink, on north Third street, which all the boys of Philadelphia deemed the receptacle of dead bodies, where their flesh was boiled, and their bones burnt down for the use of the faculty! The proofs were apparent enough:—It was always shut up—showed no out-door labourers—was by a constant stream of running water to wash off remains—had “No Admittance,” for ever grimly forbidding at the door; and from the great chimney about once a fortnight issued great volumes of black smoke, filling the atmosphere all the country round with a most noisome odour—offensive and deadly as yawning graves themselves! Does nobody remember this? Have none since smiled in their manhood to find it was a place for boiling oil and making hartshorn—took thus far out of town to save the delicate sensations of the citizens, by the considerate owner, Christopher Marshall! The whole mysteries of the place, and the supposed doings of the doctors, was cause enough for ghost’s complaints like these:

“The body-snatchers they have come
And made a snatch at me;
It’s very hard them kind of men
Won’t let a body be!
Do’nt go to weep upon my grave
And think that there I be;
They hav’nt left an atom there
Of my anatomie!”

But more certain discoveries were afterwards made at Dr. Shippen’s anatomical theatre in his yard. Time,

which demolishes all things, brought at last all his buildings under the fitful change of fashion "to pull down and build greater,"—when in digging up the yard for cellar foundations, they were surprised to find a grave-yard and its materials, not in any record of the city!—a thing in itself as perplexing to the moderns who beheld the bones, as it had been before, the trouble of the ancients.

THE POST.

"He comes! the herald of a noisy world;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back!"

There is nothing in which the days of "Auld Lang Syne" more differ from the present, than in the astonishing facilities now afforded for rapid conveyances from place to place, and, of course, in the quick delivery of communications by the mail. Before the year 1755, five to six weeks were consumed in writing to, and receiving an answer from Boston. All the letters were conveyed on horse-back, at a snail-pace gait—slow, but sure. The first stage between Boston and New York commenced on the 24th of June, 1772, to run once a fortnight, as "a useful, new, and expensive undertaking;" "to start on the 13th, and to arrive either to or from either of those places on the 25th;"—thus making thirteen days of travel!* Now,

* "Madam Knight's Journal," of the year 1704, shows that she was two weeks in riding with the postman, as her guide.

it travels the same distance in 36 hours ! The first stage between New York and Philadelphia began in 1756, occupied three days, and now it accomplishes it in ten hours !

Nor are those former prolonged movements peculiar to us. It was even so with our British ancestors, not very long before us ! We have a specimen of their sluggish doings in this matter, as late as the year 1712. "The New Castle Courant" of that year contains a stage advertisement, saying that "all who desire to pass from Edinboro' to London, or from London to Edinboro', let them repair to Mr. John Baillies, &c. every other Saturday and Monday, at both of which places they may be received in a stage coach, which performs the whole journey in thirteen days, without stoppage, (if God permit) having eighty able horses to perform the whole stage." Now, the same distance is performed in 46 hours ! On the whole, it is manifest that the whole civilized world have learned to move every where with accelerated motion ! The facts, as they were in the olden time, are to the following effect, to wit :—

In 1683, month of July, Wm. Penn issued an order for the establishment of a post-office, and granted to Henry Waldy, of Tekonay, authority to hold one, and "to supply passengers with horses from Philadelphia to New Castle, or to the Falls." The rates of postage

from Boston to New York. In most of the towns, she saw Indians. She often saw wampum passing as money among the people ; but 6d. a meal, at inns, &c. Tobacco was used and sold under the name of black junk.

were, to wit :—" Letters from the Falls to Philadelphia, 3d.—to Chester, 5d.—to New Castle, 7d.—to Maryland, 9d.—and from Philadelphia to Chester, 2d.—to New Castle, 4d.—and to Maryland, 6d." This post went once a week, and it was to be carefully published " on the meeting-house door, and other public places." These facts I found in the MSS. of the Pemberton family. A regular act for a post-office at Philadelphia, was first enacted in the year 1700.

In 1748, when Professor Kalm arrived at Philadelphia from London, many of the inhabitants came on board his vessel for letters. Such as were not so called for, were taken to the coffee-house, where every body could make enquiry for them, thus showing, that then, the post-office did not seem to claim a right to distribute them as now.

In 1753, the delivery of letters by the penny-post was first begun. At the same time began the practice of advertising remaining letters in the office. The letters for all the neighbouring counties went to Philadelphia, and lay there till called for—thus, letters for Newtown, Bristol, Chester, New Castle, &c. were to be called for in Philadelphia.

Even at that late period, the northern mail goes and returns but once a week in summer, and once a fortnight in winter, just as it did twenty-five years before.

But in 1754, month of October, a new impulse is given, so as to start for New York thereafter, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday ; and in the winter, once a week. This, therefore, marks the period of a new era in the mail establishment of our country. It owed this

impulse, extending also to Boston, to the management of our Franklin, made postmaster general.

In 1755, the postmaster general, Benjamin Franklin, publishes, that to aid trade, &c. he gives notice, that thereafter, the winter northern mail from Philadelphia to New England, which used to set out but once a fortnight, shall start once a week all the year round,—“whereby answers may be obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston, in three weeks, which used to require six weeks !”

In 1758, newspapers, which aforetime were carried post free per mail, will, by the reason of their great increase, be changed thereafter to the small price of 9d. a year, for fifty miles, and 1s. 6d. for one hundred miles. This was, most probably, the private emolument of the rider ; the papers themselves not having been mailed at all, it is probable.

Finally, in 1774, which brings colonial things nearly to a final close, by the war of independence, soon after, we read that “John Perkins engages to ride post to carry the mail once a week to Baltimore, and will take along or bring back led horses or any parcels.”

My mother remembers well that just preceding the revolution, “*the post boy*”—a real *boy*, used to come into Front street *on horseback*, bringing *the New York mail*, and as he entered the town at Vine street, he blew cheerily *his horn*. A small affair then—now it requires a four horse stage !

GAZETTES.

“ These mark the every day affairs of life.”

The early newspapers are by no means such miscellaneous and amusing things as our modern use of them might lead us to conceive. They are very tame, and the news, which is generally foreign, is told in very dull prose ; very little like jest or mirth appear in any of them. Fruitful as Franklin was in amusing writings, it is really surprising how very devoid of *Spectator-like* articles his paper is ; but very little has been furnished by his pen. He must have deemed it out of place for his paper, and therefore confined his essays to his “ Poor Richard’s Almanac,” which was so favourably received as to call for three editions in the same year. Reflections on men and manners of that day, to which he was so very competent, would have been very interesting and judicious ; but I have found nothing. Probably “ the even tenor of their way,” in the days of his chief residence among us, excited no cause of remark, and that it was chiefly since the revolution that we began to deserve remarks on the changing character of the times and the people.

But after every omission and neglect in such editors, old newspapers are still unavoidably a kind of mirror of their age, for they bring up the very age with all its bustle and every day occurrence, and mark its genius and its spirit, more than the most laboured description of the historian. Sometimes a single advertisement

incidentally "prolongs the dubious tale." An old paper must make us thoughtful, for we also shall make our exit ; there every name we read of in print is already cut upon tombstones. The names of doctors have followed their patients ; the merchants have gone after their perished ships ; and the celebrated actor furnishes his own scull for his successor in Hamlet.

"The American Weekly Mercury" was begun by Andrew Bradford, son of William, in Philadelphia, 1719, in company with John Copson. This was the first gazette ever published in our city. It was begun the 22d of December, 1719, at ten shillings per annum. The general object of the paper is said to be, "to encourage trade." It does not seem to be the spirit of the paper to give the local news ; or rather, they did not seem to deem it worth their mention. It might have been but "a tale twice told," for which they were unwilling to pay, while they thought every man could know his domestic news without an advertiser.

WHALES AND WHALERY.

"The huge potentate of the scaly train."

It will much surprise a modern Philadelphian, to learn how very much the public attention was once engaged in the fishery of whales along our coast, and to learn withal, that they disdained not occasionally to

leave their briny deeps to explore and taste the gustful fresh waters of our Delaware,—even there,

“Enormous sails incumbent, an animated isle,
And in his way dashes to heaven’s blue arch the foaming wave.”

“The Free Society of Traders” had it as a part of their original scheme of profit, to prosecute extensively the catching of whales. To this purpose, they instituted a whalery near Lewestown; and, as I am inclined to think, there was once in some way connected with the whalery, a place of sale or deposit at the junction of “Whalebone alley” and Chesnut street, on the same premises now Pritchett’s. The old house which formerly stood there, had a large whalebone affixed to the wall of the house, and when lately digging through the made earth in the yard, they dug up several fragments of whales, such as tails, fins, &c. Its location there originally was by the tide water ranging in Dock creek. Be this as it may, we are certain of the whales and the whaleries, from facts like the following, to wit:

In 1683, William Penn, in writing to the above society, says, “The whalery hath a sound and fruitful bank, and the town of Lewes by it, to help your people.”

In another letter of the same year, he says, “Mighty whales roll upon the coast, near the mouth of the bay of the Delaware; eleven caught and worked into oil in one season. We justly hope a considerable profit by a whalery, they being so numerous and the shore so suitable.”

In another letter of 1683, William Penn again says, “Whales are in great plenty for oil, and two companies

of whalers, and hopes of finding plenty of good cod in the bay."

In 1688, Phineas Pemberton, of Pennsbury, records a singular visiter, saying, "A whale was seen in the Delaware as high as the Falls!"

In 1722, deficiency of whales is intimated, saying in the gazette, that there are but four whales killed on Long Island, and but little oil is expected from thence.

In 1730, a cow-whale of fifty feet length is advertised as going ashore to the northward of Cape May, dead. The harpooners are requested to go and claim it. Thus showing, I presume, that a fishery was then near there, by the same persons who may have harpooned it.

In 1733, month of April, two whales, supposed to be a cow and a calf, appeared in the river before the city. They were pursued and shot at by people in several boats, but escaped notwithstanding. What a rare spectacle it must have been to the fresh water cockneys of the city!

In 1735, month of July, some fishermen proved their better success at this time in capturing an ocean fish, such as a shark of seven feet length in a net, a little above the city. The gazette of the day says it is but seldom a shark is found so high in fresh water. If that was strange in that day, it was still stranger in modern times, when "a voracious shark," of nine feet long and 500wt. was caught at Windmill Cove, only five miles below Philadelphia, in July, 1823. Not long after, say in January, 1824, near the same place, was taken a seal of four feet four inches long, and 61lbs. weight, near the Repaupa flood gates.

About the same time another was taken in Elk river.

Many years ago seals were often seen about Amboy, but to no useful purpose.

In 1736, February, "two whales are killed at Cape May, equal to forty barrels of oil," and several more are expected to be killed "by the whalemén on the coast."

Finally, the last "huge potentate of the scaly train" made his visit up the Delaware about the year 1809,—then a whale of pretty large dimensions, to the great surprise of our citizens, was caught near Chester. He was deemed a rare wanderer, and as such became a subject of good speculation as an exhibition in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Thomas Prior, who purchased it, made money by it, and in reference to his gains was called "Whale Pryor." The jaws were so distended as to receive therein an arm chair in which visitors sat.

GRAPES AND VINEYARDS.

NUMEROUS incidental intimations and facts evince the expectations originally entertained for making this a flourishing grape and wine country. Before Penn's arrival, the numerous grapevines every where climbing the branches of our forest trees, gave some sanction to the idea that ours may have been the ancient *Wineland* so mysteriously spoken of by the Norwegian writers. Almost all the navigators, on their several discoveries, stated their hopes, from the abundance of grapevines, with exultation. But neglecting these, we have substituted whiskey!

Penn, in his letter of 1683 to the Free Society of Traders, says, "Here are grapes of divers sorts. The great red grape, now ripe, (in August,) called by ignorance the foxgrape, because of the rich relish it hath with unskilful palates, is in itself an extraordinary grape, and by art, doubtless, may be cultivated to an excellent wine—if not so sweet, yet little inferior to the Frontinac, as it is not much unlike in taste, ruddiness set aside, which in such things, as well as mankind, differs the case much. There is a kind of muscadel, and a little black grape, like the cluster grape of England, not yet so ripe as the other, but, they tell me, when ripe sweeter; and that they only want skilful vigneron to make good use of them." Then he adds, "I intend to venture on it with my Frenchman this season, who shows some knowledge in these things." At the same time he questions whether it is best to fall to fining the grapes of the country, or to send for foreign stems and sets already approved. If God spare his life, he will try both means—[a mode of practice recently obtaining favour with several experimenters.] Finally, he says, I would advise you to send for some thousands of plants out of France, with some able vigneron.

With such views, Penn, as we shall presently show, instituted several small experiments. He and others naturally inferred, that a country so fruitful in its spontaneous productions of grapes, must have had a peculiar adaptation for the vine. When the celebrated George Fox, the founder of Friends, was a traveller through our wooden wilderness, he expressly notices his perpetual embarrassments in riding, from the numerous entangling grapevines. The same, too, is expressly

mentioned by Pastorius, in his traversing the original site of Philadelphia. And when Kalm was here in 1748, he speaks of grapevines in every direction, the moment he got without the bounds of the city; and in his rides to Germantown and Chester, &c. he found them all along his way. Thus numerous and various as they once were, it may be a question, whether, in the general destruction of the vines since, we have not destroyed several of peculiar excellence, since modern accidental discoveries have brought some excellent specimens to notice,—such as the Orwigsburg and Susquehannah.

In 1685, William Penn, in speaking of his vineyard to his steward, James Harrison, writes: “Although the vineyard be as yet of no value, and I might be out of pocket, till I come, be regardful to Andrew Dore the Frenchman. He is hot, but I think honest.” This, I presume, refers to the vigneron, and to the vineyard at Springetsbury.

In another letter he writes to recommend Charles de la Noe, a French minister, who intends, with his two servants, to try a vineyard, and if he be well used, more will follow.

In 1686, he writes to the same steward, saying, “All the vines formerly sent and in the vessel (now), are intended for Andrew (Dore), at the Schuylkill, for the vineyard. I could have been glad of a taste last year, as I hear he made some.” Again he says, “If wine can be made by Andrew Dore, at the vineyard, it will be worth to the province thousands by the year,—there will be hundreds of vineyards, if it takes. I understand he produced ripe grapes by the 28th of 5th mo.

from shoots of fifteen or sixteen mos. planting. Many French are disheartened by the Carolinas (for vines) as not hot enough !”

About the time William Penn was thus urging the cultivation of the vine, his enlightened friend Pastorius, the German and scholar, was experimenting, as he expressly says, on his little vineyard in Germantown.

How those vineyards succeeded, or how they failed, we have no data on which to found an explanation now. We behold, however, now, that Mr. E. H. Bonsall is succeeding with a vineyard among us ; and at Little York the success is quite encouraging.

The following description of the discovery and character of the Susquehannah grape, will probably go far to prove the superiority of some natural grapes once among us, or leave grounds to speculate on the possibility of birds conveying off some of Penn’s above-mentioned imported seeds. Another new and excellent grape has been discovered on the line of the new canal, beyond the Susquehannah.

About a year ago, there were obtained some cuttings of a grapevine which was discovered by Mr. Dininger, on an island in the Susquehannah, called Brushy Island. The island upon which this vine was found is uninhabited and uncultivated, the soil alluvial, and subject to overflow. The vine runs upon a large sycamore, spreading through the top branches, to the height of forty or fifty feet from the ground, and appears to have grown with the tree, the root being from twenty to thirty feet from the tree. The wood, leaf, and early shoots very much resemble what is called Miller’s Burgundy, also

the fruit, in colour and flavour ; but in size it is much larger. It was observed, that the fruit obtained in September, 1827, was a deep brown ; that of the next season, some were brown and others a deep black. The difference was accounted for by Mr. Dininger, who stated that the brown bunches were those that were shaded from the sun by the thick foliage of the tree ; but those exposed to the sun were black. Some of the bunches procured that season were very fine, and set closely upon the stem—fruit the size of the Powel grape, skin thin, *no pulp*, a sweet water, seed small, flavour equal to the celebrated *Black Prince*, and not inferior to any foreign grape, for the table.

At the period in which this vine must have taken root, foreign grapes were little known in the United States, and then their cultivation was confined to the neighbourhood of the great Atlantic cities.

None of the foreign varieties we have seen correspond in appearance with this fruit, for though the wood and leaf of Miller's Burgundy are so similar as scarcely to be distinguished apart, yet the bunches and fruit of that of the Susquehannah are much larger.

Again—we have many stories related through the country, by persons worthy of credit, of the delicious grapes found upon the islands of the Susquehannah. Some described as *white*, some *red*, *black*, *purple*, &c. without pulp, and all ripening in August and September.

Charles Thompson used to tell, that the most luscious and excellent wild grape he ever tasted, grew in a meadow on the road to Chester. He thought the fruit so

fine that he intended, at a proper season, to procure cuttings for its cultivation, but found the stupid owner had destroyed it, because it shaded "too much his ground!"

OCCURRENCES OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

"The deeds of our fathers in times that are gone;
Their virtues, their prowess, the fields they have won,
Their struggles for freedom, the toils they endured,
The rights and the blessings for us they procured."

WITH a view to preserve some of our local facts connected with the war of independence, expressed in a manner more moving and stirring to our feelings than those general terms by which our historians have generalised their facts, I had aimed to collect and preserve such *individual* and *special* incidents, as would bring back the former scenes and doings of our forefathers to our contemplation. With this purpose, I had gathered from several eyewitnesses, in graphic delineations, the things they saw and did, and especially of those occurrences which transpired while Philadelphia was held under the government and conquest of General Howe and his army. I had gathered from the *reminiscences* of the aged, and the *diaries* of others of that day, several curious and unpublished facts; such as would surprise, stir, and interest the present genera-

tion.* But after all my preparation on this matter, fully equal to fifty pages, I find myself obliged to lay it aside from the present publication, for want of room.

The following facts, chiefly concerning the British army, must suffice for the present article, to wit :

THE ENTRY OF THE ARMY—AS TOLD BY CAPTAIN J. C.

The grenadiers, with Lord Cornwallis at their head, led the van when they entered the city ; their tranquil look and dignified appearance has left an impression on my mind, that the British grenadiers were inimitable. As I am relating the feelings and observations of a boy only ten years old, I shall mention many things, perhaps, not worth relating ; for instance, I went up to the front rank of the grenadiers when they had entered Second street, when several of them addressed me thus : How do you do, young one,—how are you, my boy ; in a brotherly tone, that seems still to vibrate on my ear ; then reached out their hands and severally caught mine, and shook it, not with an exulting shake of conquerors, as I thought, but with a sympathising one for the vanquished. The Hessians composed a part of the vanguard, and followed in the rear of the grenadiers,—their looks to me were terrific,—their brass caps—their mustachios,—their countenances, by nature morose,

* Some of the facts were from the recollections of the late Colonel A. M'Lane, so enterprising in our "border war," along our lines ; and some from the diary of a young lady in the midst of the martial doings, &c.—all spirited and warm from the heart, with the glow of a "good whig ;" some also from the diary of a widow Friend, foreboding and sad with tory sympathies and fears.

and their music, that sounded better English than they themselves could speak—plunder—plunder—plunder, gave a desponding, heart-breaking effect, as I thought, to all ; to me it was dreadful beyond expression.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ENTRY OF THE ARMY—BY A
LADY.

I can well remember the previous gloom spread over the minds of the inhabitants, from the time it was thought the enemy would advance through the Jerseys ; the very darkest hour of the revolution appearing to me to be that preceding the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. The tories, who favoured the government at home, (as England was then called,) became elated, and the whigs depressed. This may account for a good deal of severity that was used before the constituted authorities of that time left the city, in visiting the inhabitants and inspecting what stores of provisions they had, taking in some instances what they deemed superfluous, especially blankets, of which our army were in great need. After the public authorities had left the city, it was a very gloomy time indeed. We knew the enemy had landed at the head of Elk, but of their procedure and movements we had but vague information ; for none were left in the city in public employ, to whom expresses would be addressed. The day of the battle of Brandywine was one of deep anxiety. We heard the firing, and knew of an engagement between the armies, without expecting immediate information of the result ; when, towards night, a horseman rode at full speed down Chesnut street, and turned round Fourth to the Indian Queen public house ; many ran to hear what he

had to tell, and as I remember, his account was pretty near the truth. He told of La Fayette being wounded.

We had for a neighbour and an intimate acquaintance, a very amiable English gentleman, (H. Gurney,) who had been in the British army, and had left the service upon marrying a rich and excellent lady of Philadelphia, some years before. He was a person so much liked and esteemed by the public, that he remained unmolested at a time when the Committee of Public Safety sent many excellent citizens into banishment without a hearing, upon the most vague and unfounded suspicion ; but contented themselves with only taking his word of honour that he would do nothing inimical to the country, nor furnish the enemy with any information. He endeavoured to give my mother confidence that the inhabitants would not be ill-treated. He advised that we should be all well dressed, and that we should keep our houses closed. The army marched in and took possession of the town in the morning. We were up stairs, and saw them pass to the State house ; they looked well, clean, and well clad, and the contrast between them and our own poor, barefooted, and ragged troops, was very great, and caused a feeling of despair. It was a solemn and impressive day—but I saw no exultation in the enemy, nor indeed in those who were reckoned favourable to their success. Early in the afternoon, Lord Cornwallis's suite arrived, and took possession of my mother's house. But my mother was appalled by the numerous train which took possession of her dwelling, and shrank from having such inmates ; for a guard was mounted at the door, and the yard filled with soldiers and baggage of every description ;

and I well remember what we thought of the haughty looks of Lord Rawdon* and the other aid-de-camp, as they traversed the apartments. My mother desired to speak with Lord Cornwallis, and he attended her in the front parlour. She told him of her situation, and how impossible it would be for her to stay in her own house with such a numerous train as composed his lordship's establishment. He behaved with great politeness to her, said he should be sorry to give trouble, and would have other quarters looked out for him. They withdrew that very afternoon, and he was accommodated at Peter Reeve's,† in Second, near to Spruce street; and we felt very glad at the exemption—but it did not last long—for directly the quartermasters were employed in billeting the troops, and we had to find room for two officers of artillery, and afterwards, in addition, for two gentlemen, secretaries of Lord Howe.

The officers, very generally I believe, behaved with politeness to the inhabitants; and many of them, upon going away, expressed their satisfaction that no injury to the city was contemplated by their commander. They said, that living among the inhabitants, and speaking the same language, made them uneasy at the thought of acting as enemies.

At first, provisions were scarce and dear, and we had to live with much less abundance than we had been accustomed to. Hard money was indeed as difficult to come at, as if it had never been taken from the mines, except with those who had things to sell for the use of

* Since the Marquis of Hastings, and who died at Malta in 1826.

† Now David Lewis's house, No. 142, South Second street.

the army. They had given certificates to the farmers, as they came up through Chester county, of the amount of stores they had taken, and upon these being presented for payment at head quarters, they were duly honoured. My mother received a seasonable supply in this way, from persons who were in her debt, and had been paid for what the army had taken.

Every thing considered, the citizens fared better than could have been expected ; and though it was extremely disagreeable in many places, on account of the dirt, yet the city was healthy. The enemy appeared to have a great deal of shipping in the Delaware ; I counted sixty vessels, that looked of large size, moored so close to each other, that it seemed as if you could not pass a hand between them, near to where the navy yard now is--and all the wharves and places seemed crowded. There was scarce any thing to sell in the shops when they came into the town, and the paper money had depreciated to nothing. I remember two pieces of silk that I saw on sale a little before their arrival, at one hundred dollars per yard. Tea was fifty and sixty dollars per pound.

The day of the battle of Germantown, we heard the firing all day, but knew not the result. Towards evening they brought in the wounded. The prisoners were carried to the State house lobbies, and the street was presently filled with women taking lint and bandages, and every refreshment which they thought their suffering countrymen might want.

General Howe, during the time he staid in Philadelphia, seized and kept for his own use, Mary Pemberton's coach and horses, in which he used to ride about

the town. The old officers appeared to be uneasy at his conduct, and some of them freely expressed their opinions; they said, that before his promotion to the chief command, he sought for the counsels and company of officers of experience and merit; but now, his companions were usually a set of boys—the most dissipated fellows in the army.

Lord Howe was much more sedate and dignified than his brother; really dignified, for he did not seem to affect any pomp or parade.

They were exceedingly chagrined and surprised at the capture of Burgoyne, and at first would not suffer it to be mentioned. We had received undoubted intelligence of the fact, in a letter from Charles Thomson, and upon communicating this circumstance to Henry Gurney, his interrogatories forced an acknowledgement from some of the superior officers, that it was, as he said, “alas, too true!”

The streets seemed always well filled with both officers and soldiers, and I believe they frequently attended different places of worship; but Friends’ meetings were not much to their tastes. They had their own chaplains to the different regiments, which appeared to us a mere mockery of religion. Parson Badger was chaplain to the artillery, and he was billeted at John Field’s, who, with his wife, were very plain Friends, in our neighbourhood. The house was very small, and he had the front room up stairs; and as he was a jolly good-tempered person, he was much liked by the young fellows, who used to call to see him after parades.

Even whig ladies went to the Meschianza and to balls, but I knew of very few instances of attachments

formed, nor, with the exception of one instance, of any want of propriety in behaviour.

When they left the city, the officers came to take leave of their acquaintance, and express their good wishes. It seemed to us that a considerable change had taken place in their prospects of success, between the time of their entry and departure. They often spoke freely in conversation on these subjects.

“The honourable Cosmo Gordon” staid all night at his quarters, and lay in bed so long the next morning, that the family thought it but kind to waken him, and tell him “his friends, the rebels,” were in town. It was with great difficulty he procured a boat to put him over the Delaware. Perhaps he and his man were the last that embarked. Many soldiers hid themselves in cellars and other places, and staid behind—I have heard. In two hours after we saw the last of them, our own dragoons galloped down the street.

When our own troops took possession of the city, General Arnold, then flushed with the recent capture of Burgoyne, was appointed to the command of it, and his quarters, (as if we had been conquered from an enemy,) appointed at Henry Gurney’s! They were appalled at the circumstance, but thought it prudent to make no resistance; when, to their agreeable surprise, his politeness, and that of his aids, Major Franks and Captain Clarkson, made the imposition set light, and in a few days he removed to Mrs. Master’s house in Market street, that had been occupied as head quarters by General Howe, where he entered upon a style of living but ill according with republican simplicity, giving sumptuous entertainments that involved him in

expenses and debt, and most probably laid the foundation, in his necessities and poverty, of his future deception and treason to his country. He married our Philadelphia Miss Shippen.

FURTHER FACTS—BY J. P. N., ESQ.

I recollect seeing the division march down Second street, when Lord Cornwallis took possession of the city—the troops were gay and well clad. A number of our citizens appeared sad and serious. When I saw them, there was no huzzaing. The artillery were quartered in Chesnut, between Third and Sixth streets,—the State house yard was made use of as the park,—the 42d Highlanders occupied Chesnut below Third street; the 15th regiment were in quarters in Market, in and about Fifth street.

When the enemy were bombarding Fort Mifflin, we could see the path of the bomb from the top of my old house. The blowing up of the *Augusta* was attended with a shock similar to that of an earthquake. I immediately started for Schuylkill point, where the British had a battery, and saw some firing. The officers appeared much chagrined at the events of the day. On our way down, we met several wagons with wounded soldiers—many of them in great pain—their moans and cries were very distressing. These men had been wounded before Redbank fort.

I was present when some of the troops were going off for Germantown, the morning of the battle; they were in high spirits, and moved in a trot.

Houses entirely occupied by the soldiery were a good deal injured—their conduct, however, was quite as good

as could be expected. The officers of middle age were in general polite—the younger ones were more dashing. Some of them had women with them. I recollect Colonel Birch of the horse, and Major Williams of the artillery, had. They occupied houses to themselves, and were not quartered on families. All the regiments paraded morning and evening.

After the battle of Germantown, the officers who were made prisoners in that action were confined some days in the long room up stairs in the State house, now Peale's museum.

During the winter, prisoners and deserters were frequently brought in, and carried first to head quarters. They were easily distinguished, as the latter always had their arms, and which they were allowed to dispose of; they were almost naked, and generally without shoes—an old dirty blanket around them, attached by a leather belt around the waist.

Deserters from head quarters were led off to the superintendent, (Galloway,) and officers of the new corps were generally on the look out to get them to enlist.

The citizens of Philadelphia were once gratified with the full display of General Washington's whole army. It was done on the occasion of raising the spirits of the whigs, and of proportionably dispiriting the measures of the tories. As it was intended for effect, it was, of course, in its best array for our poor means, and had indeed the effect to convince the tories it was far more formidable than they expected. 'This martial entrée passed down the long line of Front street. 'There, thousands of our citizens beheld numerous poor fellows, never to be seen more among the sons of men!

They were on their march to meet the enemy, landed at the head of Elk. They encountered at Brandywine and at Germantown, and besides losing many lives, retained little of all those implements and equipages, which constituted their street display in our city.

At another time, the *French* army was displayed at Philadelphia, in fine style, 6,000 strong. Their white uniforms, and complete military array, were deemed a grand spectacle. They entered by passing down Front street, and out Vine street to the commons at the Centre square. Rochambeau was their commander, and the troops were on their way to Yorktown—so glorious to them and us!

LOCALITIES OCCUPIED BY THE ARMY AND OFFICERS.

General Howe lived in the house in High street, near Sixth street, where was afterwards the residence of President Washington. His brother, Lord Howe, resided in Chesnut street, in the house now the Farmers and Mechanics bank. General Kniphausen lived in the house then General Cadwallader's, in South Second street, opposite to Little Dock street. Lord Cornwallis dwelt in the house since of David Lewis, in Second above Spruce street. Colonel Abercrombie—afterwards the general, who was killed in Egypt—dwelt in the house of Whitehead, in Vine street, second door west of Cable lane. Major André dwelt in Dr. Franklin's mansion, in a court back from High street.

Several of the British troops used to exercise in the large vacant lot appurtenant to Bingham's mansion.

The British who were wounded at the battle of Brandywine were put in Cuthbert and Hood's stores and

houses in Penn street. The Americans were put into the lobbies of the State house. The British wounded at Germantown were put into the Scotch Presbyterian church in Spruce street.

While the British remained, they held frequent plays at the Old Theatre, the performances by their officers. The scenes were painted by Major André and Captain Delancy. They had also stated balls.

They had under their control two tory presses,—one the “True Royal Gazette,” by James Humphreys; the other, the “Royal Pennsylvania Gazette,” by James Robertson.

Sir William Howe was a fine figure, full six feet high, and well proportioned,—in appearance not unlike his antagonist, General Washington. His manners were graceful and dignified, and he was much beloved by his officers, for his generosity and affability.

Sir Henry Clinton, his successor in command, was in a good degree a different man,—he was short and fat, with a full face and prominent nose, in his intercourse was reserved, and not so popular as Howe.

Lord Cornwallis was short and thick set, his hair somewhat gray, his face well formed and agreeable, his manners remarkably easy and affable—much beloved by his men.

General Kniphausen was much of the German in his appearance, always very polite in bowing to respectable citizens in the streets; not tall, but slender and straight. His features sharp and martial—very honourable in his dealings.

Colonel Tarleton was rather below the middle size, stout, strong, heavily made, large muscular legs, and an

uncommonly active person,—his complexion dark, and his eye small, black, and piercing.

Among their greatest feats while at Philadelphia, was that of the celebrated “Meschianza,” so called. It was chiefly a tilt and tournament, with other entertainments, as the term implies, and was given on Monday, the 18th of May, 1778, at Wharton’s country seat in Southwark, by the officers of General Sir William Howe’s army, to that officer, on his quitting the command to return to England. A considerable number of our city *belles* were present; which gave considerable offence afterwards to the whigs, and did not fail to mark the fair as the “tory ladies.” The ill-nature and the reproach has long since been forgotten.

MISCELLANEA.

I have very direct and certain evidence for saying, that Mrs. Lydia Darrach (the wife of William Darrach, a teacher, dwelling in the house No. 177, South Second street, corner of Little Dock street,) was the cause of saving Washington’s army from great disaster while it lay at Whitemarsh, in 1777. The case was this:—The adjutant general of the British army occupied a chamber in that house, and came there by night to read the orders and plan of General Howe’s meditated attack. She overheard them when she was expected to have been asleep in bed; and making a pretext to go out to Frankford for flour for family use, under a pass, she met with Colonel Craig, and communicated the whole to him, who immediately rode off to General Washington to put him on his guard. The next night, at midnight, the British army, in great force, moved silently

out of Philadelphia. The whole terminated in what was called, I believe, the affair of Edge Hill, on the 5th December; and on the 8th following, the British got back to the city, fatigued and disappointed.

Mrs. Darrach, although a small and weakly woman, walked the whole distance out and in, bringing with her, to save appearances, twenty-five pounds of flour, borne upon her arms all the way from Frankford. The adjutant general afterwards went to her to enquire if it had been possible that any of her family could have been up to listen and carry intelligence, since the result had been so mysterious to him. Mr. and Mrs. Darrach were of the society of Friends.

A lady of Philadelphia, writing to an officer of the British army who had been intimate in her family before the war, thus expresses to him the patriotic feelings of her sex—[the copy was lately found in MS. among her papers]—"I will tell you what I have done: My *only* brother I have sent to the camp, with my prayers and blessings; and had I twenty sons and brothers, they should go to emulate the great examples before them. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family. Tea I have not drank since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington. I have the pleasure to assure you, that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed assemblies, parties, tea drinkings, and finery, to the great spirit of patriotism. If these are *our* sentiments, what must be the resolutions of our husbands *but to die or be free?*"

At this time, the beloved tea of the ladies was excluded from all the tables of the whigs; and the few

who clandestinely indulged in the beverage, asked for it at the stores as "cut tobacco," sealed up in papers; and when using it, they always had a coffee pot on the table to disguise the reality.

Our war, which has been called "a history of temporary devices," was replete with happy accidents, "such as the pious call providence, and the profane call luck." To instance only a few cases of "time and chance," as they occurred—

When the war had just begun, and we were almost destitute of military equipments, Captain Manly was sent out of Philadelphia to endeavour to capture war implements known to have been shipped in two ships from the tower of London. He soon captured one, and found many of the articles were ineffective without possessing those in the other; and this he also succeeded to find and capture, and so brought in an outfit for the first hostilities.

On another occasion, when military stores and clothing were exhausted in Washington's camp, a supply suddenly and unexpectedly arrived in a ship to Robert Morris, fully laden, all which he generously gave up to the service. At another time, when there were no cartridges but those in the men's boxes, and when if attacked defeat seemed inevitable, a most seasonable supply of lead arrived to Mr. Morris in the Holker privateer, as her ballast,—all of which he promptly gave up to the use of the soldiers.

The Hessians, captured at Trenton, were all marched up Chesnut street, to cheer and encourage the despondent, and to be shown to congress, then in session there. They made a long line—all fine hearty looking men,

well clad, and looking *very well satisfied*. On each side of them, in single file, were their American guards, mostly in light summer dress, and some without shoes, (in winter too,) stepping lightly, and eyes beaming with joy and gladness. I have the tassel of the Hessian colour.

Among the amusing and facetious incidents of the war, which sometimes cheered the heart amidst its abiding gloom, was that of the celebrated occurrence of "the Battle of the Kegs," at Philadelphia. It began at early morn—a subject of general alarm and consternation, but at last subsided into matter of much merry makings among our American whigs, and of vexation and chagrin on the part of the British. When the alarm of explosion first occurred, the whole city was set in commotion. The housekeepers and children ran to their houses generally for shelter, and the British army every where ran from their shelters to their assigned places of muster. Horns, drums, and trumpets every where resounded to arms, and cavalry and horsemen dashed to and fro, in gay confusion.

The kegs which gave this dread alarm were constructed at Bordentown, and floated down the Delaware for the purpose of destroying the British shipping, which had been moored in the mid-stream, in a long line, the whole length of the city. The kegs were charged with gunpowder, and were to be fired and exploded by a spring lock the moment the keg should brush against the vessel's bottom. The kegs themselves could not be seen, being under water; but the buoys which floated them were visible. It so happened, however, that at the very time (January 7, 1778,) when the scheme was

set in operation, the British, fearing the making of ice, had warped in their shipping to the wharves, and so escaped much of the intended mischief.

The crew of a barge attempting to take one of them up, it exploded, and killed four of the hands and wounded the rest. Soon all the wharves and shipping were lined with soldiers. Conjecture was vague, and imagination supplied many “phantoms dire.” Some asserted the kegs were filled with armed rebels—that they had seen the points of their bayonets sticking out of the bung holes! Others, that they were filled with inextinguishable combustibles, which would set the Delaware in flames, and consume all the shipping! Others deemed them magic machines, which could mount the wharves, and roll all flaming into the city! Great were the exertions of officers and men, and incessant were the firings, so that not a chip or stick escaped their sharp shooting and vigilance! We are indebted to the facetious muse of Francis Hopkinson, Esq. for the following *jeu d’esprit* upon the occasion. I give an extract, to wit:

“Those kegs, I’m told, the rebels hold,
Pack’d up like pickled herring;
And they ’re come down t’ attack the town
In this new way of ferrying.

“The soldier flew—the sailor too,
And, scar’d almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

“Arise, arise,—Sir Erskine cries,
The rebels—more’s the pity—
Without a boat, are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

“ The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

“ Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They 'll make their boasts and brags, sir.”

In June, 1783, Philadelphia city was put in much excitement and commotion by the sudden approach of four or five hundred soldiers, who came to demand of congress, per force, their arrear of pay. They came marching down Fourth street in martial array. As they formed before the hall, considerable alarm was excited within among the members. Some gentlemen interceded to preserve peace,—but the congress precipitately went off to Princeton. The soldiers next threatened the then only bank, when the citizens took it up and ran to arms, and the soldiers withdrew quietly to the barracks in the Northern Liberties, where they were soon after all made prisoners, by a stronger force of soldiery.

The news of “Cornwallis taken,” was a joyful event in Philadelphia. It came by express at midnight; and the watchmen, in crying the usual hours, aroused the inhabitants by adding—“and Cornwallis taken!” A more cheering serenade was never heard sounding abroad in midnight air.

When “the peace” was confirmed, the joy was unbounded. A great flag was hoisted on a lofty mast on Market street hill, and the people fastened their eyes upon it by the hour, transferring to the emblem the

veneration which they felt for the achievers of the peace. Great fireworks were prepared up High street ; and the crowd being immense, when the arch took fire and the rockets flew down the street among the people, a great panic ensued, and many contusions and accidents. Long it was remembered and recited with terror. The houses were illuminated generally, save those of the Friends, which, of course, afforded fine sport for the rabble in breaking in the dark panes.

The peaceful affections of the Friends often made them the subject of severe comment among the strenuous whigs. When jealousy ran high, seventeen leading and respectable Friends of Philadelphia were exiled, for the security of good behaviour, to Winchester, Virginia.

It must, perhaps, surprise others as well as ourselves, that such an army as Howe's—of 18,000 men—could so make its way through a country of two millions of souls ! We should think that the population of such a city as Philadelphia, had only to turn out *en masse*, and make a meal of them. But it is really wonderful on such occasions how very *few* of the whole can be brought into any effect as actual defenders ! The town meeting hosts, the tavern declaimers, and fire-side soldiers, all cower, and all hold back. The truth is, the mass of citizens have little or no enthusiasm in such perils ; they can help on the war by imposing numbers at *resolves* and at the *polls* ; but when “ sacred honour, lives, and fortunes ” are really needed, “ few take the risk, and less the battle share ! ” Howe, as a martial man, knew this, and pushed his way accordingly, and at length made his entry good into Philadelphia, where he staid just long

enough to enervate himself and his army, and to yield to pastime and pleasure, what we could by no means constrain by any force of our arms.

THE FEDERAL PROCESSION.

“ ’Twere worth ten years of peaceful life—
One glance at their array !”

THIS great procession took place at Philadelphia, for the purpose of celebrating the adoption of the constitution, and it was appointed on Friday, the fourth of July, 1788, for the double purpose of commemorating the Declaration of Independence of the fourth of July, 1776. Although we have had several processions since, none have ever equalled it in the pomp and expense of the materials engaged in the pageantry. The soldiery then were not so numerous as in the late entry of La Fayette, but the citizens were more numerous, and their attire more decorative. It was computed that five thousand walked in the procession; and that as many as seventeen thousand were assembled on the “Union Green,” where the procession ended, in front of Bush-hill.* The whole expense was borne by the voluntary contributions of the tradesmen, &c. enrolled in the display; and what was very remarkable, the whole of the pageantry was got up in four days!

The parties to the procession all met at and about the intersection of Cedar and Third streets, and began

* This was then Hamilton’s elegant country seat.

their march by nine o'clock in the morning. They went up Third street to Callowhill ; up that street to Fourth street ; down Fourth street to High street ; and thence out that street across the commons to the lawn, before Bush-hill, where they arrived in three hours. The length of the whole line was about one mile and a half. On this lawn were constructed circular tables, leaving an area for its diameter of about five hundred feet. The tables were covered with awnings, and the centre was occupied by the " Grand Federal Edifice," drawn there by ten white horses,—and by the ship Union, drawn there also by ten horses. There, an oration on the occasion was delivered by James Wilson, Esq., to upwards of twenty thousand people. After which, the whole members of the procession sat down to the tables to dinner. The supplies were abundant ; no wine or ardent spirits were present ; but porter, beer and cider flowed for all who would receive them ; and of these liquors, the casks lined all the inner circles of the tables. They drank ten toasts in honour of the then ten confederated states ; as the cannon announced these, they were responded from the ship Rising Sun, laying in the Delaware, off High street, decorated with numerous flags. The same ship, at night, was highly illuminated. This great company withdrew to their homes by six o'clock in the evening ; all sober, but all joyful. This occasion was the strongest which could exercise the feelings of the heart in an affecting manner. It was to celebrate a nation's freedom, and a people's system of self-government ; a people recently made free, by their desperate efforts ; the remembrance of which then powerfully possessed every mind. They then all felt the deep

importance of the experiment of self-government, to which their hearts and voices were then so imposingly pledged. The scene ought not to be forgotten; we should imprint the recollections of that day, and of the imposing pageantries, upon the minds of our children, and of our children's children. This has been already too much neglected; so that even now, while I endeavour to recapitulate some of the most striking incidents of the day, I find it is like reviving the circumstances of an almost obliterated dream. I did not see the spectacle; but it was the talk of my youthful days for years after the event.

WATERING PLACES.

“And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
And the gay city's idle pleasures cloy,
Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene,
And now the country,—now the town enjoy.”

The practice of summer travelling among the gentry and their imitators, is quite a modern affair. Our forefathers, when our cities were small, and pump-water still uncontaminated, found no places more healthy than their homes; and generally, they liked the country best, “when *visited* from town.” From that cause there were very few country-seats in existence; and what there were, were so near as to be easily visited on foot, “not for the good and friendly too remote” to call. Thus the Rev. Gilbert Tennant's place, Bedminster, was

at the corner of Brewer's alley and Fourth street. Burges's place, and Mitchell's place, were in Campington. Two or three were out in Spring Garden, on the northern side of Pegg's run; Hamilton's place was at Bush-hill; Penn's place was close by, at Springetsbury; and lastly, Kinsey's place, where is now the Naval Asylum, and Turner's place, Wilton, was down near Girard's farm. All these were rather rarities than a common choice.

As population and wealth increased, new devices of pleasure were sought, and some *inland* watering places began to be visited, chiefly, however, at first, for the good they might be supposed to offer to the infirm. Next in order, came *sea bathing*, most generally used at first by the robust; by those who could rough it; such as could bear to reach the sea shore in a returning "Jersey wagon," and who depended on their own supply of "small stores," sheets, and blankets, &c. Increase of such company, in time, afforded sufficient motive to residents on the favourite beaches to make such provision for transient visitors, as could not conveniently make their own supply. Thus, yearly, such places of resort grew from little to greater, and by degrees to luxury and refinement. It is still, however, within the memory of several of the aged, when the concomitants of sea bathing, before the Revolution, were rough as its own surges, and for that very reason, produced better evidences of positive benefits to visitors in the increase of robust feelings, than they do now. But last in order, in the progress of luxury, came the last device of pleasure, in travelling excursions; now "boxing the compass" to every point. The astonishingly

increased facilities of communication have diminished distances. Steamboats transfer us to far distant places before we have fairly tried the varieties of a single day and night of their operation! Post coaches, and fleet horses, roll us as easy as on our couches; New England and northern tours occur; the grand canal and Niagara are sought; westward, we have Mount Carbon, and the line of new canals; and homeward, "round about," we have the wonders of Mauch Chunk, Carbondale, the Morris canal, Catskill mountain, and the everlasting battlements of the North river. In such excursions, much is seen to gratify the eye, and much to cheer the heart.

I proceed now to notice, historically, the only "*Watering Places*," known to our forefathers, placing them much in the order in which they occurred, to wit:

"The mineral water in the Great Valley," thirty miles from Philadelphia, was first announced, as a valuable discovery, in the year 1722. In the same year, great praise is bestowed on the newly discovered mineral water at "Bristol Spring."

In 1770, such was the decreased fame of the *Yellow Springs*, in Chester county, that it was deplored as a public evil, that it had been so deserted; although its efficacy of waters and charms of scenery and accommodation, were still undiminished, as at the beginning—(fifty years before.) It was stated, that from one hundred to five hundred persons, daily, had been accustomed to be found there in the summer months.

We think "Long Beach" and "Tucker's Beach," in point of earliest attraction, as a sea-shore resort for Philadelphians, must claim the precedence. They had

their visitors and distant admirers long before Squam, or Deal, or even Long Branch itself, had got their several fame. To those who chiefly desire to restore languid frames, and to find their nerves new braced and firmer strung, nothing can equal the invigorating surf and genial air. And what can more affect the eye and touch the best affections of the heart, than there to think of *Him* who made those great waves ; stalking like so many giants to the shore,—tossing their white crests high against the everlasting strand, and calling to each other, in the deep toned moans of imprisoned spirits, struggling to be free ! In the beautiful language of our countrywoman, Mrs. Sigourney, we may say,—

“Thou speak’st a God, thou solemn, holy sea !
Alone upon thy shore, I rove and count
The crested billows in their ceaseless play ;
And when dense darkness shrouds thy awful face,
I listen to thy voice and bow me down,
In all my nothingness, to *Him* whose eye
Beholds thy congregated world of waves
But as a noteless *dew-drop* !”

“*Long Branch*,” last but greatest in fame, because the fashionables, who rule all things, have made it so, is still inferior as a surf, to those above named. It was held before the Revolution by Colonel White, a British officer and an inhabitant at New York. The small house which he owned and occupied as a summer retreat, is still existing in the *clump* now much enlarged by Renshaw. In consequence of the war, the place was confiscated and fell into other hands, and finally for the public good.

The table fare of those companies who first occupied

the house, consisted chiefly of fish, and such salted meats as the visitors could bring with them. All, then, was much in the rough style of bachelor's fare.

Prior to the above period, "Black Point" not far off, was the place of bathing. They had no surf there, and were content to bathe in a kind of water-house, covered; even Bingham's great house near there, indulged no idea of surf-bathing. The tavern entertainment at Black Point was quite rude, compared with present Long Branch luxuries; cocoa-nut pudding, and floating islands, &c., were delicacies not even known in our cities.

Indeed we cannot but see, that the most of former summer excursions were but for the men. They were generally deemed too distant and rough for female participation. But later improvement in roads, and a far more easy construction of spring-carriages, have since brought out their full proportion of ladies,—gladdening the company along the route by those feminine attractions which lessen our cares and double our joys. Thus giving an air of gaiety and courtesy to all the steam-boats, stage-coaches, and inns, where they enter, and thus alluring us to become the greatest travellers in our summer excursions, to be found in the world! From these causes, country-seats, which were much resorted to after the year 1793, are fast falling into disuse, and probably will not again recover their former regard.

STEAM BOATS.

“Against the wind, against the tide,
She breasts the wave with upright keel.”

In the year 1788, the bosom of the Delaware was first ruffled by a steam boat. The projector at that early day was John Fitch, a watch and clockmaker by profession, and a resolved infidel in theology. He first conceived the design in 1785; and, being but poor in purse and rather limited in education, a multitude of difficulties, which he did not sufficiently foresee, occurred to render abortive every effort of his most persevering mind, to construct and float a steam boat.

Applying to congress for assistance, he was refused; and then, without success, offered his invention to the Spanish government for the purpose of navigating the Mississippi. He at last succeeded in forming a company, by the aid of whose funds he launched his first rude effort as a steam boat, in the year 1788. The idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch; but oars, working in a frame, were used in place of them. The crude ideas which he entertained, and the want of experience, subjected this unfortunate man to difficulties of the most humbling character. Regarded by many as a mere visionary, his project was discouraged by those whose want of all motive for such a course rendered their opposition more barbarous; while those whose station in life placed it in their power to assist

him, looked coldly on, barely listening to his elucidations, and receiving them with an indifference that chilled him to the heart. By a perseverance as unwearied as it was unrewarded, his darling project was at length sufficiently matured, and a steam boat was seen floating at the wharves of Philadelphia, forty years ago. So far, his success amid the most mortifying discouragements, had been sufficient to prove the merit of the scheme. But a reverse awaited him, as discouraging as it was unexpected. The boat performed a trip to Burlington; a distance of twenty miles, when, as she was rounding at the wharf, the boiler burst. The next tide floated her back to the city; where, after great difficulty, a new boiler was procured. In October, 1788, she again performed her trip to Burlington. The boat not only went to Burlington, but to Trenton, returning the same day; and moving at the rate of eight miles an hour. It is true, she could hardly perform a trip without something breaking, not from any error in Fitch's designs or conceptions, but, at that time, our mechanics were very ordinary, and it was impossible to have machinery, so new and complex, made with exactness and competent skill. It was on this account that Fitch was obliged to abandon the great invention on which the public looked coldly; from these failures, and because what is now so easy, then seemed to be impracticable, the boat was laid up as useless, and rotted silently and unnoticed in the docks of Kensington. Fitch became more embarrassed by his creditors than ever; and, after producing three manuscript volumes, which he deposited in the Philadelphia Library, to be

opened thirty years after his death, he died and was buried near the Ohio. Such was the unfortunate termination of this early conceived project of the steam boat. Fitch was no doubt an original inventor of the steam boat. He was certainly the first that ever applied steam to the propulsion of vessels in America. Though it was reserved to Fulton to advance its application to a degree of perfection which has made his name immortal ; yet to the unfortunate Fitch belongs the honour of completing and navigating the first American steam boat.

His three manuscript volumes were opened about three years ago. Although they exhibit him an unschooled man, yet they indicate the possession of a strong mind, of much mechanical ingenuity. He describes his many difficulties and disappointments with a degree of feeling which cannot fail to win the sympathy of every reader, causing him to wonder and regret that so much time and talent should have been so unprofitably devoted. Though the project failed, and it failed only for want of funds, yet he never for a moment doubted its practicability. He tells us that in less than a century we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam boats ; and that his darling wish is to be buried on the margin of the romantic Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may sometimes penetrate into the stillness of his everlasting resting place, and the music of the steam engine echo over the sod that shelters him for ever.

In one of his journals, there is this touching and prophetic sentiment—"the day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my inven-

tion ; but nobody will believe that *poor John Fitch* can do any thing worthy of attention !” I do not know that I have his precise words, but the sentiment is what I have given. The truth is, that Fitch, like Robert Morris, lived thirty or forty years too soon ; they were ahead of the condition of their country ; these great projects of improvements, which we now see consummated, were beyond the means of the country to execute them, and were therefore thought visionary and extravagant. Public opinion has since become better instructed, and the increase of wealth has enabled us to do what had been thought impossible.

As remembered to the eye, when a boy, when seen in motion Fitch’s boat was graceful, and “walked the water like a thing of life.” His predilection for watch-making machinery was very manifest, for two or three ranges of chains of the same construction as in watches, were seen along the outside of his vessel from stem to stern, moving with burnished glare, in motion proportioned to the speed of the boat ; and ornamenting the waist, not unlike the adornments about an Indian bride.

It is melancholy to contemplate his overwhelming disappointments in a case since proved so practicable and so productive to those concerned. Some of those thousands so useless to others, had they been owned by him, so as to have enabled him to make all the experiments and improvements his inventive mind suggested, would have set his care-crazed head at rest, and in time have rewarded his exertions. But for want of the impulse which money affords, all proved ineffective. “Slow rises worth by poverty depressed !”

After Fulton and Livingston had proved the practicability of a better invention, by their boat on the North river, the waters of the Delaware were again agitated by a steam vessel, called the Phœnix. She was first started in 1809, and being since worn out, her remains, with those of Fitch's boat, repose in the mud flats of Kensington. The Phœnix, then deemed the *ne plus ultra* of the art, won the admiration of all of her early day; but as "practice makes perfect," it was quickly discovered that better adaptations of power could be attained, and although she underwent many changes in her machinery and gear, she soon saw herself rivalled, and finally surpassed, by successive inventions, till now, the steam boats can accomplish in two hours what sometimes took six to perform in her. For instance, the Phœnix has been known to take six hours in reaching Burlington against the wind and tide.

Such too, was the rapid progress in steam invention, that Mr. Latrobe, who wrote a paper for the Philosophical Society to demonstrate the impossibility of a momentum such as we now witness, became himself in two years afterwards a proselyte to the new system, and proved his sincerity and conviction, by becoming the agent for the steam companies in the West!

CONCLUSION.



WE have thus endeavoured to lead the minds of our youths to the contemplation of those events, which transpired in this their native land, in the rustic days of their forefathers. We hope their feelings and interest have grown with the subject, and that they have at least felt an increase of veneration and regard for those progenitors who procured for them so fine a country, advancing, as it still does, with numberless blessings.

To a mind fully imbued with a sense of the scenes and the facts that are past, there is ever at hand a ready means to recreate "the ideal presence," and to enable the imagination to get into the company of the ancients—there to talk and think with "men of other days."

A mind fully alive to the facts connected with our early history, can hardly ride along the highway, or traverse our fields and woods, without feeling the frequent presence of thoughts like these, to wit:—Here lately prowled the beasts of prey,—there crowded the deep interminable woodland shade,—through that cripple browsed the deer, in that rude cluster of rocks and roots were sheltered the American rattlesnake. These rich meadows were noxious swamps,—on those sun-side hills of golden grain crackled the growing maize of the tawny aborigines. Where we stand to pause, or where we dwell—rest perhaps the ashes of a chief who once had his favourite home on the same site. On yon pathway, seen in the distant view, climbing the remote hills,

may have been the very path first tracked from time immemorial by the roving Indians themselves. On many a selected spot, which we now admire for its rural charms, may have been lighted the council fires of many Sachems, and there may have pealed the rude eloquence of Tamanend himself—or of the Shingas, Tedeuscunds, and Glickicans of their tribes!

Finally, to minds cultivated and informed, there is much in the contemplation of the past, to generate good feelings and strong interests for “country and home.” Such may exclaim with generous emotion,—

“Is there a youth with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!”

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